

RED LETTER DAYS  
IN EUROPE  
WITH A GLIMPSE  
OF  
NORTHERN  
AFRICA

VIKTOR • FLAMBEAU





bc


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**Brigham, Gertrude Richardson.**

Red letter days in Europe, with a  
glimpse of Northern Africa







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"LA DELIVERANCE," bronze sculpture by Emile Oscar Guillaume. Spring Salon, Grand Palais des Champs Elysées, Paris.  
[Page 58]



Brigham, Gertrude Richardson,

# RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

*With a Glimpse of Northern Africa*

BY

VIKTOR FLAMBEAU, pseud.

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TO FRIENDS IN THE EMBASSIES  
AND MY STUDENTS  
IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

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"That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.





## INTRODUCTION

This book is a picture of Europe after the war, photographed as it were on the spot. It is not intended as a mere guide, but rather as an interpretation of the Europe of to-day, a story of present conditions, a narrative of actual experiences. Nearly every country and capital have been visited, and most of the book was written while there. Real people and events are described.

Through the courtesy of foreign friends in the embassies and legations at Washington, as well as by introduction from American friends favorably known abroad, many unusual privileges were accorded.

The preliminary chapters give a glimpse of Europe as it usually appears to the average American tourist on his first visit to the British Isles, Holland, Belgium, and France. The second part, beginning with Spain, covers ground less traveled, Portugal, Northern Africa, and Sicily, pleasantly accessible to-day, and offering considerable novelty.

The remaining half deals with Italy, Oberammergau, central and western Europe, and Scandinavia,

## INTRODUCTION

portrays the revival of arts in these countries, and suggests their attitude toward America. The message of the book is summed up in the words of the traveler, on his return.

“As Flambeau slipped into his express train for home, he sat in a dream. Who were all these rich and prosperous people about him, bent on pleasure journeys? Why, they were just plain American citizens, for it was an ordinary coach. But the women were so pretty, and the men so strong and successful looking.

“And then the traveler seemed to see, as he looked out of the window at the changing landscape, other scenes, one after one, in lands far away beyond that stormy sea. He saw old, old women asleep at night, huddled in corners of a railway station at Cracow in Poland. . . . And pale faces of children in Germany, where they dare not have large families any more, because they cannot feed the babies, though the mothers nurse them as long as they can. And a man harnessed to a cart like a dog, in Vienna. And mothers and widows in black, on the gay streets of Paris.

“Old peasants he saw, asking pennies for a fountain in a ruined village near Château-Thierry. And white crosses, row on row, marked ‘Unknown American Soldier.’ . . .



## INTRODUCTION

“He remembered the Passion Play, and his audience at the Vatican; the politeness of the Arabs, the beauty of Northern Africa, and the wide Sahara under the full moon; the romance of Spain, the strangeness of Portugal, and the mystery of the Mediterranean at night.”

“. . . And he thought of the courtesy of all the people of Europe, the sympathy of poverty-stricken French artists; the hospitality of the citizens of Riga; the charm of Warsaw, where he had lost his passport and a Polish Boy Scout had found it; of Count Pironti in Rome, giving a memorial fountain to America from Italy; of the graciousness of the artist, Prince Eugen, of Sweden; of the message of Miss Ellen Key, ‘I say to America, that Americans must come and help the hungry people of Europe, for they can do it best.’

The chief purpose of making this record was to share with others the pleasure of remarkable journeys, alone or with friends and students. The book is not intended as a final word on travel, but rather as a modest introduction, like the earlier volume, “The Study and Enjoyment of Pictures,” which may prove a helpful companion in reference to several of the art galleries.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to editors of periodicals in which much of this material appeared

## INTRODUCTION

in transient form, since revised. These include the Viktor Flambeau series of "The Washington Herald," "Art and Archæology," and "Public Affairs." Special thanks are due to members of many foreign embassies and legations of Washington, to Mrs. Frances A. Blanchard, and the late Dr. Mitchell Carroll.

A reception in Europe equally inspiring and a home-coming as happy are the writer's cordial wishes for all who travel.

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# RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

## CHAPTER I

“MERRIE ENGLAND” AND THE LONDON OF TO-DAY

This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.

—*Shakespeare.*

“QUEEN’S weather” welcomed the American travelers on their arrival in “dear old Lunnnon.” After six weeks’ steady downpour, the rain paused, and the June sun shone out with unexpected warmth.

The voyage over had been a thrilling one, sailed in record time. Sir J. Douglas Hazen with Lady Hazen and Miss Althea were fellow passengers, also Lady Foster from Ottawa, besides General A. B. Perry, C.M.G., from Vancouver. Among other notables, novelists and opera stars there was a famous American tenor of New York. The Derby races had been enjoyed on board, with sweepstakes offered, and a fellow passenger had won a hundred pounds for a little bet of five. The Earl of Derby’s horse was first, the only time in many years.

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Their ship rounded the northern shore of Ireland, giving a fine view of cliffs, castles and lighthouses for miles along the Emerald Isle, which some of the party visited later on, going by way of Liverpool to Dublin. But most of them hastened to London, where the long continued spring rains had made the city parks gleam like jewels, so radiant indeed that several were inspired to poetry; they began, in fact, on the way down from Liverpool.

Oh, the green, green grass of England, and the moss-hung trees! The well-kept farms, and the various-shaded hawthorn trees! The heather and gorse, and the yellow-hung locust trees!

Then London, the churches and galleries, with Westminster Abbey as a great climax. One does not talk of or describe the Abbey, but just looks and feels.\*

Losing no time in "doing" London with true American speed, the travelers began by a motor spin, seeing the Tower, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, with a glimpse of the Houses of Parliament, the Thames, London Bridge, and the new "Lincoln Monument" near there, a replica of the Saint Gaudens in Chicago.

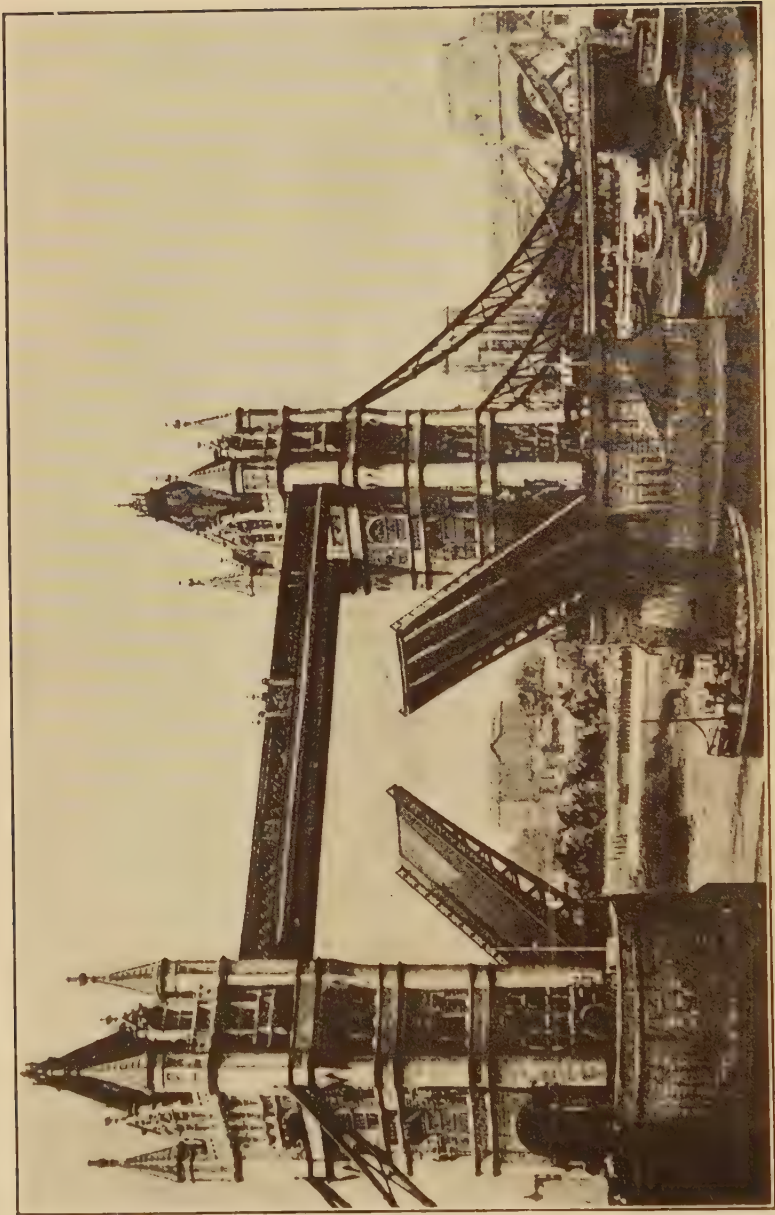
In the Abbey, which is the British Hall of Fame, a crowd of visitors was as usual about the Tomb of England's Unknown Soldier. Just a stone slab in the floor, with a long inscription telling of his service for King and Country. Near-by were displayed the honors and decorations heaped upon him after death, and among them was the American Medal. A sec-

\* Amy Putnam.





THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND THE THAMES RIVER, London.  
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THE TOWER BRIDGE, London. Opened in 1894.  
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## "MERRIE ENGLAND"

ond memorial is the new marble Cenotaph at Whitehall.

St. Paul's, which they had been told was threatened by the settling of the Dome, appeared as substantial as ever, still a monument to its architect, Sir Christopher Wren, on whose tomb one reads the epitaph: "*Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice,*" reminding one of his contributions, including the west towers of the Abbey, the royal residences of Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace in London, the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, Warwick Castle, and many other classic examples.

At the Tower the glittering crown jewels seemed even more brilliant than usual, those diadems and coronets of past and present monarchs, with the immense Kohinoor diamond. The tourists wandered through musty rooms of tarnished armor and climbed narrow stairs to see instruments of torture in this medieval prison, about which so much of English history clings.

They crossed the Thames by the Tower Bridge, one of the two most important bridges spanning the river and opened in 1894. London Bridge, erected in 1825-31 and even better known, is also the scene of an immense daily commerce. Though they heard much of the traffic problems now menacing London, to our Americans the great concourse of business and travel seemed to proceed in a surprisingly rapid and orderly manner.

Riding on a London bus, all motors now of course, they were enabled to spin from one end of the big

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city to the other for tuppence or thruppence, and dismounting, visit St. James Park, with Buckingham Palace, or Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, and other inviting stopping places, where they wandered until lost, when they were rescued by a "London Bobby," the grandest-looking policeman in the world and one of the most obliging.

The hundredth anniversary of the founding of the National Gallery of Art was celebrated this season, and several special exhibitions were displayed. The collection here is rich in masterpieces of all the schools, especially valuable when considered with the more modern Tate Gallery, another national assemblage of paintings and sculpture, fine in the Pre-Raphaelite School of England, in Turners, and later works. In the newer contributions of both places, one may observe marked traces of war influence in the themes of compositions, heroic Victories and bowed forms of mourning. The National Portrait Gallery has more than 1,600 historic figures, with many faces familiar to Americans. The Wallace Collection, in Manchester Square, is noted for important French canvases.

In the British Museum, our party were most impressed by the Egyptian and Assyrian collections, with their remarkable sculptures, carefully explained by the curator, Mr. Mengedoh, who of course led them to the beautiful Elgin marbles, and did not omit the interesting old manuscripts, especially the original historic "Magna Carta."

One of the frivolous Americans had a question,



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which, however, their mentor was unable to answer: Where was the original Garter? Though he could give much other valuable information, Mr. Mengedohdt failed to point it out in the British Museum. A new acquaintance later offered the clue. She was Mrs. Spencer, wife of Captain Herbert S. Spencer, formerly of the British Embassy in Washington following his war service, when he was invalided home.

“Why, there never was an actual garter, or even a suspender,” laughed Mrs. Spencer. “It was a knicker, and when it fell off in the dance, everybody snickered, but the King gravely picked it up, and said, as he returned it, with a low bow, ‘*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*’”

The old Church of St. Martin’s in the Fields, almost adjoining the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square, our travelers observed with interest, as it was the model for a famous new church in Washington, D. C., All Soul’s on Sixteenth Street. The tower of St. Paul’s in New York is also said to have been copied from St. Martin’s. Another old church in London amused the strangers by its extraordinary name, “All Hallows Barking,” the scene of William Penn’s baptism and of the marriage of John Quincy Adams, and reported to be the depository of the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion.

The Americans had arrived in London at Whitsuntide, which they had forgotten is such an important English festival, second only to Christmas, and doubly significant for the anniversary of the King’s Birthday. A bank holiday from Friday until

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Tuesday was in progress, and all England seemed pouring into London for the event, and also in order to visit Wembley at the same time. Shops were closed, which meant that the tourists saved money for Paris, since they were resolved to spend it before returning home. A Tube strike had tied up traffic temporarily, but it was adjusted before they left London, while in the meantime the taxis had reaped a rich harvest.

“Wondrous Wembley,” in its second season, was still drawing immense crowds. Presenting the wealth of the British Empire, it was fittingly called England’s “first family party since the war.” Two hundred thousand additional visitors were crowding the big Exposition, which was well staged a few miles from the city. The daylight saving, in vogue since the war, enabled one to see Wembley by daylight up to 10 o’clock in the evening. London, Paris, and Brussels were running on the same time.

The Palace of Arts was easily the most popular feature of Wembley, perhaps for the “Queen’s Doll’s House,” about which a long queue of visitors always clustered; the special collections of early and modern British painting, sculpture, and interior decoration were highly interesting, with contributions of works by artists throughout the Empire, a new and as yet unknown school. To the practical mind, the Palace of Engineering and that of Industry, elsewhere in the big grounds, were even more valuable and important.

On Sunday morning, in Rotten Row, the Amer-



THE OPENING OF WEMBLEY, London, by the Prince of Wales  
and the Royal Family.  
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HAMPTON COURT, England, a Royal Palace since 1530, now called the "home of English history."  
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## “MERRIE ENGLAND”

icans enjoyed a glimpse of nobility on horseback for an early canter, with several correct English ladies on side saddles. Others rode the cross saddles now the rule in America. Girl bicyclists appeared in knickers.

The popular seventeenth century “Beggar’s Opera,” an after-the-war revival, was convulsing one half of London, and shocking the other half, with its amusingly humorous scenes of lowly life. Madame Tussaud’s Wax Works were doing brave duty, a hundred years old some of them, and the collection had been recently reinforced by the Eden Musée from New York. A disastrous fire ravaged them soon afterward.

The shops, when at length they opened, proved more than usually alluring. Selfridge’s big American department store, now covering two entire blocks, with a tall tower overlooking London, was specializing in Paris or New York styles. Liberty’s, Peter Robinson’s, and Harrod’s, all the élite London shops, on the other hand, reflected the homelier fashions of the later Victorian period.

In the famous old Army and Navy stores, which are essentially British in character, the Americans were enabled to shop through the recommendation of their new friend, Mrs. Spencer, whose mother was a shareholder, as only the latter and their friends are supposed to be entitled to patronize the extraordinary bargains offered here.

American money was not quite so acceptable in London, it seemed, as elsewhere throughout Europe.

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The names, "America" and "Washington," failed to awaken interest in London, contrary to the Continent, but "New York" might arouse attention.

The London newspapers were a surprise. Advertising covered the front page of the Sunday "London Times," although the inside contained highly instructive reviews. "The Pictorial" was featuring, in its Sunday supplement, the Lady Diana Manners, known over there as Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, who had just returned with her mother, the Duchess of Rutland, and gave rather unflattering impressions of the "States" and of Americans.

Advertising cards were often entertaining reading: "Doctor (gentleman) requires post over 600 pounds a year, home or abroad, however unpleasant." The humor seemed quite artless, and this was quoted, elsewhere in the same paper, with approval of its commendable unselfishness.

"Temporary Post Wanted: poultry or similar, by lady gardener."

"Two Lady Servants wanted to run a house in Bucks; friends preferred," was another.

"Golfer, young, desires post as Companion-Valet; good presser."

The English language our Americans found quite different here, as they struggled in vain to remember to say "I'm sorry," instead of "Excuse me," and tried to gain the proper rising inflection for "Thank you!"

The King and Queen were out of town for the moment, which was a disappointment, as the Ameri-

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cans had hoped for a glimpse of their Majesties, or of the Prince of Wales, all of whom had been at the Derby a few days earlier.

The Ascott next week would bring them back from Aldershatt, for they would be entertaining at Windsor. The Queen is charming, the visitors learned from their new English friend, but she is sometimes very independent with King George, who is rather sedate, and she is quite lively; she deserted him to go with the Prince of Wales to the races. Princess Mary is more popular than ever, with her two lovely children. Lord Lascelles (accent on the first syllable, if you please) was once a student at Eton, where our Americans will be going to-morrow, when they will not fail to observe his name carved on the old walls there, among countless others.

London is a noisy, busy city by day, but gradually at night it grows peacefully quiet, and by one or two o'clock A.M. we may gaze out over a silent, sleeping town, stretching for miles, with blinking electric lights, but scarcely a sound.

Next day, in spite of “a misty, moisty morning, when cloudy is the weather,” our Americans are setting forth upon a long-anticipated motor tour in the Thames Valley. Through pelting rain they are speeding to Windsor Castle, the favorite home of British royalties, and Hampton Court, a royal palace since 1530, now called the “home of English history.” In the reign of Queen Victoria these galleries and parks were first thrown open to the public.

For once, at least, our travelers will see the soaking

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wet English country-side described by George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, Jane Austen, and a dozen others in novels that are classics, the landscapes that Constable and Turner loved and painted, and the British at home who have been the greatest colonizers abroad.

Shakespeare's England, too, where in Stratford we may walk through his old house, pause in the room of his birth, view his autograph, and see his sweetheart's cottage. In Trinity Church we bow beside his tomb, with the epitaph which eternally forbids its being opened.

Who remembers to-day that it was the American, P. T. Barnum, three-quarters of a century ago, who first made Englishmen appreciate the importance of Shakespeare's birthplace by proposing to buy it and bring it to America? Of course the government would not let it go, so we must travel to Stratford to find it.

There, in the little upstairs room where the greatest of the world's playwrights was born, we may read the autographs of famous visitors, Byron, Scott (scrawled on the window pane), Thackeray, Edmund Kean, the actor; Tennyson, and Dickens, among many others.

In the Anne Hathaway cottage, at Shottery, Shakespeare's wooing is reported to have taken place, perhaps on the very settle (now by the fire-side) which once stood outside the house. Upstairs we visit the bedrooms occupied by Shakespeare and his wife, where are still preserved the old bedstead mentioned in his will, and other relics. Here the



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poet returned once each year, after his success in London, until later he bought New House, the finest residence in Stratford, unfortunately since destroyed. It was there he retired during his later years. Shakespeare was but fifty-two years old when he died, in 1616.

Through sun and shower the Americans motored over much of that most beautiful road in all England; at least, two Englishmen so conceded it who once laid a wager on the question, one naming the walk from Coventry to Stratford, and the other from Stratford to Coventry. The travelers were ready to agree with both.

The finest hawthorn in seven years was still in bloom at Kenilworth to greet their arrival. Some of the thorn trees there are three hundred years old, for that variety is said to have the slowest growth. Another unfamiliar bush was a “weeping ash.”

From Arthur Harris, once a member of Sir Frank Benson’s famous original Shakespearean Company but now in his declining years the official caretaker at Kenilworth, the Americans listened to the history of the old ruin of what was once England’s grandest castle in the days of Queen Elizabeth. She was the guest of its master, the Earl of Leicester, the favorite of the Queen, who had bestowed it upon him.

Leicester in return had restored its still earlier architecture for a splendid carnival in the Queen’s honor, when the hands of the clock stood always at 2, according to tradition, for time did not move during this gayety. All who have read Scott’s “Kenil-

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worth" will recall these details, the tragic story of Amy Robsart, and a thousand other incidents. It is not so generally remembered that Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was performed here for the Queen, very possibly under the personal direction of the dramatist himself. Geoffrey Chaucer is reported to have been one of the first architects of Kenilworth Castle, and it was afterwards restored by Sir Christopher Wren.

Guy's Cliff, an old manor-house across the Avon River, our Americans also saw, the residence of Lord Algernon Percy, a Smithson, uncle of the present Duke of Northumberland and descendant from the same line as James Smithson who founded the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. "Nurse Clarke," the aged caretaker who pointed out Guy's Cliff for the visitors, was evidently a favorite ancient attendant, for they overheard her telling some one that she had that morning been "very cross with his Lordship."

They toured Warwick Castle, just then occupied by Americans—the Marshes from Chicago and New York, for Lady Warwick, who visited the States a year or two ago on lecture tour, had leased it temporarily. Passing through armorial halls, and listening to the Castle guide, proved an ideal way of imbibing history. He was very possibly an old and trusted house servant, who, for all his perfectly modulated voice and infinite memory for details, simply could not help dropping an "H" or picking up an extra one occasionally. Looking into the pic-

## “MERRIE ENGLAND”

tured face of Henry VIII, or Charles I and II, Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne, one seemed almost to have met these renowned personages, with the charming court ladies, smiling forever from unfading canvases, while their tombs are now almost forgotten in the oblivion of time.

English history in chunks—but so entertainingly told that the Americans eagerly cried for more, and vowed to read up before they returned next time, for everybody comes again. As Dickens wrote, in “*Dombey and Son*”: “He has been to Warwick Castle fifty times, if he has been there once, yet if he came to Leamington to-morrow—I wish he would, dear angel!—he would make his fifty-second visit next day.”

Motoring to Hampton Court, the Americans gravely passed judgment on another royal palace added to their list, later speeding on through the rain, which obligingly paused from time to time when they arrived at a point to descend. At Windsor the historic White Hart Hotel was anticipating their visit, and they enjoyed an old-fashioned English luncheon, served in the best manner, and equaled only by a dinner of a previous evening at the Regent Hotel in Leamington Spa, on their return from the Shakespeare country. These English country inns preserve their reputation well. Oliver Brooks, the outside porter at the White Hart, was wearing the Victoria Cross for distinguished bravery in action.

Windsor Castle state apartments were closed in preparation for the entertaining of Ascott week,

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

but the Americans gained glimpses of armorial halls, and visited the attractive garden now covering the old moat. A careful gardener there was trimming the lawn and clipping the flowers. The tall round tower, they learned, was where the bachelor overflow of the party would be entertained, for this Royal Castle with a thousand rooms is actually crowded on occasions, and the Round Tower becomes the Annex. The British Royalties would hold a gala pageant in full regalia for the review next week.

Now came a visit to Eton. Newly uncovered Primitive religious frescoes added a fresh note of interest. The little men in long black trousers and frock coats, with tall silk hats, were on parade, and in the "Quad" they came in groups to answer their names when "Absence" was called by the monitor.

The Americans' English friend, Mrs. Spencer, accompanied them in this visit. She had two nephews at Eton, where it costs about five thousand pounds (not dollars) a year to keep a boy. Some are already registered for the 1936 and 1937 entrance classes, so great is the demand for the 1,000 or 1,200 places in this school.

Captain Spencer is a deep student of comparative religions, and was publishing a book with a rather facetious title, "The Bolsheviks of Ancient Egypt," to be brought out in America. Captain and Mrs. Spencer were planning to return to the States, as a guest of Henry Ford, their friend.

And now the Americans were motoring again, this time to Stoke Poges Churchyard, with its yew trees





THE ANNE HATHAWAY COTTAGE, Shottery, England.  
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INTERIOR OF ANNE HATHAWAY COTTAGE. The "Courting Settle."  
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WINDSOR CASTLE, the favorite Home of British Royalty, England.  
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## “MERRIE ENGLAND”

hundreds of years old, immortalized by Gray in his “Elegy.”

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

The original old church still stands, and near-by is the tomb of the poet and his mother, for his body was interred in her grave, which is marked only by the inscription to her. A tablet on the church wall indicates the proximity of Gray’s tomb. The imposing monument with the funereal urn, outside the grounds, is less impressive than this unmarked resting place.

A dozen other pilgrimages awaited our American party, such as a visit to Canterbury with its ancient Cathedral and ruined cloisters, that shrine to Becket’s memory, made immortal through Chaucer’s tales. But Viktor Flambeau, with several companions, turned aside from London for a glimpse of the British Isles.

## CHAPTER II

### IRELAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND, THE LAKE DISTRICT

'Tis you shall reign alone, shall reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,  
My Dark Rosaleen!

—*James Clarence Mangan.*

THE ocean liners, which formerly called at Queenstown (now Cobh), are less often stopping at the Irish ports, but an occasional steamer, rounding the northern coast, may touch at Belfast. Our Americans returned via Liverpool, across the stormy St. George's Channel of the Irish Sea, to Dublin, the capital, in the southern Province of Leinster.

Irish hearts are as warm as the wit is keen, and wherever the visitors traveled they received a welcome which made them at home. Baedeker never considered Ireland of sufficient importance to prepare a guide, but everybody they met in this little green isle of Erin told them more history and better stories than any book could contain.

In Dublin University, they saw, among other literary treasures, the ancient "Book of Kells," now



## IRELAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND

in a glass case in the library there. The custodian honored them by opening the case and permitting a closer examination and even a touch of the beautifully illuminated old sacred manuscript.

Celebrated names associated with Dublin include Tom Moore (who was born in a house still standing near St. Patrick's Cathedral), Addison, Steele, Parnell, Swift, Sheridan, and others. Oscar Wilde was a native of Dublin, his mother, Lady Wilde, being Irish. Clarence Mangan was the Irish poet of a century ago, as William Butler Yeats, the newer one of to-day, is leader of the modern Irish literary movement.

Dublin is built on land reclaimed from the sea. The University was founded in 1320. It is a popular belief that the purest English the world over is spoken at Dublin. The temperamental pride of the Irish race may be traced backward to a prehistoric period of great wealth, for gold torques and other remains have been found by archæologists. The term *Ierna* in a Greek poem of 500 B.C. is identified with the names of *Hibernia* and *Juvena* in various Roman writers, while the "Erin" of to-day bears comparison to the Persian Iran.

An Irish mother still sings her infant son to sleep with the old Gaelic lullaby:

You will get the slender thoroughbred horse,  
You will get the bridle and saddle of gold,  
You will get the shining sword, and scabbard of gold,  
You will be with Brian commanding the army.\*

\* Translation of Donal Caol.

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

She tells him the story of Cuchúlinn, the Irish Hercules.

In the Dublin Art Gallery the visitors saw John Singer Sargent's \$50,000 portrait of President Wilson, a Red Cross contribution during the war, afterward donated to this collection. Dublin Castle they did not fail to visit. The Guinness family, so they learned, are among the city's modern benefactors, noted for acquiring a fortune from Guinness stout, heavy wagon loads of which beverage are frequently seen in the streets.

A long but interesting ride across southern Ireland, through the country of peat bogs, brought the tourists to County Kerry, Munster, and the lovely Lakes of Killarney. The romantic ruins of fifteenth century Ross Castle and Muckross Abbey are near here. The Gap of Dunloe, visited in a day's trip by donkey, gives not only marvelous scenery but a wealth of old legends, told by the guide. He apologized for the frequent light rain showers as merely "a little perspiration from the mountains." The Deer Park and estates of the Earl of Kenmare afforded another pleasant drive.

By motor car, over good roads, and steamer along the picturesque southern Irish coast, the travelers toured from Killarney to Cork, perhaps the most typical of Irish cities. In a jaunting car they drove to the little village of Blarney, past the Groves of Blarney, and then walked through the fields to the ruins of the old castle, built by Cormac Maccarthy in 1449. The Blarney Castle, the tower of which



ST. PATRICK'S BRIDGE, Cork, Ireland. A lively place of an evening.  
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DOVE COTTAGE, Grasmere, the home of Wordsworth.  
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A GLIMPSE OF EDINBURGH, Scotland, at twilight.  
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## IRELAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND

alone is standing, is not an easy climb, 120 feet high, nor is it a simple stunt to kiss the Blarney Stone. One must kneel, and then, while reaching forward, have one's feet firmly held, to prevent falling, as one leans over the wall to kiss the lucky stone on the opposite side. By some effort, however, each one of the party safely accomplished it.

Loitering in the meadows as they returned, the Americans chatted with two little Irish "childer," shy but always courteous, who said their names were Patrick and Bridget, and thanked them politely for their pennies. Jogging homeward in the jaunting car, they stopped to gather shamrock and white Irish heather, fabled to bring more luck than the pink heather, abundant in Scotland.

In Cork they listened to the Shandon Bells, and visited the old church of St. Anne Shandon, built in 1772. "The pleasant waters of the River Lee," as Father Mahony named them, they saw from the bridge in the city of Cork. Of an evening it is a lively spot, with Irish boys and girls meeting there.

Cork was founded in 622 by Saint Finn Bar (or Fionn Bar), and has often been a scene of siege, as in 1172 when the renowned Desmond MaCarthy, King of Munster, was compelled to surrender the city to Henry II.

Queenstown, now Cobh, was formerly the Cove of Cork, but was renamed in honor of Queen Victoria's visit in 1849. The Harbor is the haven of the noted Royal Cork Yacht Club, the oldest in the world.

Crossing the Irish Sea once more, this time to

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

Holyhead, Wales, the Americans paused for a glimpse of Carnarvon Castle, before hastening onward to Llandudno, and a motor trip about Mount Snowdon. Geologically, Wales is older than most of England, and the slate formation of the mountains here offers an interesting contrast. Stopping for tea at a Welsh farmhouse, snuggled against the mountainside, the travelers had an entertaining experience. The house was almost a museum of family heirlooms treasured by the owner, a typical Welsh woman. She would not sell any of them. On the wall was an embroidered copy of the Lord's Prayer, in the original Gaelic which she obligingly read aloud at the visitors' request.

Traveling northward now, the Americans stopped next at Chester, the capital of Cheshire and situated on the famous River Dee. The ancient Roman wall here is nearly two thousand years old. Chester was the last city in England to stand out against William the Conqueror. Its Cathedral, first erected about 950 A.D., with subsequent additions, illustrates several styles of English architecture, the early English, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular.

A hundred miles further north the travelers found themselves among the Cumbrian Mountains where, in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, famous as the Lake District, were the haunts of the Romantic English poets. As they arrived, it seemed to the travelers that in Ambleside and Grasmere even the coachmen's words had a cadenced rhythm, caught from Wordsworth, and a dignity of

## IRELAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND

possession pervaded the atmosphere and characterized all with whom they spoke. In "Dove Cottage," a small stone dwelling, the best known of Wordsworth's homes, they visited the rooms he had once occupied, and stood in his library, where a marble bust recalled the poet's features. De Quincey, with his family, afterward resided here.

The graves of Wordsworth, his sister Dorothy, and Coleridge, they saw in the little country churchyard. Everywhere they felt, with the people who now lived there, the spell of the "Intimations of Immortality":

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light—  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

After stopping for a wish at the old "Wishing Gate," with its carved names, the travelers later continued their journey by a coaching trip through this picturesque region, Windermere, Ambleside, Grasmere and Keswick, sometimes dismounting the better to enjoy the charming scenery. They recalled "The Boy of Winander," the popular mural painting in our Poets' Corner of the Library of Congress at Washington, where Henry Oliver Walker, in a series of symbolic panels, thus pictured Wordsworth.

Proceeding northward once more by rail, via Penrith, the Americans entered the old city of Carlisle. There King Arthur once made a hunting in "Merrie

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

Carlisle." Formerly a Roman fortress and the seat of ancient kings of Cumbria, Carlisle has a noted Castle and a fine Norman Cathedral.

Crossing the Scottish Border at Gretna Green, the travelers remembered the popularity of this rendezvous.

Ecclefechan, the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle, was their objective, and as it lies a little off the railway line, they left their luggage at the station, and failing a cab, walked the two or three miles of country road to the village. Late as it was, a quarter to ten, the summer daylight enabled them easily to read the hour on the town clock, which would soon be sounding curfew.

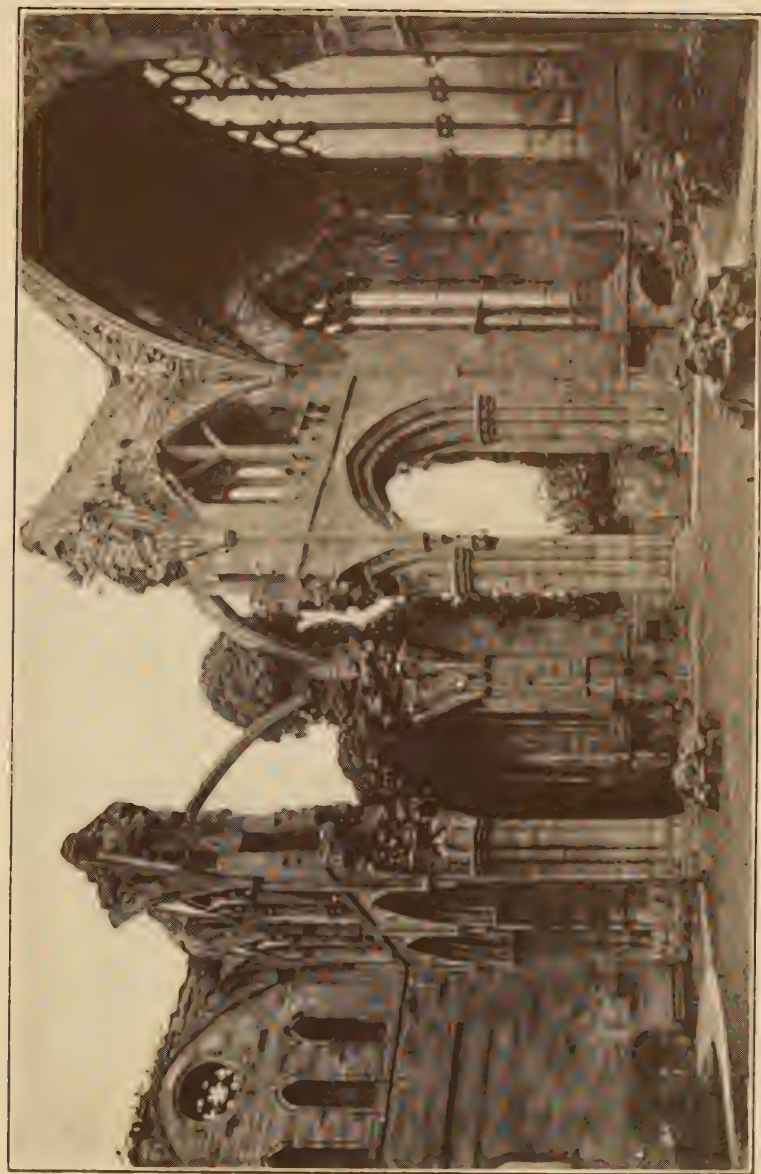
They had no hotel reservations here, but luckily found kindly Scottish friends in the Campbells, at the Bush Hotel, where they were at once adopted, the more especially as one of the group had a Scottish name, McCutchins.

Next morning they strolled about the quaint village, first seeking the little house of Carlyle's birth. It is marked by a memorial tablet. The tiny room where he was born is now quite clean and empty, but for several years it was used as a pigeon-cote. The other rooms serve as a museum of relics. Elderly Scottish peasants remembered Carlyle and his eccentric ways.

In the old churchyard the Americans found his grave, a modest one beside that of his mother.

The village schoolhouse was an interesting place, exceedingly primitive. The children had their heavy





Melrose Abbey, Scotland, by moonlight. The Romantic spell of the ruin inspired Sir Walter Scott.  
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A LITTLE DUTCH MAIDEN OF MARKEN, Holland.  
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## IRELAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND

leather shoes shod with light-weight horse-shoe-like irons, which clattered loudly over the rough wooden floors. Viktor Flambeau picked up one as a souvenir in the school yard opposite. Neither the children nor their teacher remembered ever having heard of Washington, D. C., although they knew of America and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell at the inn preserved a few mementoes of Carlyle and his friends, in particular some old-fashioned small decanters of heavy glass, which the great writer had sometimes used for a wee Scotch toddy. They insisted upon presenting one of these keepsakes to the American with the Scottish name, who demurred at taking it, especially as these people had never been willing to part with any of them before, although often begged by visitors to do so.

"What shall I send you from America?" she asked them, and the modest wish of Mrs. Campbell was merely for a copy of that American book, by Susan Warner, "The Wide, Wide World," which she had once read as a child in London.

A true Scottish meal of scones and bannocks, following porridge, was prepared for the parting guests, who said farewell reluctantly, as they were driven away to another railway station from that at which they had arrived. The land of Bobbie Burns was now their destination.

"I have no dearer aim," wrote Burns, "than to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers; and to muse on

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honored abodes of her heroes."

Dumfries, where Burns composed "Tam O'Shanter" and the lyric lines "To Mary in Heaven," was the place of the poet's death, and he is there commemorated in many ways, by a museum, a monument, and an imposing, but disappointing, tomb in the churchyard.

Ayrshire, the poet's birthplace, is still more eloquent in its silent testimony. In the little thatched-roofed one-story cottage, the American party, though few, were crowded as they stood in the tiny room which witnessed the birth of the most famous of Scottish poets. In the garden adjoining, the caretaker gathered old-fashioned flowers for them, and told anecdotes of Burns. Kirk Alloway, a ghostly ruined church, and the "Auld Brig o' Doon," famous for "Tam O'Shanter's Ride," they saw, besides the Burns Monument of Ayr. In the ancient churchyard they visited the graves of Burns' parents. The peasants of Ayr are a simple folk, still going bare-foot to their work in the early morning.

Glasgow did not long detain the travelers, but its art gallery was of interest and the city square rather impressive with monuments. Instead of stopping here, they hastened on to explore the Highlands of Scotland, recalling scenes of Scott's Waverley novels. Passing through Dumbarton, they had a glimpse of the celebrated old Castle above the River Clyde.



## IRELAND, WALES AND SCOTLAND

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending. . . .

So sings Sir Walter, in "The Lady of the Lake."

Surrounding Loch Lomond, which they toured by steamer, is enchanting Scottish scenery. Above the Lake rises Ben Lomond, 3,192 feet. On the shore they saw "Rob Roy's Prison," and at Inversnaid they passed near the scene of Wordsworth's poem, "The Highland Girl." Coaching through Inversnaid to Loch Katrine, they crossed the Lake by steamer, sailing about the Silver Strand and Ellen's Isle, with Ben Venue rising 2,386 feet. Red rowan berries were growing on Ellen's Isle, and they wished to stop and gather the cherry fruit. In coaching through the Trossachs, every peak and glen seemed to echo the Highland history.

Stirling Castle greeted their approach to Edinburgh, 36 miles north. It was the royal residence of Scottish Kings, James II and James V who were born here, and James IV, who resided there. William, Earl of Douglas, was assassinated here.

Edinburgh, the Scottish capital, is situated on the Firth of Forth, and dates back to the seventh century. Into its history are woven the names of Robert the Bruce, Mary Stuart, James VI, and later, Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Christopher North, and many more.

The Castle, on a height above the city, was now a soldiers' barracks, which prevented our tourists from seeing "Queen Mary's Room," where James VI of Scotland and First of England was born.

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

Holyrood Palace and the Abbey they visited, besides St. Giles Church, reminding one of John Knox. Robert Louis Stevenson is memorialized by a tablet here. Arthur's Seat, a rocky cliff, a short distance from the city, commemorates the chieftain of the Round Table. Resorts of Burns and Scott are numerous throughout the city, where cafés and drinking places are named in their honor, particularly so of Burns. Scott is honored in the Waverley Monument.

Princes Street, in Edinburgh, is one of the most beautiful avenues in the world. In the shops, the travelers found Scottish plaids and Tartan rugs.

By carriage they made the excursion to Abbotsford, Scott's splendid residence, now a museum of antiquities collected by him, and eloquent of his love for romantic history.

Melrose was reached by a short train ride from Edinburgh, an excursion important for the picturesque ruin of Melrose Abbey, loveliest by moonlight. In crumbling statues of saints, tombs of Scottish heroes, and grotesque gargoyles resembling devils, which they were actually intended to frighten away, one feels the Romantic spell that inspired Scott.

Bagpipers in the evening serenaded the hotel. Next day, by train to London, the Americans shared their compartments with Scottish soldiers in kilts, reminiscent of the courage which won the epithet, "Ladies from Hell."

The long train-ride to London was not uneventful. The Americans stopped at Durham, for a

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glimpse of the early English Cathedral with the Norman nave, begun in 1093. In the crypt there is the Tomb of the Venerable Bede, a plain stone vault.

York Minster, another of England's lovely cathedrals, was glimpsed on the way. Other more or less important towns were Doncaster, Peterborough, Huntingdon, and Cambridge, which everybody some day returns to visit. At length, the train reached the welcome destination, London, from which the party proceeded to Harwich, on the way to Holland by Channel steamer.

## CHAPTER III

### THE LAND OF THE WOODEN "SHOON"—HOLLAND— QUAINT MARKEN

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies  
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land.

—*Oliver Goldsmith: "The Traveler."*

QUEEN Wilhelmina was not in The Hague, when the American party arrived, but at "Het Loo," her delightful summer palace at Appeldoorn, in the same province where the ex-Kaiser is living in retirement at Doorn, near Utrecht, in Holland.

Prince Henry, the royal consort, was lingering in the Dutch capital, however, and the Princess Juliana, upon whom the future hopes of Holland rest, was with her mother. The Princess is now an interesting young girl of sixteen, not exactly handsome, as she resembles her father rather more than she does the Queen, who was such a notable beauty that her picture was once treasured in thousands of American homes years ago.

The Prince is, however, a striking masculine type, if one may judge from the group portrait of the Royal Family, painted in old-fashioned Dutch costumes, and now on view at the famous House-in-the-Wood, which our American travelers were permitted



## THE LAND OF THE WOODEN "SHOON"

to explore, since the Queen is no longer living there, as she used to do so often before the war. In those days, she sometimes held informal receptions for her subjects and any visitors who cared to attend; Viktor Flambeau had been a guest when the Queen with Prince Henry, the little Princess Juliana, and the Queen Mother, as Queen Emma is known, all stood upon the palace steps to receive the throngs who came. It was at the time of Holland's anniversary of a hundred years of peace, celebrated by a grand historical pageant and an exposition, barely a year before the outbreak of the World War.

Every newcomer, of course, who visits Holland, wishes to be shown over this royal villa, the House-in-the-Wood, with its Japanese, Chinese, and other state rooms and decorations, and its splendid ball-room, with polished floor, and walls completely covered by remarkable historical frescoes.

Scheveningen, the Dutch "Atlantic City," though with an almost unpronounceable name, is a favorite seashore resort, where thousands every summer enjoy a cool dip in the North Sea, often being wheeled out on the sands in the small portable bathing houses. Our Americans did not attempt sea bathing here, as they had anticipated, because the weather turned so frightfully cool the day of their arrival. But they toured the esplanade, with its fashionable hotels. The guests had fled inside for the day, and were doubtless snoozing before open fires, enjoying a good novel with a glass of Dutch beer.

The fisher-folk of Scheveningen still wear their

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

wooden shoon and mend their nets just about as they were doing three hundred years ago. When at length a wooden shoe rubs through at the heel, which seems to be the vulnerable spot, perhaps they will drive a peg through the worn-out end, attaching it to the wall for a flower pot, for they all love every kind of "bloomen."

The tulip beds were "finished" for the summer between Leyden and Haarlem, but the florists' windows and flower boxes of private residences were gay with other blossoms everywhere. It had been a cold, wet season, and backward, the Hollanders said, but in spite of whatever delay, the Netherlands was one green country from north to south, cattle grazing here and there, and general prosperity very evident.

The popular trip in Holland is to the Island of Marken, where the inhabitants preserve all their old traditions, and dress exactly as they did seven hundred years ago; in fact, just as they look in the pictures.

Their tiny houses are models of neatness, and if you are inclined to lodge there you may sleep in a bed in the wall, "a splendid kind for American apartment houses," some of the tourists thought.

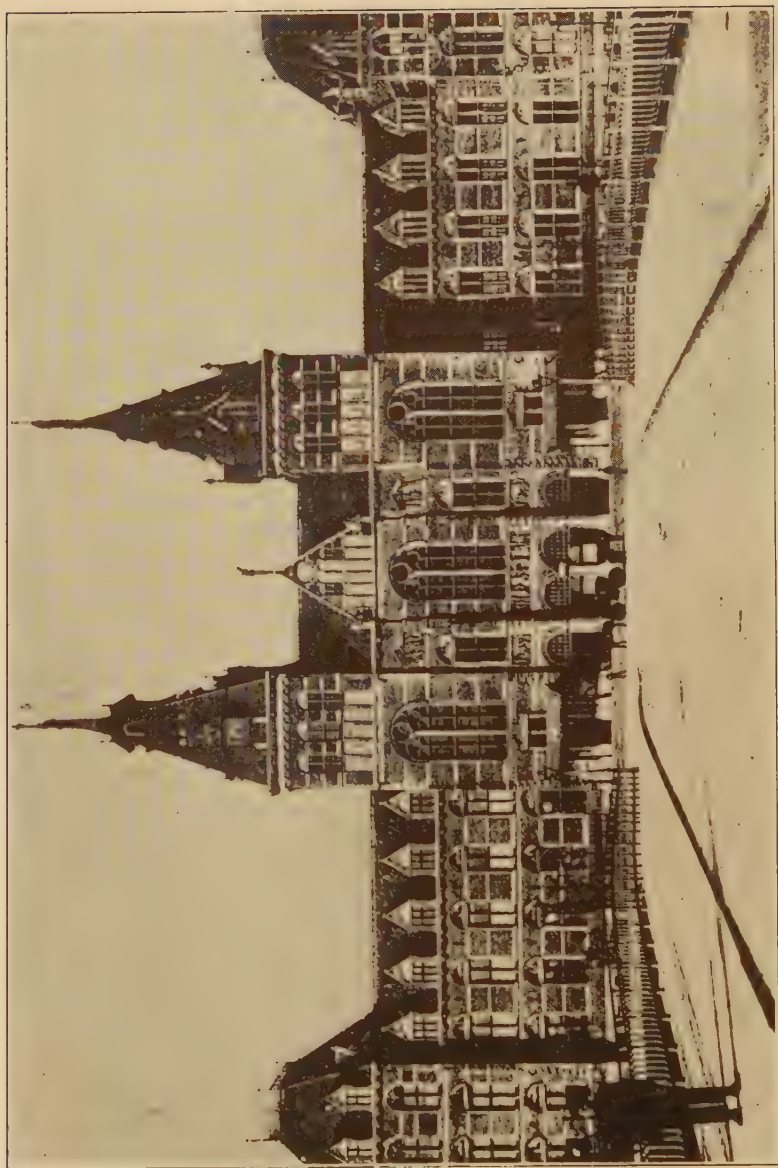
Flambeau was unusually lucky here, and right in the narrow street he found a really artistic little wooden shoe, painted black and with a village girl's name carved on it, "Elizabeth Somebody." He refrained with difficulty from pocketing the trophy like Cinderella's slipper, and trying to locate the young



DUTCH PEASANTS, Volendam, Holland.  
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YOUNG HOLLANDERS OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.  
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THE RIJKSMUSEUM, Amsterdam, Holland. Rembrandt's famous "Night Watch" and the "Syndes" are here.  
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## THE LAND OF THE WOODEN "SHOON"

Miss and bring her home with him to America. Instead, he bought a new small pair of wooden shoon, with a quaint Dutch costume of cap, apron, and stomacher, just about right for some little maiden whom he knew at home.

These Marken people, it is said, never marry outside their own town. Their clergyman is a nephew of Mr. Stom, who happened to be the proprietor of the Hotel Krasnapolsky in Amsterdam, where the Americans made their headquarters. Other villages, almost equally strange and fascinating, seen in the boat tour through the canals and across the Zuyder Zee, are Edam, where one learns how the cheese is made, Monickendam, founded by monks centuries ago, and Volendam, another of the lovely little "dam" towns.

When the draining of the Zuyder Zee is completed, according to the present plan for adding more territory to Holland, it may result in leaving Marken high and dry, which would be a terrible pity, for it's just the complete exclusiveness which preserves the old charm of this so-called "lost town" of northern Holland.

The "windmill excursion" to Zaandam, in the course of which about three hundred windmills may be seen, was left for another day.

The debut of the American party at their Hotel Krasnapolsky, in Amsterdam, was dramatic in the extreme. Perhaps other travelers have had a similar experience there. It was in the dining room, where

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

(all unknown to them) the musical program for the dinner had been prepared in their honor.

A charming young violin soloist opened with a long medley, embracing the most popular American airs, especially the negro melodies of the South. Perhaps you know the thrill of hearing them on foreign soil. "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "Sewanee River," "Marching through Georgia," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,"—yes, all these, and more.

"Dixie" was toward the last, and the long table of Washington Americans, many of them eating their first real European dinner (for, of course, London, which they had recently left, is not exactly Europe), applauded enthusiastically, and then came the familiar notes which always bring Americans to their feet—"The Star-Spangled Banner," well played by the captivating violinist. Of course no American could remain seated. Without a second's hesitation, every member of the party at that long table was standing, dinner was forgotten for the moment, and an astonished roomful of other guests was wondering, perhaps, what was the trouble! No doubt they soon remembered, however, but there were no demonstrations, and the happy representatives of the U. S. A., with hearts full of patriotic emotion, remained standing to the conclusion, when they applauded vigorously, to the reciprocal pleasure of the musician and their host, the hotel proprietor, both of whom had been watching them closely.

Not to be outdone by the Americans, a group of

## THE LAND OF THE WOODEN "SHOON"

Hollanders at another table, with wineglasses and bottles, quickly filled their glasses, rose and silently clinked them, hastily drinking an equally silent toast to their Queen, to the Netherlands and to the Princess Juliana, the royal family, or whatever else is the proper thing in Holland.

The Americans were taking no wine, and it is not considered good luck to drink a toast in water, or they might have responded to the President and the glorious United States, which they now began to feel has no rival.

In Amsterdam, the Rijksmuseum, with its brilliant Rembrandts, especially "The Night Watch," was the major attraction. Other great works there were also enjoyed, especially the roomful of Josef Israëls, the modern peasant painter. A young artist member of the party claimed to be disappointed by Rembrandt's drawing; but even he could not deny that the color and chiaroscuro, or play of light and shade, are marvelous in the masterpiece. "The Syndics," or group of cloth merchants' portraits, also by Rembrandt, he liked better. Frans Hals and the lesser Dutch painters, Vermeer van Delft, van Ruisdael, Hobbema, Terborch and many others, were appreciated in landscapes or genre pictures. The Rijksmuseum is unique in the entire world of painting, as being so strictly Dutch, although other schools are also represented. The color reproductions to be had here are exceptionally good, and doubtless many of our party's friends received at Christmas a handsome framed Dutch print.

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

The clever and commercial Amsterdam citizens have in the past ten years filled in several of the city canals, making streets of them, with the result that the effect is less picturesque but more healthful, minus the odors of the old canals, formerly far too much in evidence. There are also blocks and blocks of new houses, for Amsterdam grew rapidly during the war. It is the country's boast that there are no beggars in Holland.

Shopping in Amsterdam our Americans found real entertainment, since the shops are good, low-priced, and the articles have more than a touch of London or Paris style about them. The shopping center is Kalvenstraat, the Calf street, named hundreds of years ago for the old cattle market once there.

It had been the hope of some of Flambeau's companions to purchase a diamond at the M. E. Coster diamond factory in Amsterdam where every process from the rough-hewn to the final sparkler may be observed, but learning that customs officials at New York are informed of these transactions, and that the duty is often high, they refrained from indulging such extravagance at this time, and they promised themselves to return some other day for a real diamond.

The fine art of modern tipping is a study in decimal fractions. You ask the rate of a hotel. It is so-and-so much, in Holland perhaps ten or twelve guilders (or florins) at a modest hostelry, for the guilder is still at nearly its old rate of 40 cents Amer-



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ican. Then, to that is added 10 per cent for service. You agree, but you must not forget that there is also a city tax, and when you go at last, you are not allowed to forget that attentive waiter, or the "boots" who polished your shoes every night, or the chambermaid who brought you hot water, turned open your couch, and never forgot your carafe of fresh drinking water, though you have been assured that the 10 per cent added for service will substitute the old-fashioned tips, "to insure promptness."

A "cover-charge," besides, is demanded in some hotels, half a guilder or two francs if you fail to order wine, and even that, the accountant will divide by ten, to add another "service charge." The higher mathematics of a hotel bill is a problem in algebra, full of unknown quantities. But one must not get vexed. The figures are not nearly so big as in America, numerous though they seem.

Returning from Amsterdam to The Hague, the American travelers paused there for the Maurits-huis, a picture gallery made famous by a few celebrated works, notably Rembrandt's realistic "Anatomy Lesson," a lecture by Dr. van Tulp, who dissects a cadaver before his medical class, and the "Young Bull," by Paulus Potter, an example of a single famous canvas by an industrious painter, whose other works are mostly forgotten.

Everybody remembers how The Hague got its odd name, from the old Count's Hedge, shortened now to "S'Gravenhage."

The Peace Palace there is always of much interest

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to American visitors, representing a contribution of 300,000 pounds sterling or \$1,500,000 from Andrew Carnegie, to which an unknown sum was added by the Dutch Government. It is an imposing structure in the old Flemish-style architecture, completed in 1913. The massive iron gates were given by Germany. In honor of the American donor, the Plaza where the Peace Palace stands is named "Carnegie Square."

Crossing the border from Holland into Belgium is a very simple matter, compared with similar formalities in many other European countries. The Customs guards merely pass through the train, glance at the cover of American passports without opening them as they do others, order a bag here and there unlocked for inspection, and leave without further ado. Heavy luggage, registered through to Belgium, was opened upon arrival in Antwerp, where a more thorough examination was given, but nobody in Flambeau's party got fined.

Whiskey and cigars or cigarettes are especially dutiable, if found, as they wish the traveler to purchase in their own country, not to bring his supplies with him. The Dutch cigarettes are all imported, but they have the finest brands of Egyptian tobacco at reasonable prices, better, so they claim, than can be found in Paris. The customs' inspection must cost a heavy tax for maintenance.

The process of carrying money in Europe is another study in high finance, for if one can anticipate the market, one may gamble a bit in marks, shillings,

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and pounds, or francs, according to the country. A change in the French cabinet may bring the French franc up in a hurry, and the Belgian exchanges will try to claim the same benefit for their Flemish francs.

American greenbacks in \$1 bills are the best tender in Europe at present, but many tourists prefer to carry travelers' checks or use a letter of credit, which is often a bit slower in cashing.

One of the best tests of good fellowship is the ability of party members to travel day after day together and not get bored or cross. Our Americans succeeded so well that sometimes they even resented it if they could not have reserved compartments for their own group from one city to another. One of them claimed she "didn't like to travel with foreigners," but was laughed down by all the rest, who asked her what she came to Europe for, and how she supposed foreigners liked to travel with her.

Just what Europeans think of American tourists was no longer a matter of doubt to our party, however, for any conceit which some might have had as to their being "desirable aliens" on foreign soil was pretty well knocked out by overhearing a conversation in another language in which Americans were accused of being too "hasty," too loud-spoken, and the women too sickly—the last a base libel.

To-day, our travelers are practicing their German in Holland, as they beg their waiters for "Wasser, ein Glas Wasser, bitte," but to-morrow it will be,

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*"Garçon, un verre de l'eau, s'il vous plait."* It is a daily and hourly fight to obtain a glass of water with any meal, but the wine card is regularly presented, and a bottle of anything can be had in a hurry. The restaurants and hotels are simply trading on the nation's thirst.





THE "MAISON DU ROI," BRUSSELS. A fine example of Flemish architecture.  
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"THE JUDGMENT OF CHRIST," by Anton Wiertz, in the Wiertz Museum, Brussels.  
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## CHAPTER IV

### LITTLE BELGIUM, A NEW WORLD POWER

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

—Lord Byron: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

*B*ON jour, monsieur, madame, mademoiselle!  
For the first time the American travelers were speaking French without fear of affectation, and why? It was the language of the land in which they had arrived, and everybody else was talking French. No, not all. The Flemish jargon, like the Dutch, is the native tongue, and the lower classes speak that best. French is the court language.

The morning being Sunday, Flambeau had not ordered his party called as usual for breakfast, but left them to sleep late, since they were tired with their week's travel. He knew the "*déjeuner*" was a simple continental one, "*café au lait*," or "*thé*," rolls and butter, and he did not dream that the young tourists would get into difficulties with the waiters.

And so they did not, but how they succeeded in obtaining the variety of food on the little bills later presented for payment was a mystery to him—every-

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thing one would have in America they had asked for, and got—oatmeal, fruit, oranges, bananas, jam and marmalade, ham and eggs—the total was enormous. But each one insisted he or she would pay, they would reimburse Flambeau, for of course it was all charged to his account, and next time they would be more continental.

Belgium, "the land of art," welcomes Americans, and our travelers' passports were not even opened. The covers were enough to reassure the examiners. In fact, it was true that the visas had not yet been thoroughly looked at, except before landing at Liverpool, not even when embarking from the other side. If one crossed the Rhine, or visited Africa, one's experience would be far different.

Cardinal Mercier was officiating in the beautiful Cathedral of Our Lady, which forms the principal art attraction in Antwerp, on the Sunday morning of our Americans' visit, and several of them were so fortunate as to be present at the mass, and see and hear him. Others came later, intent on Rubens' magnificent masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross," painted after his visit to Italy, and his earlier "Elevation of the Cross," both of which with several more works are in this Cathedral. In the Chapel of Our Lady one finds now the new Peace Madonna picture recently installed here as a war memorial to the Belgian dead. In this composition, which is an adoration of the Virgin, are several important portraits: the Cardinal; King Albert as an aviator; Queen Elizabeth as a Red



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Cross nurse, and the royal children, besides a mounted soldier.

Less known paintings in this Cathedral include a head of the Saviour, on porcelain, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. The elaborately carved pulpit contains figures for each continent, including America, which is represented by an Indian, said to be Pocahontas, an ancient work of Flemish carving.

The Antwerp Museum, with its quaint old compositions, many of them on wood, received a visit from the art devotees, each one finding a subject to suit his taste, either antique or modern. The earliest Flemish style is represented here in copies of the Van Eyck brothers' "Adoration of the Lamb" and Memling's "Saint Ursula" series, the originals of which are to be found in Ghent and Bruges respectively. To the Van Eyck brothers is attributed the discovery of oil painting, which they are said to have introduced into Italy in the fourteenth century.

Antwerp, first in commercial importance of the Flemish cities and once a world-mart, is situated on the right bank of the Scheldt River, which rises in France and flows past Ghent to Antwerp, finally merging with the Rhine delta. The Scheldt was made famous by the Dutch monopoly of its navigation for two hundred years, an international question settled by the Treaty of Brussels (1863), which made the river free.

Other attractions of Antwerp are the Hotel de Ville or Town Hall, opposite the Cathedral; the Steen Museum of Art, and the Christopher Plantin



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Museum, occupying the medieval residence of an early Flemish printer. The Zoölogical Gardens are famous, especially for the salt-water Aquarium which rivals that of Naples, and is remarkable for the fact that because Antwerp is not situated on the sea coast, the water must be transported. In the Church of Saint Jacques is the tomb of Rubens.

The railway ride from Antwerp to Brussels is but twenty-eight miles, via Malines (or Mechlin), which is celebrated for beautiful lace and as the residence of Cardinal Mercier, prelate of Belgium. Beyond Mechlin, the route crosses the Louvain Canal. A little farther on is the ancient town of Vilvorde, associated with the martyrdom of William Tyndale (1536), who was condemned as a heretic for having translated the Bible into English. He was imprisoned for sixteen months in the old Castle of Vilvorde, before being chained to the stake and strangled. Afterward his body was burned to ashes. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."

Arrived in Brussels, Flambeau and his friends were lodged in a typically Flemish hotel of the better class, with restaurant and beer garden attached. The latter they failed to appreciate, but they did enjoy the immense Belgian strawberries, of which the proprietor ordered a generous supply for dessert. The window balconies gave a lovely view of the city square, with its old-style buildings, especially beautiful under the full moon.

The people of Brussels are a gay and lively throng,

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who crowd their streets until the wee sma' hours, singing and laughing literally all night long, almost as in a Spanish capital, which has the reputation of being the noisiest in Europe. The novelty of everything pleased our travelers so much that they forgot to be annoyed by the lack of sleep, and nobody complained.

The Royal Family of Belgium were at present living in their capital, and as popular as ever, but the tourists were not so lucky as a Flemish friend there, who on the preceding day had seen King Albert and Crown Prince Leopold crossing the park together. The Princess Marie is very pretty, and one often reads placards in Belgian shop windows, "Leve Maria," "Long Live Marie," or "Long Live Her Majesty the Queen!" Mention of the Royalties always brings smiles to Flemish faces, as when the Americans spoke of the royal visit to the United States, and of the degree conferred upon the King by George Washington University, the only one which His Majesty accepted during his entire tour.

The Royal Palace in Brussels is an imposing structure with attractive gardens. The Palace of Laeken is the royal suburban villa, three miles from the city, reached by the Allée Verte, a splendid promenade along the Scheldt Canal. The national colors, red, yellow, and black, adorn the flag in three perpendicular stripes, and are the tricolor of the ancient Duchy of Brabant, of which Brussels is the capital.

The Palais de Justice, on a height overlooking the city, is claimed to be the largest building in the world.

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It is a mass of sculptured and polished marble, which covers 270,000 square feet, with a tower 400 feet high, and was erected at a cost of \$10,000,000. Its bronze doors and entrance tablets were taken by the Germans, who confiscated all metal in the city during their occupation here, including all gold and silver money.

Belgium to-day seems prosperous, enjoying a well-deserved benefit from the heroic part she played in the World War.

The Tir National (the national shooting gallery for training soldiers), the spot where Edith Cavell was executed on October 12, 1915, was visited by our party. Their heads were bowed for a moment by the stone marked with four points for the chair in which the brave nurse was seated when shot by a volley of German musketry, clumsily aimed, it would seem, since she is reported not to have been killed at first but only by a second shot from the leader.

Edith Cavell's body was interred in London, at Westminster Abbey, but the Tir National, in Brussels, will remain a shrine to her for years to come.

Gabriel Petit, a young Belgian heroine, is also immortalized by a realistic monument in Brussels. She made many journeys between Flanders and Holland, until captured by the Germans, when she was shot as a spy, defiantly facing her accusers.

The Boulevard Brand Whitlock, named for the American Ambassador during the war, was traversed by our party in their motor car, and a short visit was paid to the famous Cathedral of St. Gudule, the

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lovely old Hotel de Ville or City Hall, with its date of 1492, and the celebrated Maison du Roi, the parliament buildings, the bourse or stock exchange, and many other noted halls in the Flemish capital, including a glimpse of the handsome tree-inclosed American embassy house.

Two things, however, were most easily remembered, the Mannikin Fountain (which needs no explanation for those who have been there, except to remind them that it is said to commemorate the finding of the old burgomaster's lost little son, who ran away from home two days before he was found at this spot in the pose presented), and the Wiertz Museum of grewsome and grotesque art, which every visitor wishes to see—heroic canvases by Anton Wiertz, a Flemish artist born in 1805 and living until 1865.

About twenty years of his life Wiertz passed in Brussels and to this city he willed his extraordinary works, now collected in the museum named for him, which is one of the principal attractions. The artist member of the American group agreed that they were great pictures, more inspiring than any others he had yet seen. "Napoleon in Hell," one of the subjects, shows the fallen hero tortured by memories of the cruelties wrought through his campaigns.

"Heaven and Hell" is a scene of terrific struggle, the fallen angels in conflict with the hosts of heaven. "The Devil's Mirror" pictures, first, a coquette before her glass, and in a second canvas she is depicted in the same pose, but as a nude.

"Premature Burial" is a composition to be viewed

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through a small aperture, which adds to its horror, a woman striving to free herself from the coffin in which she has been accidentally entombed alive. Only those with strong nerves should visit this gallery, although our gay sightseers hurried through these horrors with little impression. But the effect of powerful painting was universal.

Brussels, or Bruxelles, is noted for its smart shops, a "*petit Paris*," and one in particular, the *Bon Marché*, is modeled after the big French emporium of that name. Members of our party were saving their money for Paris shopping, so they bought little besides lace and postcards. One of the young ladies, out walking, asked for "*Bodega*," thinking it meant shops, when she should have said "*Magazins*." In consequence she found herself pityingly taken in charge by a motherly soul who thought the poor little American was seeking the drinking saloons and ought to be sent to the Y.W.C.A.

Waterloo battlefield is only about twelve miles from Brussels, by the Gare du Midi station, so a few of the party set off to see what remains of the historic combat of over a hundred years ago. That section was more recently fought over again in the recent war, and is marked here and there by poppies red, as well as by wooden crosses.

Belgian girls were selling in the streets artificial forget-me-nots, for some memorial fund. Collectors with small boxes or tin canisters also frequently appeared, usually in the dining room during a meal,





THE "PLACE," or Square, Bruges, with the Belfry, celebrated by Longfellow.  
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FLEMISH PEASANTS OF BRUGES, Belgium. A typical  
family scene, three generations.  
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when, of course, no one could ever refuse a contribution.

The Lion Mound, which marks the center of Waterloo battleground, is the only conspicuous memento, but an old farmhouse and a restaurant patronized by Wellington also are pointed out. Now there is here a new memorial to the Belgian men who fell in 1914.

On a bright morning the American travelers rose early, breakfasted—this time quite "*au fait à la Continental*"—and boarded a train for Ghent and Bruges, only a few miles from Brussels on the route to Ostend, the seashore resort, which several, at an earlier time, had visited. Arrived at Bruges, the quaintest city of all Europe, perhaps, if you will except Nuremberg, they took boat for a tour of the lovely old canals, which have earned for Bruges the name of "The Northern Venice." Slipping quietly through the silent streets of water, under trailing willows and lindens, past age-old palace walls and beneath bridges over which kings and armies have trod, they fancied themselves on this fine summer day in fairyland.

White swans greeted them here and there, lovers lingered in quiet, half-hidden nooks, and all seemed asleep in this medieval "City of the Dead," as Bruges has been called and so staged in a notable opera. Had their tour been by gondola, instead of by a rather slow motor boat, they would have sworn they were in Venice, and at the canals marked "To Ostend," "To Holland," and in other directions, our

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party vowed they would return some day for an entire vacation, motoring on the quiet lochs of Flanders, so all-but-unknown and forgotten to-day by the rest of the world.

After a garden luncheon at the best Flemish hotel to be found, the enthusiasts set out to see the remarkable series of St. Ursula pictures by Memling, in the old Hospital of St. John, where it is said the artist was a patient, when he conceived the idea of decorating a Reliquary to contain the bones of this early medieval Saint, the Lady Ursula, whose story is perhaps the most romantic in all Europe.

Born a Flemish princess of about the fifth century, Ursula was sought in marriage by a British prince, that country being then quite pagan. The devout lady insisted upon her knight becoming Christian first, and to prove his sincerity he must make a journey with her to Rome and receive the Pope's blessing on their nuptials. So the cavalcade set out, the Lady Ursula accompanied by her 11,000 virgins (some accounts say only eleven), and arrived safely in Rome, where the pagan Prince was duly baptized.

The wedding having been solemnized, the Pope, who at that time was permitted to leave his domicile, decided to accompany them a part of the way on their return journey, and accordingly left them only at Bâle, after they had crossed the Alps, and were about to proceed by boat down the Rhine. This they did without mishap until they reached Cologne, where

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they were beset by hostile forces of Huns, who at that time repeatedly ravaged Europe.

The Lady Ursula, with her attendant virgins, was cruelly slain and the entire company obliterated, only a few stones and bones being left to tell the tale in after years. The extreme piety of the lady, her royal position, and the romance of her story, caused her to be long remembered, and later her reliques were claimed to have often produced miraculous healing. She was canonized by the Church, and became Saint Ursula, her sad history being an inspiration to poets and painters.

Here, in the land of her birth, Saint Ursula is epitomized in Hans Memling's matchless series of paintings decorating her reliquary in the old "*Hôpital de St.-Jean*," and again in Venice, where those who travel there may find a second group, quite different, by Carpaccio, the Venetian story teller, who possibly saw the work of Memling. He was, in any case, quite familiar with her story, although it was dated nearly a thousand years before either of these painters lived. In Cologne, one may visit the Church of St. Ursula, where reliques, encased in silver, are claimed to be hers, and still to produce miracles for the devout.

In Bruges there are many other grand medieval monuments, like the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, with its Chapel of the Holy Blood, built in honor of the drops of our Saviour's blood brought, according to tradition, by St. Theodoric from the Holy Land during the Crusades, exploits in which Godfrey of Bou-



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logne was also prominent. Indeed, to the scholar, this little town bristles with historic names and associations. But tourists on pleasure bent care not too much for dry facts and dates. Instead, they may buy lace in Bruges, for each one finds some little shop with rare bargains in yards and yards of the precious fabric, bobbin and pillow lace, hand-made, the real thing, to last a lifetime; rosepoint, Duchesse, or Chantilly. Whether they would be able to get by the Customs in New York became an anxiety to our friends, although nobody bought a whole hundred dollars' worth of lace, which is the amount of tourist purchases admitted free of duty.

The Belfry of Bruges, towering over the city, was never fully completed, but has been celebrated in a poem by Longfellow, who wrote of its silver chimes. Several of our party climbed the tower, 262 feet to the top (and no lift), where the view of the surrounding Belgian country was superb on that bright, sunny afternoon. In the evening an open-air concert was given in the famous belfry, when a native opera singer presented a free program for the benefit of his townsmen and guests, and the tuneful chimes were played to perfection for the occasion.

Next day, by train, it seemed but a step to Ghent, a Flemish city as quaint as Bruges, but different in its ancient architecture and possessing the peculiar treasure of all Belgium, "The Adoration of the Lamb," an old, old painting by the Van Eyck brothers, Jan and Hubrecht, both of whom took a turn at this fourteenth century picture, still care-

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fully preserved in a small chapel in the Cathedral of St. Bavon. During the war this picture with difficulty was hidden from the Germans, who once before had taken it away and still were holding the original wings which covered it, decorated with symbolical religious scenes. Now these wings have been restored by Germany, as one of the terms of settlement, and the picture is intact.

Near Bruges and Ghent there are battlefields of the late war which tell a tragic story; the Cathedral of Louvain is in ruins, and shell-shattered villages are scattered through Flanders. In a journey to Namur but a year before, Viktor Flambeau had visited the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, the Mother House of the Order of Trinity College, in Washington, D. C., and of other branch schools in America and elsewhere. This Convent suffered during the war, for it was battered by a German bomb, the good Sister Ignace was injured and two other Sisters she saw killed outright. The broken walls may still be seen, with a tablet to the memory of the dead. Sister Ignace, who speaks English, afterward visited the United States, as did also the Mother Superior of the entire Order, "*Ma Mère*," as she is called, or more properly, *La Reverende Mère Maria-Julienne*. This famous Convent of Namur owns rare antiques in its Treasury of Frère Hugo, which scholars and visitors from all over Europe come to see. Belgium is in many respects the finest of Catholic countries in Europe.

And now, our party had returned once more to

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Brussels, and there boarded an express train for Paris, the goal of their dreams. Flying along through Flanders Fields and "somewhere in the North of France," they saw the blowing poppies red, and counted the little cemeteries of wooden crosses, noting the ruined old walls struck by exploding shells of the past ten years. Everywhere they saw the many, many new structures rising to tell of peace and prosperity to-day.

At the border, when the train paused for a moment at Mons, one member stepped off the car to touch French soil, and say, *à la* Pershing on the arrival of the Doughboys in France, "*Lafayette, nous voila!*"

At length Paris was almost reached, and in plain view stood the Eiffel Tower, stretching upward a thousand feet. Excitement prevailed, as all prepared to debark for their hotel near the Seine.

## CHAPTER V

### GAY PARIS, THRILLS OF THE OPERA, GALLERIES AND SALON

Good talkers are found only in Paris.

—*François Villon*: "Des Femmes de Paris."

THE franc went up on the very day of the Americans' arrival in gay "Paree." Twenty francs to the dollar was the advantageous rate in Belgium when our party left, but in Paris it dropped to seventeen or eighteen, and the price of their charming hotel was sixty "froncs" per day, although with the extras one might safely allow seventy-five. Who cared? Money was made to spend, and our travelers who had missed shopping in London on account of bank holidays, were determined to scatter their good U.S.A. dollars here, especially since they had already discovered that greenbacks are quite as handy for shopping anywhere out of England as the best travel checks obtainable.

Their first view of Paris was not disappointing, as they motored rapidly from the Gare du Nord across the city, gaining glimpses of the principal shopping section, the Madeleine, the Place de la Concorde, the Seine, and the Eiffel Tower, always nearer. The artist members at once noted that their hotel was

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not far from the Spring Salon exhibition, and vowed a visit next day.

The Louvre, of course, claimed first attention, and few perhaps in a hasty tour ever saw it more successfully than our young friends, whose travel talks on the boat en route had made them rather keen for the pictures in this, the world's most renowned art collection, containing the works of dead masters and founded by Francis I of France, the royal patron of Leonardo, whose "Mona Lisa" is the favorite picture.

"The Madonna of the Rocks," by Leonardo, is a duplicate of the same subject in the National Gallery of London, but of course both collections claim their own as the first by this master, whose "Sainte Anne" and "Saint John the Baptist," are also important in the Louvre.

Giotto's "St. Francis of Assisi Receiving the Stigmata," a celebrated work, painted for the altar of San Francisco in Assisi, was one of the first to make Giotto's fame and lead to commissions in Rome. Cimabue's still more primitive "Madonna" here is questioned as an original.

Titian's "Man with the Glove," a famous portrait of some unknown, was pointed out, with Raphael's "Saint Michael" and "Holy Family."

The Rubens' room was the usual blaze of color from his canvases. The portrait of his wife, "Helena Fourment," is of interest for comparison with Rembrandt's "Portrait of Hendrijke Stoffels," reported to have been the Dutch painter's second wife.



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Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," in its brilliant blue, pleased our Catholic friends, to whom it was especially well known and a grand favorite. A remarkable mosaic copy of this work, sent from Rome, is a part of the new Shrine to Our Lady, at the Catholic University, Washington. The artist painted several replicas, one of which is owned by the Walters Gallery, in Baltimore.

Jean François Millet's "Gleaners," three peasant women stooping to gather the last shreds in the field, was enjoyed by our travelers, especially as some of them later visited Barbizon. In that little village Millet, Corot and Rousseau painted many other wonderful pictures. Millet's "Angelus," still more famous, was unluckily on the day of this visit to the Louvre in one of the closed rooms. This custom, in vogue since the war, of showing only a part of the collection each day, either for lack of guards or in order to secure more francs admission, causes a sad disappointment to many who come from long distances.

Corot's "Dance of the Nymphs," also much liked in America, was seen, however, with Troyon's celebrated "Oxen going to their Work," the companion to which, by Rosa Bonheur, "Oxen Ploughing," they viewed later in the Luxembourg.

"The Broken Pitcher," by Greuze, a popular picture like his sentimental "Milkmaid," was another favorite, with the familiar "Madame Vigée-Le Brun and Her Daughter." But the crowning sensation there is Gericault's "Raft of the Medusa," an his-

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toric episode, fifteen shipwrecked people starving on a raft in mid-ocean.

"Next time we will come back by ourselves to see the Louvre, and not be raced through with a party," frankly declared every one of these honest travelers, whose latent love for art was keenly awakened by the Louvre.

The Luxembourg, a small collection, may be seen more satisfactorily in half an hour. "September Morn," the lovely nude, by Paul Chabas, so popular in America at one time, is still there, known, however, as "Le Crepuscule" (The Twilight). Several others, remembered by Americans, like Whistler's "Portrait of His Mother," an "Arrangement in Gray and Black," as he called it, have been transferred for lack of space since the war, for art galleries in Paris, like ours at home, are over-crowded.

It was the marvelous sculptures of the Luxembourg that most fascinated our American tourists, who wished to linger much longer by these eloquent nudes in stone. The later productions were significant of the war's influence. However, again the travelers were hurried away ruthlessly for new sights, of which they remembered best, perhaps, the lovely murals by Puvis de Chavannes in the Pantheon, or Church of Sainte-Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris. Puvis depicted her life in works of somewhat the same style as his much-disputed murals in the Boston Public Library, not at first so deeply appreciated as his masterpieces in Paris.

New war memorials and monuments are every-

## GAY PARIS, THRILLS OF THE OPERA

where in evidence, as in this same Pantheon. The tomb of Napoleon at "des Invalides" is a massive sarcophagus impressive to all travelers, and especially so to those who recall the contrasting tomb of the Duke of Wellington in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Under the Arc de Triomphe in the Bois de Boulogne the Americans bowed by the Grave of the Unknown Soldier of France. Both day and night a never-failing flame is burning here, and some of the party returned in the evening to see its mysterious light in the darkness. A small crowd is always gathered there, where men remove hats and women bend their heads in prayer, and garlands of flowers strew always the Tomb of the Unknown, who typifies every French mother's lost son.

Imbued with patriotic fervor, it was not strange, then, that our visitors were so deeply impressed by the grand panorama of the War Pantheon, an immense painting with 6,000 portraits, executed by MM. P. Carrier-Belleuse and A. F. Gorguet, whose preliminary sketches are shown in the entrance rooms. American officers and notables, Pershing, Wilson, Roosevelt, Taft, and many more are depicted, with those of other countries.

It is this series of battle scenes, forming an immense panoramic view of the war, which is reported to have been lately acquired by Jerome Rosenberg and Frank V. Stoors, of New York, to be shown at the Savoy Theatre, Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway. The purchase price was \$50,000 plus one-

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fourth of the gross receipts. Doubt is expressed, however, as to whether any hall in the United States is large enough to display the gigantic canvas.

The Salon of the Société des Artistes Français in its 137th annual exposition of fine arts was fortunately in full swing at the Grand Palais des Champs Elysées. It was a revelation of modern French painting in all styles, sculpture, architecture, etching and lithography, besides applied arts.

Entering the Grand Palais, a privilege for which one paid three francs, the visitor found the lower court entirely adorned with sculptures of many kinds, war themes being somewhat prominent. The central figure was "La Deliverance," a heroic nude female figure in bronze with uplifted sword in hand, by Emile Oscar Guillaume, a Parisian sculptor. (See Frontispiece.)

L. Deschamps, a French artist, showed a portrait medal of the late Woodrow Wilson, and doubtless many American exhibitors and subjects were included, but the vastness of the exposition was bewildering, and it would require more than one visit to orient oneself.

Paintings were exhibited in side galleries on the first floor and above, and here again there was an overwhelming variety. A memorial room was devoted to works of the late Léon Bonnat, recently deceased at eighty-nine years, a member of the Institute.

Madame Anie Mouroux, a young French sculptor who had visited America the preceding year to make

## GAY PARIS, THRILLS OF THE OPERA

a portrait of President Harding for France, and who is a medalist of the Academy, was again represented this season in a golden bronze design, "Les Matins Lumineux." She collaborated with M. Feuillatre in this illustration for her new book of poems, entitled "Luminous Mornings," which she and Viktor Flambeau read together in a later excursion.

The official catalogue of the Salon was an attractive volume, sold for only two or three francs, well illustrated, and with more than 5,000 entries. There were other publications relating to the present exhibition, some of them beautifully executed in the true French style.

But little cubist or futurist work of expressionist type was shown in the entire display, although here and there one might glimpse it, as in a Moroccan scene or other exotic subject. On the whole, there was less of such freakishness than in many local exhibitions in America.

"Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more," so Count Bengnot wrote a hundred years ago; but to-day there are many Frenchmen less, owing to the war. Mothers and widows in black may still be observed on the gay streets of Paris. Yet gayety reigns in the French capital, certainly in the "Folies Bergère," the famous Parisian music hall vaudeville, which the French themselves seldom patronize, according to Madame Anie Mouroux, the young sculptor, who joined the party of Americans as their guest, and admitted she had never attended the Follies before.



## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

The perfumed program, sold for two francs and a tip, formed an appropriate setting for the lovely faces of the young danseuses, whose pictures adorned its pages. An endless revue of beautiful women, in costumes of all periods, or half nude, provided the evening's entertainment. There was not a dull moment from the rising of the curtain at 8.30 until what hour who knows, for when our tourists left at 12, the performance was still going merrily on. These girls, from about seventeen to twenty-four years, notable beauties, are probably the daughters of poor families. Their histories might be of interest, but their stage career is usually brief, though brilliant. Any day a fairer face may supplant them.

The jokes, doubtless very double in their entendre, were happily lost on our innocent American visitors. "Napoleon's Vision" was the really notable feature of the evening, presenting important events in Bonaparte's career, and emphasizing the revived love of the French for their great hero.

Another evening found our party bent on the more classical, when they attended "Lohengrin" at the Grand Opera House of Paris, a place well deserving a visit for its impressive architecture as well as its music.

Determined not to miss the sensation of the Montmartre cafés, a group set out one evening after dinner, and returning late, claimed to have seen the "unspeakable," though gradually rather mild descriptions were elicited; indeed, several were even a bit disappointed by not having seen all they had hoped for. These



THE STAIRWAY, Grand Opera House, Paris.  
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THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, Paris.  
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WAR RUINS NEAR CHÂTEAU-THIERRY. Brasles, France.  
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## GAY PARIS, THRILLS OF THE OPERA

favorite haunts of the "risquées," however, are quiet and deserted by day, as was proved by a visit while touring the city, when "The Moulin Rouge" was pointed out, with "The Dead Rat" and its rival, "The Rat That Was Not Dead." Few Parisians, it is said, ever think of wasting time here, so the nightly throngs must be mostly tourists.

"Old Paris," with its associations of Victor Hugo and other celebrities, was revealed to the Americans, through the courtesy of a new friend, who helped them to see as well the usual and better known sights, the Bernhardt Theatre, the Trocadero, Place de la Bastille, Notre Dame Cathedral, Sainte Chapelle, the studio and garden of the late Auguste Rodin, and many other places.

Paris is too big to see in a week, although our Americans were very assiduous. Occasionally one or two would drop out of an excursion, and go shopping instead to the Galeries Lafayette, which they found the best place for French bargains, "Soldes."

"An occasion, I assure you, truly!" the *polite* French floor walker would say. One of the party shopped for an entire day in this convenient store, finding an excellent interpreter in a French salesgirl, who spoke English quite fluently. Concluding her purchases, the American tipped her shopping guide \$3, which must have been an unexpected and quite welcome "*pourboire*," as French money runs, about fifty francs. Tipping may be a necessary evil, but to most Americans it is an enjoyable one.

Another tourist shopped to such good advantage



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one morning that she returned home for lunch at the hotel, then donned her new clothes, just purchased, and set out for the Eiffel Tower. She climbed to the top by means of three elevators, at a total cost of about five francs. Here she enjoyed the superb view of Paris, a radius of fully 25 miles being visible from this height of 1,000 feet, counting the flag staff.

Our American friends were by no means tired of Paris, but time was pressing, and several of them made plans for Switzerland. There they wished to visit Lucerne, climb Mount Rigi, or stop at Interlaken before going on to enjoy the lovely Italian Lake district, returning perhaps by way of Milan, and then, tunneling the Alps, continuing to Montreux on Lake Geneva, for a view of the Castle of Chillon.

Meantime, there were excursions about Paris to be enjoyed, notably the visit to the Battlefields in the North of France.



## CHAPTER VI

### MOTOR EXCURSIONS TO FRENCH BATTLEFIELDS, VERSAILLES, FONTAINEBLEAU

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly . . .  
—*Lieut. Col. John McCrae.*

THE French fought for their country, the English for sport, and the Americans for souvenirs," is the saying. But when one reads here and there, everywhere, among the American crosses,

#### "UNKNOWN SOLDIER,"

so many, many of them, one realizes how bravely "Our Boys" fought, how freely they gave their lives for their Country's honor.

No visit to Europe is complete to-day without a trip to the Battlefields, and the effort involved is well worth the time, so vital are the impressions gained. And so, on a fair, cool morning, *voici* our American travelers en route to Rheims, Château-Thierry, and Belleau Wood. Much of the way the railroad skirts the Marne River, narrow but deep. Twenty-five miles from Paris, or forty kilometres, lies Meux, where the first Battle of the Marne was fought in

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

1914, when the Germans came so near Paris that German cavalry patrols had actually arrived within eight miles of the city.

At Château-Thierry the tourist party alighted and glancing upward to the heights above, they saw the last remains of the old château walls which gave the name from the castle built by Charles Martel as a prison for King Thierry II, whose descendants by a strange coincidence inherited their ancestor's prison and became the rulers of the feudal town. Later on, Charles VII and Jeanne d'Arc at one time occupied the château, and many other historic personages are associated with the place.

About May 31, 1918, the Germans invaded Château-Thierry and sacked the town, appropriating all the valuables, which they had already packed and labeled for transmission to their own country, before they were halted and defeated, as all the world now knows, by the brilliant stand made by American soldiers, as yet untried in war. It was then that the morale of the German line was broken, for it was seen what formidable enemies the American boys would prove, and the great German retreat began, which continued through July and until the Armistice.

Look at the Bridge, only some two or three rods long, where Captain Bissell and his men, fourteen in all, made their brave stand. Only seven of them returned after the bridge had been blown up. Here the final German advance was checked, and the shattered houses of the little village of Château-Thierry still tell their mute story.

## MOTOR EXCURSIONS

The story runs that, as the Americans prepared to fire the bridge to prevent the German approach, a French officer exclaimed, regretfully, "That bridge has stood for five hundred years!"

"Yes," was the Doughboy's unfeeling answer, "and you'll see it go in about five seconds." Captain Bissell, one of the survivors, afterward returned with his bride on their honeymoon.

Now our party proceeds by flying French motor cars, one of them driven by an American, a former soldier, Charles W. Anderson from Boston. He married a French wife, with whom he plans to return to the States a little later. Belleau Wood, the American cemetery, is a National Park of fifty acres.

A little old Ford car takes the lead over the classy French automobiles, and we pause at Vaux, a small hamlet with every house destroyed. New buildings are rapidly going up here, but still the hollow walls of ruined homes stand ghastly by the road on every side.

It was at Vaux and the next small town, Bouresches, that the American troops made the first advance, opposing the pick of the German armies, the Crown Prince's troops, who had been chosen for the honor of first entry into Paris. In itself, this may not have been so great a victory as many others of the war among the Allies, but its far-reaching effect can hardly be over-estimated.

One by one, or two by two, the natives of these little villages crept back to their old homes, all in ruins. It is hard to uproot Frenchmen, for they love

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their soil, and seldom migrate, as the comparatively small number in the United States proves, though they go more often to their own colonies, Morocco and Algiers. Many very old natives hid themselves in cellars at the approach of the Germans, and refused to go away. Some of them starved before help arrived, but a few held out, and in one of these towns *two* aged women both claimed later to be the sole survivor of their ancient tribe.

Now, in these tiny centers, the villagers, solemn-faced and sad, go about their daily tasks, patiently rebuilding their houses, and praying God that war may never come again. An old woman approached our American visitors, and politely invited them to subscribe, not for a benefit for their broken fortunes, their soldier dead, their ruined daughters, their wounded boys,—no, but for a fountain, a memorial Fountain, to adorn the new village, which shall arise out of the ashes of the past. It was the Second Division of the American Army which fought here from Vaux to Bouresches, July 2-6, 1918; and at Belleau Wood our Marines achieved their fame.

And now the Flambeau party were at the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery, where 1,700 wooden crosses mark the burial place of as many American soldiers, hundreds, alas! labeled "Unknown American Soldier." The spot is an attractive one, and pervaded by such a sense of peace to-day that one can scarcely realize what occurred here. Flowers, roses, and lilies, grow in profusion, cultivated; and, running wild over the fields and the hill above, are myriads

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of native blossoms, clover red and white, scarlet poppies, pink heather, and many others.

Climb the hill of Belleau Wood to-day, and see if you can find a relic of the fray. Scarcely a souvenir is to be discovered, but the broken trees indicate the tremendous gun fire here, where a few trenches and burrows like large fox or rabbit holes remain. There, on a rock, one may still discern a white cross in a circle, the carving of some soldier with an art sense. And just beyond, a ghastly relic, a serial number in figures of blood, still faintly marked upon the white stone, "21480," the final message of some wounded American boy.

The Germans occupied this hill, and it was the task of the American Marines to wrench it from them, to take possession of a commanding knoll bristling with machine guns. The Germans learned then to fear the American fists, for that was one way in which no other soldier was prepared to fight as did the American, often when he had lost his gun. The Doughboys earned here the name of "Devil Dogs" from the Huns, for the Americans threw away their packs, and even their gas masks, and, when they lost their guns, fought savagely with their fists. In the fighting on this hill, which lasted three weeks or more, conspicuous bravery was shown by the New England National Guards; by the Twenty-eighth, the Forty-third, and the Twenty-seventh, besides the Twenty-sixth Artillery, and the Thirty-seventh Divisions. One of our American party had a son in the Thirty-seventh, and he came safely home.



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And now back to Château-Thierry, for a glimpse of an American social center there which is doing good work, a War Memorial, non-sectarian in its benefits, maintained by the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Reverend Julian S. Wadsworth is director, with Mrs. Wadsworth and a corps of assistants, who carry on the usual features of such a settlement—trained nurse, Crèche or Day Nursery, educational classes, Boy Scout and social work for girls, besides a War Museum of relics, and recreation opportunities. It was at this mission that Captain Bissell and his bride stayed on their honeymoon.

*“Les Devoirs de l’Amérique envers l’Europe”* is the title of an instructive pamphlet by Dr. E. Blake, Bishop of the Methodist Church in France, who reminds us that France came out of the war with a debt of fifty-three billions of dollars, which makes it all the more difficult for her to maintain the philanthropic work needed.

“The Gateway to Paris” is the old name for Château-Thierry, since long ago. This town is famous, too, as the birthplace and home of Jean de la Fontaine, French poet and fable writer.

After lunch in one of the rebuilt ruins of Château-Thierry, the Americans proceeded by train to Rheims and the Champagne country, where lies Epernay, famed as the center of this wine industry. Underground cellars are eighteen miles long and 100 feet deep. So well did the Kaiser like a certain brand of the champagne made here that he ordered his

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men not to disturb in any way the village bearing its name.

In Rheims before the war there were 60,000 people, and when it had been shelled by the Germans not sixty were left. The great Cathedral was, of course, the objective, but the shells hit right and left, everywhere but the Cathedral. In front stood the equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc, which was uninjured, though to-day the sword she carries is a bit bent, memento of the troubled days she has witnessed. A replica of this monument, by the late Paul Dubois, a noted French sculptor, is in Paris, and a third, given by an Association of French Women in America, stands in Washington crowning the Meridian Hill Park.

"Sainte Jeanne," as of course she is now, having been canonized by the Church, was the *protectrice* of the Cathedral, so the pious French believe, and their prayers to her saved the lovely old city from complete destruction. Jeanne d'Arc was also believed to have appeared in the clouds, leading the French soldiers on to victory in the final crisis when all looked darkest.

The French are now bravely restoring the Cathedral which, though hit many times, was not utterly demolished. Shells were thrown by machine guns, from a German fort, Nougent la Best, five miles away, while the French occupied the opposite hill, Fort de la Pompelle, a ruined site, still very interesting to travelers. No souvenirs are to be gleaned now, unless one cares for a bit of barbed wire, of which there is an abundance, since it was here that

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the French barred the Germans from Rheims with miles of wire entanglements.

But with his usual "*bonheur*," Viktor Flambeau discovered a rusted and blood-stained German bayonet sword, which had lain for a long time in the dust somewhere near the small shack where it was displayed for sale, along with a few French shells and postcards of the neighborhood.

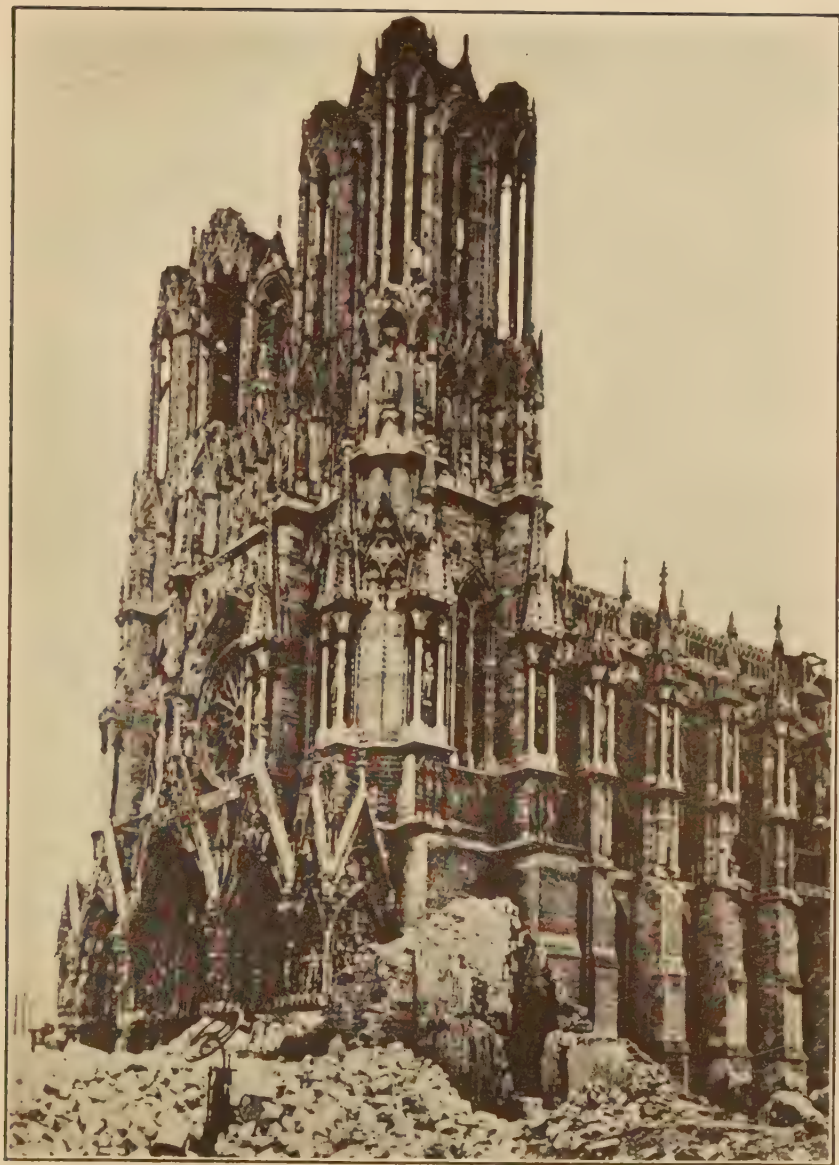
"*Combien pour cela, Monsieur.*"

"*Dix francs. German!*" with contempt on the "German." Other French souvenirs, shells, guns and knives, were higher in price. Flambeau was content, however, and he afterward matched the sword with a French helmet, picked up by the roadside near Fontainebleau.

And now, a parting visit to the Cathedral, its walls still intact, and only here and there the bruises from the bursting bombs. The floor was littered everywhere, with wreckage which workmen were clearing away as they restored the Cathedral. In front, salute brave Jeanne d'Arc, who never forsook her position of guard.

France to-day seems little changed by the war, superficially at least, for the old palaces take us back so long ago that one forgets the recent tragedy. Napoleon is more and more the French national hero.

It was in the Louvre that the American travelers saw the Imperial Crown and Sceptre of Napoleon, in the same case where, until recently sold, the famous diamond necklace of Madame Thiers was also displayed. They were not sorry that their excursion



THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS, as it appeared shortly after the War. Now undergoing restoration.  
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"THE MAN WITH THE HOE," by Jean Francois Millet. The former peasant of Barbizon.  
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next day was by motor to "La Malmaison," more than a hundred years ago the home of Josephine and Napoleon, or "Bonaparte," as the French so often call him, especially in referring to his consulate period.

Malmaison is reached by a drive of about nine miles along the Bois de Boulogne, past the old walls of Paris, through charming French country and forest, close by the River Seine. It is now a public museum, with rooms upon rooms of historic mementoes of the ill-fated career of Napoleon and his consort, Josephine, whose sad life terminated here after a brief illness, just when she had nearly resolved, in spite of his previous treatment of her, to rejoin the exiled Emperor at Elba.

Later, after Waterloo, Napoleon returned to Malmaison for a few days only, until driven away by the approach of Prussians. His aide-de-camp found the deposed monarch and defeated general bitterly weeping here one day, and seeking the cause, Napoleon told him, "I am weeping for my lost happiness."

These are the stories the guide repeated to our American visitors, as he convoyed them through the lovely old château, restored by Josephine while she and Bonaparte were reigning in France. It became her place of retirement after the divorce in 1809 and until her decease in 1814. It was the following year that Napoleon last returned there, just before his final banishment to St. Helena.

Intimate possessions of the two, their sleeping apartments, Josephine's boudoir, and the room of

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

her daughter, Hortense, later Queen of Greece and mother of Napoleon III,—all these add to the associations of the past, giving the visitor the feeling of having met these most famous of French monarchs.

Gardens, drives and trees are carefully restored, and those who can afford the time are well repaid by a visit to this public palace, which became the property of the nation in 1900. In the parish church of Rueil, two or three miles away, are the tombs of Josephine and Queen Hortense.

Motoring onward through the surrounding parks and forests, still the glory of France, our American travelers reached the Bourbon Royal Palace and Villa of Versailles, about 14 miles from Paris. It is famous for modern events like the Peace Conference in the Hall of Mirrors, as well as the incidents of the French Louis, still glibly recited by impecunious French guides, who must be very grateful to these magnificent monarchs for thus providing them with daily bread, pleasantly taxed from willing Americans who gladly listen to their more-or-less truthful tales.

It was Louis XIV, the "Sun-King," to whom we are indebted for Versailles with its palaces and parks, once so royal but now fallen sadly into decay, although being restored by the million dollars donated by generous Mr. Rockefeller. This munificent gift has awakened a lively gratitude in the French. Fontainebleau and one or two other royal châteaux will also share in the restoration, which means that the grounds, drives, artificial ponds and streams, with flower beds, will be repaired in somewhat their

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original style. The interiors are well preserved already.

A billion French francs, or in the value of those days more than \$200,000,000, was expended by Louis XIV in restoring the palace of Versailles, the original château of which had been built for Louis XIII. J. H. Mansart, a famous French architect, designed the wings for Louis XIV, whose long reign from 1643 to 1715 was followed by that of his great-grandson, Louis XV, who is remembered for his bon mot, "After Us, the deluge!" Mansart, too, designed the Grand Trianon, adjoining the central palace. It was erected by Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon.

The Little Trianon, built for Louis XV who reigned until 1774, was a favorite resort of Marie Antoinette, the pretty but unpopular Queen of Louis XVI, who inadvertently precipitated the French Revolution. Here, in the adjacent park, she made her "dolls' house" of a little farm, with mill, kitchens, and tiny theatre, Court of Love, grottoes and fountains. She played at being a milkmaid, like the one in the artificial Greuze paintings, or on a Fragonard canvas, until the enraged populace of the French Revolution imprisoned and later guillotined her. To-day all seems pretty much the same as when she left it; only Mr. Rockefeller's million dollars is grading the walks, weeding the gardens, and planting old-fashioned flowers again. In the pool by the Mill, the fish, big and little, beg for bread as though they might be descendants of the pampered Queen's pet carp.

Although France has been so long a Republic, ex-

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

cept for intervals, she still treasures the remnants of royal grandeur, and even the French agree that Louis XIV, the Sun-King, and Napoleon are their grandest pride to-day, yet "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality" is their motto, with the battle hymn of the stirring "Marseillaise" of Rouget le Conte de Lisle, a true poet.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!

The Gardens of Versailles, its greatest glory, are adorned by the famous fountains, which play only monthly on certain Sunday afternoons, so that our travelers were not lucky enough to see them in action. But they felt well repaid by the glimpse of the quiet lakes and streams, spreading out beyond the palace, the magnificent rooms of which, explained by their guide, gave them far too much to remember.

Fontainebleau is another royal palace, redolent with memories of former French glory, Francis I, Henry IV, the Louis, and Napoleon at the height of his power. From this château the great monarch bade farewell to his generals when exiled to Elba. The cinema of "Napoleon," shown in America, and filmed directly on the spot, at Fontainebleau, reproduced this scene excellently.

"The enchanted Forest of Fontainebleau," so Napoleon named the immense park of 42,500 acres, is rated as the most beautiful in France, and known as "*Le Bouquet du Roi*." Madame Anie Mouroux, the French artist who had accompanied the sightseers

## MOTOR EXCURSIONS

elsewhere, made an ideal companion. As she and Viktor Flambeau were driving through the wonderful, mysterious old forest, with its tall, green-stemmed, slender trees, and flitting lights and shadows, Flambeau read poems from the slim volume the young sculptor had recently published in Paris, "*Les Matins Lumineux*" (Luminous Mornings). It is a prelude to her novel now in press, "*New York, Ville Adorée*" (New York, City Adored), a book so partial to America in sentiment that its writer fears she may no longer be welcome in France after its appearance. In that case she will become a cheerful exile in the U.S.A., the country she visited a year or two ago, and loves so well.

It was an appropriate setting for poetry, this old forest, and Flambeau was glad he had the happy thought on their arrival at the railway station of Fontainebleau to take an ancient horse-cab instead of a flying motor car, which would have whisked them out to Barbizon and back in half the time. To-day he would gratify his long-cherished desire to visit the village where Millet, Corot and Rousseau once lived and painted.

"But you cannot go back to America and tell that you were at Barbizon and did not visit the Palace of Fontainebleau, the most historic and perhaps the most beautiful in all France," pleaded the pretty Madame Mouroux, so Flambeau resigned himself to the long halls, galleries, bedrooms, council chambers, library, and accessories of another royal château, a rival to Versailles in magnificence.



## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

The picturesque courtyards, artificial ponds, fountains and gardens of the palace and its immediate parks are alluring in the extreme, and here one might have idled a day very happily, but for the goal of Barbizon, a decided contrast and much more to Flambeau's liking. However, one or two features, at least, he will remember of the Château of Fontainebleau; the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, who played so significant a rôle in events of her period, and the long gallery of Henry II, decorated with the king's initial letters and the well-known crescent and letter "D" of Diane de Poitiers, his favorite, who resided at the palace contemporaneously with the Queen. Diane was a woman older than the king, over whom she exercised, however, a rather beneficent influence, if one may trust the French authorities, who still believe "the King can do no wrong."

French helmets from the late war are rarely found to-day, even on the battlegrounds. Not one of our little party brought back such a trophy, but Flambeau had acquired there a rusted, blood-stained sword. Here, with his usual good luck, he descried a helmet along the roadside at a turn in the route to Barbizon through the great forest, and calling his driver to stop, he sprang out and picked it up, finding it in good condition though dented by a few bullets, sure evidence of its genuineness.

"*Bon souvenir!*" the cabman termed it, and he and Madame Mouroux agreed there would be no harm in Flambeau's appropriating it for his own collection.

Fontainebleau is some thirty miles from Paris by

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rail, and Barbizon is perhaps ten miles farther, off the railway, through the marvelous woodland, where the driver pointed out a large, old, dying tree marked "Pharamond," said to have lived over a thousand years, and named for a mythological king of the earliest centuries.

Barbizon, a forlorn little village when the artists came there, is now a rather pretentious summer resort with modern villas. The modest cottage of Millet is somewhat changed in atmosphere, but the garden still retains an oldtime air of simplicity and beauty. A street in the village is also named for Millet, and not far away is the home of Rousseau. A bronze medallion to these two most famous of the Barbizon painters is found in the woods at a short distance, in their "*Nid d'Amour*" (Love Nest) among the rocks, still as wild as when they spent such happy days there. The portrait heads, "Millet and Rousseau," of the medallion are by Chapu, a noted French sculptor.

After wandering for some time on foot here, Madame Mouroux and Flambeau rejoined their cabby, and were driven silently back to Fontainebleau. All too soon they arrived once more at the railway station, and Flambeau, in a poetic rhapsody, forgot the American Summer Art School he had intended to visit in the town, quartered in the Palace of Fontainebleau. What matter? Something must be left out, so boarding their return train, which, like the English railway, runs on the left tracks, they were soon en route for Paris, where they arrived at the Gare St. Lazare. Madame Mouroux then permitted

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

Flambeau to visit her immaculate studio. There he saw her medallions, "Jeanne d'Arc," considered one of her best, and portraits of Harding, General Pershing and his son Warren, besides those of many other celebrities.

## CHAPTER VII

### HOMeward BOUND—THRILLS OF THE VOYAGE—NEW FRIENDS

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,—  
His first, best country ever is at home.

—*Oliver Goldsmith*: "The Traveler."

GOOD-BYE! Good-bye! Good-bye!" a shrill honking of motor horns echoed the last farewells that morning, when one and all gathered by the entrance of their pretty hotel, near the Seine.

Gay Paree had never seemed so beautiful to them as in the golden morning sunshine, which made our trippers only more than ever reluctant to bid adieu.

"I shall simply have to do my Paris shopping in New York," one member declared. Flambeau tried to reassure her that probably no one would know the difference, and she might save as well a considerable tax in the Customs, yet she was inconsolable. He felt like a cruel criminal for hurrying home these innocent, enthusiastic young sightseers who had become as attached to the pursuit of old shrines as were Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims.

Soon they were at the Gare St. Lazare and aboard their train in reserved compartments for La Havre, the embarking point, they were flying by "*rapide*"

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through French country that had never appeared more fair than on this day of leaving. They lunched en route and, after passing the old cathedral city of Rouen where long ago Sainte Jeanne d'Arc was martyred at the stake, arrived at their destination, beyond Harfleur, the quaint French fishing village so often remembered by poet and painter. The route follows the Seine River all the way, and scarlet poppies and other flowers bloom beside the track.

Customs formalities are very simple before boarding a French liner, the favorite S.S. *Rochambeau* this time, which was to be their home for the next nine or ten days, according to weather. Again the unexpected travel courtesies, which had been accorded on the voyage over. Thanks to the purser, our Americans found themselves comfortably located, all in outside staterooms. As the ocean proved unexpectedly rough most of the trip, the tourists were very grateful for all that made the return more bearable.

Deck chairs and rugs are always the first consideration, and our travelers found these reserved for them well amidships, on the south or sunny side of the boat, in ideal position had the weather proved more inviting after the first day, which was "*belle*." However, they managed to invent agreeable entertainment for nearly every moment of the voyage, since they were all good sailors, and their companions proved entertaining.

One social function followed another and, although our party returning were not so active as on the previous crossing, preferring rather to be amused, they



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soon became among the most popular on board. Other Americans were passengers also, and there was a Benedictine monk from the staff of Catholic University, Washington, D.C., returning after a pilgrimage of several months in Rome.

Each member of the Flambeau group contributed in some modest way to the social life of the ship; one achieved renown as a fortune-teller; others wrote letters and reviewed their travels; all promenaded regularly, and one, who had been an active "vamp" during the trip, led a model life homeward bound, not even playing bridge or Mah-Jongg. Many explored the ship, attended the "movies" given daily in the afternoon, or assisted with the impromptu fêtes, which make such an important part of the life on a French liner.

The entire story of Alphonse Daudet's autobiographical novel, "*Le Petit Chose*," was reeled off in the first cinema, the story of "The Little Thing" or "Little What's-his-Name" and his trials as a young teacher in a boys' school, and later the beginnings of his literary career in Paris. The French film these works very well indeed, more accurately and with less melodrama than we find necessary in American reels.

In the dining room, our little party had their own table, of course, with a super-attentive steward, two stewards in fact, which means a little more tipping at the end. The menu of a French boat is always a series of at least a half-dozen courses, carefully served with the usual style of a Paris cuisine and chef. Unhappily not every one enjoys all the meals on board

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if it happens to be as rough as during this voyage, but none of our group were ill, and several ate everything on the bill of fare.

Evening concerts, followed by dancing, were the rule, and, besides, a series of special events, Olympic games naturally, a *bal masquerade*, a lottery (both of Flambeau's tickets won a prize), and a benefit evening for French widows and orphans.

The Benedictine monk, who is a musician and composer with some thirty published works to his credit, gave a concert with a *violiniste* aboard, Mme. Alix Young-Maruchess. American artists included Walter W. Maya, of New York, a young Brazilian illustrator who, with his painter friend, Salvador Cillis, was returning home after eight months' art study in Paris. That was the realization of a long-cherished dream, made possible by his wealthy patron, Moody B. Gates, president of "The People's Home Companion," for which publication Mr. Maya had designed a series of exclusive covers.

"When Mr. Gates gave me the year's contract," confided the brilliant young artist, "I said to him that I would go to Paris and make my designs there, if he would agree, as I had long wished to study abroad but saw no way to achieve it." Mr. Maya did not work with a regular teacher, and thereby adopt another's style. Instead, he simply frequented the Museums, the Louvre, the Luxembourg Petit et Grand, the Salon, and especially the Salon des Humoristes, where he learned subtle caricature.

"I also went often to the Folies Bergère," he added,

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“and I would advise any young artist to study art in this way, besides going to the Palais d’Art to see the Dolly Sisters, and other dancers.” Mr. Maya, whose compositions are sometimes reminiscent of the English mystic Aubrey Beardsley, makes his drawings with exceptional accuracy, then adds color with remarkable brilliance and striking contrasts and harmonies. Imagination is the keynote of his work, and he recommends young artists who wish the right inspiration to attend the best operas and concerts by virtuosi, like Paderewski or Josef Hofmann. Mr. Maya is of the new American school, bound to be heard from in the future.

The Benedictine monk gave a little special concert in honor of our Americans, and played some of his own compositions, one of the most pleasing being a lullaby. Among the passengers was Sister M. Inviolata, a young Dominican nun, the order wearing the white habit. The Sister was returning to her home convent in Wisconsin after a year in Spain, where she taught English in a Spanish Dominican convent at Salamanca. She found her pupils there very earnest in studying English, teachers of which are now in great demand in Spain.

Mr. R. Bufano, a Greenwich Village artist of New York, was a lucky prize winner of two races in the Olympic games and of first prize for men for his costume in the *bal masquerade*, where he appeared as a cave man. He is also an adept at inventing puppets, an example of which in a Punch and Judy effect afforded much fun later on at the concert.

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A lively Spanish bull-fight was staged by two Spaniards on board, a tall one as the toreador and a shorter one as the matador, riding a spirited broomstick with fancy painted head. The bull was a rare hybrid, composed of a Spanish front end and a French rear, with a stuffed head and carved horns designed by a Portuguese artist, and a tail wagged by hand from within. The event was the surprise of the evening's program, and was acted in such a sprightly manner that it proved a huge success. The bull put up an excellent fight, only muttering as he at length expired, "Oh, la, la!"

*L'Atlantique*, the daily newspaper, in French and English, was a regular diversion, a large well-printed sheet, with more than the usual quota of jokes and news, but items from the U.S.A. were few and far between. Special articles, however, on the Great American West, the dying Washington elm in Cambridge, and the Hollywood cinema were not so rare. According to "*L'Atlantique*," Miss Norma Talmadge, "the film queen," was invited by the French government to play Marie Antoinette in the official presentation of the life and times of Louis XVI. Miss Talmadge has "at her disposal all the costumes, furniture, and relics associated with the ill-fated queen."

"A Fallen Planet," was the headline for a brief story of Coon Butte, in Arizona.

The captain and officers were models of devotion to duty, and seldom in evidence, although one evening Commander Rollin was persuaded to leave the bridge

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for a time, and he made a little speech to conclude the concert of the evening, when the donation was collected for French mariners. The crowd on board was remarkably cosmopolitan with passengers of nearly every nationality, excepting possibly German. A noted woman traveler, Miss Katherine Adams, was the recently inaugurated president of Constantinople Woman's College.

The steady tendency of one's watch to get fast, coming west, worried some travelers a good deal, especially as the clocks were set back, not once each day but twice, so that one never knew at what hour to expect meals. As the French luncheon and dinner are served very strictly in courses, it is important to be on time. Until the last day or two of the voyage the ship's company had hoped to arrive a day ahead of schedule, but the weird and mournful whistle of the foghorn for an entire night ruined the chance of it. It almost petrifies one with fear in the wee sma' hours when one is far away from land, and all about lies the great mystery of the sea.

The officers never tell, but somebody else whispered that during that last night of fog, only one of many, the *Rochambeau* had a near collision, which might have meant rapid sinking in mid-ocean. Thanks to the vigilance of the silent Commander Rollin, she escaped.

On the previous evening the passengers had a thrill when the *Rochambeau* turned very nearly completely around to avoid crossing the bows of a little



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French fishing schooner from Newfoundland, off the Grand Banks.

It was 6:30 A.M. when the good ship passed the Nantucket light. Few were up to hail America, but during the day all were keenly on the watch. One marked evidence of the approach of land was the closing, late in the afternoon, of the French bar. This all the way home had enlivened slightly the smoking room, which some claimed was more gay than Flambeau observed.

New York was approaching, and dinner, with its red and white French wine, was well over and liquid refreshments were no longer being dispensed, when a rum runner was sighted on the horizon. It was merely an American cruiser, but everything is a diversion on shipboard. And now they were nearly in port, and still running rapidly, when the sad word was passed around that the arrival would be too late for the Customs, and they must camp in New York harbor for the night. So near and yet so far! Then suddenly, a new, big boat swept grandly by, the *Leviathan*, also too late to dock, which somewhat consoled the passengers of the French ship, especially when next morning their pilot led them in ahead and they were safe in port at last.

Coney Island and its pleasure park with the jazz lights at night and the flashlight that sweeps the horizon; the New York skyline in the morning sunshine, and best of all, the Goddess of Liberty (bless her heart, if only She had one!)—these are the things one goes abroad to see, as one comes home, for noth-

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ing one has found in all the world has thrilled like "Home, Sweet Home."

There's a moment rather sad, when the boat is slowly warping her way into her berth at the quay, and the passengers are pacing up and down in twos and threes, excited at the return but unwilling to say good-bye, for the chances are they may never meet again. Then, too, each one is thinking of the dear ones at home, so impatient for his or her return, and safe, he hopes and prays.

They are very fussy now about the Customs declaration. One must state everything one has bought and is bringing home, even if one is wearing it. American citizens are allowed \$100 worth, but oh! that is so little of all the bargains one wants to buy. Anyhow, be honest and declare it all! That's what Flambeau did, and he got by, but then, he didn't have actually more than a hundred dollars' worth, thanks to the bank holidays in London and the brevity of Paris shopping.

Flambeau found himself so phazed after ten days on a French liner that he jabbered in French to the American porters who scrambled aboard at the dock in New York to take the hand luggage. However, the party landed without mishap, and all got by the Customs somehow, including even the member with the precious lace.

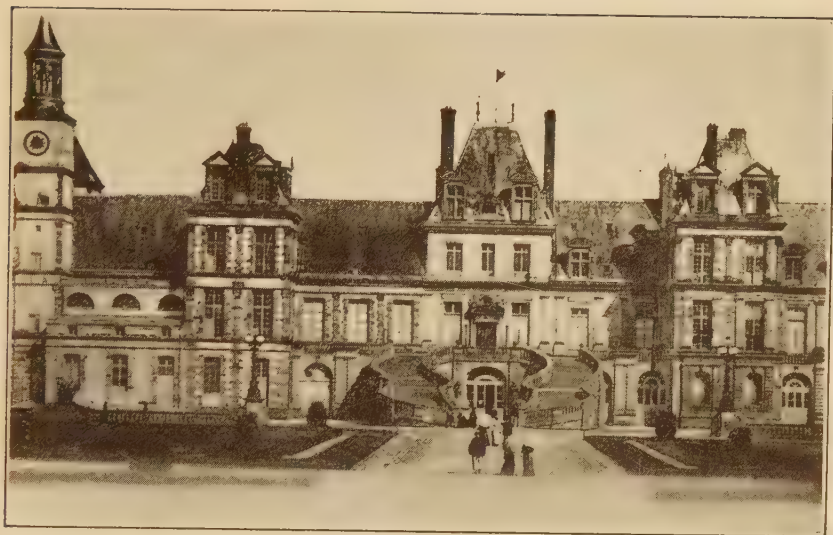
New York, the Wonder City! As they stood again on Fifth Avenue, after most of the little group had scattered East, West, North and South, Flambeau and a companion read with surprise a new sign on

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the letter boxes: "Daily Airmail for San Francisco and Intermediate Points. Postage, 8, 16, and 24 cents. Special delivery stamps extra." It made one feel, almost, that if he stayed a year abroad, he would come back and find the notice: "Daily airship to MARS. Book now for next week. Space limited."

Thus, gradually, Europe faded on the horizon. All the old palaces, castles, tombs and monuments, battlefields, cathedrals, cities and people of foreign lands sank back once more into the story books, and became things of memory and imagination but not of reality. In place of them were modern American skyscrapers, long avenues of streets, and rushing, busy, happy, prosperous citizens, each too intent on his own aims to notice anyone else. There was the Elevated, the Subway, the bus, the taxi or the trolley of an American city, the largest in the world. Tomorrow, each traveler would have arrived in his own home town or, more probably, be speeding over a giant continent for several days, perhaps, before he reached his destination.

Did we say all was the same as before the trip? No, that is not true. In each mind and heart, yes, even in their eyes, was a new vision of the world, a new concept of humanity, a throb of hands across the sea. The endless pageant of history had taken on new charm, and the old school books had now a fresh fascination. Some day they would all go again to Europe, probably for a much longer tour. But in the meantime they would live over their brief trip many times in reading up for the next occasion. And



THE CHÂTEAU OF FONTAINEBLEAU, restored by Josephine for Napoleon.  
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THE GOVERNOR AND HIS SUITE, Fiesta of Santiago, in the City Square.  
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FRENCH S.S. ROCHAMBEAU.  
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after all, there's only one first trip. It could never be more wonderful again, no matter how long they stayed.

Washington had never appeared so beautiful to the weary but triumphant European travelers as they taxied home from Union Station, through the tree-lined streets, past the parks and the White House, with its sad and happy memories. The Washington Monument towered over all, the Lincoln Memorial would welcome them when they should tour the Speedway, and the quiet Potomac would seem lovelier to them than the Thames, the Seine, the Arno of Florence or the Tiber at Rome. Yes, it was all theirs, to keep as long as they would! And, best of all was the homecoming welcome, the anticipation of kind friends, who would listen patiently to their enthusiastic tales! And then to-morrow, the everyday routine, which would fly so fast with rested hands and minds, and pleasant memories to lighten the task!

Europe was all and more than they had hoped for, but America (they knew it now for keeps) was better still. It was their home, their native land. They were proud to be Americans.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A PILGRIMAGE IN ROMANTIC SPAIN; SANTIAGO

Cervantes smil'd Spain's chivalry away.

—Lord Byron: "Don Juan."

**A** *SU SALUD!*" To your good health! "And to yours!"

A merry party of Americans were eating their first Spanish luncheon at Vigo, a northern port of Spain. They had arrived the night before (or was it early morning?), when one by one they had slipped over the side of *La Bourdonnais*, their French steamship, and dropped into the waiting tenders of what at first sight appeared to be a pirate band of Spanish desperadoes, so wild-looking are the native boatmen.

To-morrow, they would go on to Santiago, pilgrims to the Fiesta of St. James, patron Saint of Spain, whose city is the former capital of Galicia, in Northern Spain. There, over the last resting place of the relics of the Apostle, miraculously revealed in a vision of a star, the grand Cathedral of Santiago de Compostella was built in the tenth century. It is one of the most beautiful in all Europe.

But just now these travelers applied themselves vigorously to the luncheon, which was good. There were eight courses, beginning with the "*Ordubres*," or "*Hors d'œuvres*," as it would read on a Parisian

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menu, of cucumber salad, small shrimp in their red shells, and some other kind of sea-fish that looked and tasted like cracked lobster's claws.

The second course was of whole cold eggs, boiled not quite hard, with an elaborate dressing. The next was a broiled fish, fresh from the Bay, and after that came an "*estofado*" or Spanish stew of meat and rice, like a curry. Following this was a marvelously grilled steak, with fried potatoes, and then a salad. And by way of conclusion, a fancy sweet cake, and afterward fruit, grapes, plums and peaches from native orchards, then "*queso*," cheese, and finally coffee, demi-tasse.

They didn't skip a single course, those hungry people, for their light European breakfast between eight and nine o'clock was merely a cup of coffee or tea, with a roll and butter, and a bit of fruit. And, since it was Sunday, they had religiously attended mass afterwards, their first service in Spain, at the pretty collegiate Church of Santa Maria, not so ancient as it looks, dedicated in 1904, on the anniversary of the adoption of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, thus honoring the Blessed Virgin. The church was so crowded that there was barely space to kneel, and nowhere, perhaps, more than in Spain, do wealth and poverty rub elbows in their religious devotion.

The Spanish are a devout Catholic people, possibly the most ardent in all Europe, since the days of Torquemada, the great Inquisitor. One's impression is that in many other ways, as well, the country and the

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inhabitants have changed very little in the interim. The woman's head must be covered in church, and the social status of each may be readily guessed from the head-gear. The peasant wears a coarse black kerchief or a finer one of black silk over her head, and the middle or upper class lady has a black lace veil of varying texture. Hats appear only on women of fashion, and are usually black.

Even the little girls have their heads religiously decked in church, with black or white veils or kerchiefs, since they seldom have hats. The children are very sweet in Spain. It is well that they should be so, since there are so very many of them. The father seems to love them as devotedly as the mother. In fact, the old proverb says that "the Spaniard makes a poor husband but a good father!"

Religion is not merely a matter of Sunday with the Spanish. Next day, Monday, at the Spanish-American Bank of Vigo, one might have observed a little bank runner, as he started on some mission, cross himself devoutly and move his lips in a pater-noster. Even the greetings have a poetic touch about them, and "Thank you," or "*Gracias*," is a one-time benediction or "Grace."

Luncheon was over, as well as a brief "*siesta*," and the ambitious travelers started out to "do" the town, each in his own way, some going on trolley trips, others climbing the cliffs to the castle or military fort, where floats the flag with the arms of Spain, three stripes of red and yellow with a royal crown. The remainder inspected the town and sought out the



THE APOSTLE SAINT JAMES, PATRON OF SPAIN, ON A WHITE CHARGER.  
Note the severed head, typical of James' martyrdom.  
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SPANISH PEASANT WOMAN BALANCING BASKET  
OF FISH ON HEAD.  
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old fishing village along the wharves. In the mornings, on Sundays, the fruit market and the fish market are open as usual, sights unique to foreign eyes.

The women of Vigo, from the sturdy peasant stock, and to some extent throughout the province of Galicia, have the most graceful bearing and carriage known—one does not hesitate to say it—and the way in which they acquire this superb poise and motion is by balancing heavy weights, baskets and buckets, on the head. They are highly picturesque figures, these women with big shallow trays of fish, or taller and narrower baskets of bread or vegetables, or even large buckets of sand! Two charming young girls, barefooted, were met, climbing a narrow stone-paved street, "*Entre los Muros*," between the walls, much of it up steep steps, each balancing on her head an immense pail of sand. But this did not prevent a coquettish little smile at a young man, who, they saw, was a foreigner.

Although Spain is much of it still medieval, the electric light, the trolley, the telephone, all have penetrated, and occasionally the American traveler pauses an instant with something like wonder and reverence for his own countrymen, Thomas A. Edison, the late Alexander Graham Bell, and a dozen others, that have given the world these marvelous discoveries and inventions.

In America such innovations seem quite the natural thing, but somehow when one finds them over here, side by side with the lovely antiquities, the mystery of it becomes overwhelming. At least, Flam-

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beau felt that way when he glanced at dozens of peasant homes along the outskirts of Vigo, in the late evening, with an electric bulb shedding a flood of light through the homely room where the family were gathered.

Vigo is an important commercial and strategic center, with the best bay in Spain, from which the proud Spanish Armada long ago set forth on its barren quest. Coming into Vigo harbor by night is like entering an enchanted land. The promontories rising on either side are all crowned with fairy "Castles in Spain," to judge by the dancing lights.

At length, the perils of boatmen and customs officers well past, one is safe in the hotel, on the sixth floor. And then, when one glances out again at the harbor, it is under a new enchantment, for every boat, warship, or barge is a spell of lights that makes another world. But next morning, it is all different once more, for a blue mist or haze hangs over cliff and bay and then one would like to be a poet or a painter.

And even more gorgeous than all the rest is the glowing sunset, after the day is past.

Vigo is a thriving seaport of some 50,000 people, many of whom have benefited greatly by the war, which has proved of so much help to Spain that it is said her citizens are praying for another war to come quickly, as they feel sure it will.

Otherwise, all is peace in northern Spain, where these proud, reserved self-respecting people go about their work in a moderate and dignified manner,

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many of them seeming to enjoy long resting times between, and all apparently cheerful, even if grave. There are no beggars in Vigo, though there were plenty in Santiago, where the Americans journeyed later.

The fortifications of Vigo are important, and they are worth the climb required to reach them; the "Castillo de San Sebastian" and, still higher up on the cliffs, the "Castillo del Castro," both give yet another view of the pretty harbor and its farther shores, blue with the haze of northern Spain. Near these forts one might watch a game of the famous Spanish "*bola*" or ball, played by half a dozen youths on that quiet Sunday afternoon.

Sheep were grazing over the hills, yet what they found to eat was little but dry weeds and grass, for the cliffs about Vigo are quite barren. However, on their little farms the peasants make terraced vineyards, and the grapes seemed abundant, but as yet unripe.

A young Spanish bravo and his Dulcinea, out together for Sunday afternoon, were enjoying the same view that gave the American such joy from the fort. Perhaps they did not see him perched up on a boulder there, for they sang together a Spanish song and appeared unconscious of any listener. Their behavior was entirely decorous, and indeed the Spanish girls seem to be wonderfully discreet, although the children among the peasants are clothed so lightly in this warm climate, that they grow up together in an extraordinary frankness.

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The daughters of the higher classes are, of course, most carefully screened and guarded, and it is said that very little social visiting is allowed between the young ladies and gentlemen—so vastly different is Spain from America to-day.

The ancient red-tiled roofs of Vigo look as though they were never repaired, but somebody saw two workmen engaged on one of them, without marring the antiquity of it. The Spanish character of Vigo is emphasized by parks of palm trees, and little flower beds scattered here and there. "American Drinks" was a sign that arrested attention at a public bar, and one was surprised that the poor Americans should have to take all the blame in Spain, as there were so few Americans there.

Next day, at another of the marvelous luncheons for which the hotel is so famous, the American party ate for the first time Spanish prawns, a peculiar four-fingered shellfish which clings to the rocks. Later they found themselves at mid-afternoon in a big motor car en route for Santiago, the city of the patron St. James of Spain. The word "Santiago" is merely the Spanish form for his name.

Like Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, there was an interesting variety of fellow-travelers, taking together the sixty-six mile ride to the beautiful old Spanish city of Santiago. That cathedral is famed in all Europe, although the one in Seville is four times as large, second in size only to St. Peter's. Spain is a land of grand cathedrals, possibly the finest in Europe.



## A PILGRIMAGE IN ROMANTIC SPAIN

There was, of course, a black-frocked padre or two, very Spanish in type, with dark skin, black eyes, and romantic features. Then there were Spanish tourists, a grandee who had come late and must go second class; he was fat, and perspired freely, as the day was warm, and the party were packed like sardines in the motor coach.

An aristocrat, from æsthetic Boston, was, besides, a convert to the Faith, and it was his own Saint's Day, for his Christian name was James, so he was doubly content. There was an American schoolmaster, improving his Spanish, and a charming young Spaniard, Señor Mendez, just returning home from America, where he had made a little fortune. He was from Rodeiro San Salvador, Province Pontevedre, Spain, and although most anxious to greet his mother, after ten years' absence, he must pause for a couple of days in order to pay his devotions to St. James. An American artist from Washington was another. Some rode on top, so crowded was the motor bus, en route to the annual fiesta.

Through little towns and villages they sped, halting now and then, when the country people crowded about to greet them, and the children smiled shyly. A fat woman with a baby and half a dozen bundles ensconced herself in the seat of the young returned Spaniard and his companion, who had merely stepped out for a glass of soda. When they came back and demanded their places, a long and not unpleasant episode occurred. It was adjusted at length by the master of ceremonies, the officer in charge of the

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tickets, who assigned the fat woman, baby and bundles to a front seat, by the driver, all becoming amicable as the big touring car bowled on its way once more.

The day was declining, the red rays of sunset gleamed over the landscape, and the travelers began to despair of ever reaching Santiago that night. Just then the fat grandee became enthusiastic, pointing and gesticulating, and, looking forth from the window, all saw the welcome spires of the Saint's Cathedral shining in the setting sun like diamond stars, a vision never to be forgotten. And soon the car rolled happily into the city of St. James.

Taking a chance as usual, Viktor Flambeau, after flinging himself from the bus, beckoned to a porter, who gathered up the luggage of the party, and at the magic words "*Buenos Hotel!*" (all the Spanish that Flambeau knew) he led them through mysterious and beautiful old stone streets, of a thousand years ago, until at length they arrived at the Hotel Suizo, where they obtained rooms. The proprietor would not promise them for more than one night, because the governor general and his suite were arriving to-morrow from Corunna for the fiesta.

In the end, he kept the American party over the holiday. They found themselves, with the governor, in a center of attraction, for their hotel was serenaded by the military band, accompanied by the infantry; a sentry guarded the door day and night; and the governor sent a tray of bouquets of white flowers by his aide to be distributed to all guests of the hotel.

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One novelty was the mummers, entrancing Punch and Judy and Mother Goose figures, with funny big heads; these danced and sang in honor of the governor.

But all that was later, for now, after being settled in their crowded rooms, the new arrivals descended to a nine o'clock dinner, a ceremony which grew repeatedly later, it seemed, in Spain. And although the food was not good, as in the hotel in Vigo, the courses were interminable. Then after a glimpse of the town, the American pilgrims would have slept for the night, but in Spain the required rest must be far less than in other parts of the world, for often all night the Spanish sing or dance. It was so in Vigo, in Madrid, and far more so in Santiago, where a fête, the most important in the year for Spain, was being celebrated. No one can do this better than the Spaniards.

Peasants from all the countryside were streaming into the town, and they toured the streets much of the night, cheerful and songful, but not too hilarious. No doubt what little sleep they had was taken in the parks, although the nights are rather cool in northern Spain, in spite of the hot days.

Next morning the Americans found their way to the grand cathedral, relic of a thousand years, built on the spot where, in the ninth century, a brilliant star pointed out to Bishop Theodomir of Iria, the previously unknown resting place of the remains of St. James, the Apostle to Spain. He was, according to the record of the Acts XII:2, beheaded in Judea.

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Afterward his body was brought to Spain, but until that time its location was unknown. Of Herod, one reads in the Acts, "And he killed James the brother of John with the sword."

St. James was the evangel to Spain, and after his cruel death he was reported to have reappeared in Spain and helped the Christians in their battles with the Moors. He was often seen, clad in gleaming armor and on a white charger, especially so since the discovery of his previously unknown tomb, the place having been named "Santiago de Compostella," (from "*campus stellae*") "St. James of the Field of the Star." Pilgrims from that day have flocked to this city, especially for the annual fiesta, which is the greatest day of the year in all Spain.

These revered traditions are commemorated in this grand old cathedral by the high altar, above the crypt with the saint's remains. The altar is crowned by an extravagant figure of St. James on a white horse, valiant in battle. His severed head, as a symbol of his reappearance, is in the foreground of the group.

This celebrated altar was made by a famous Spanish artist in 1715 from a mass of silver weighing 1,100 pounds, and the entire interior of the cathedral is on the same scale of lavish cost, much silver and gold being seen in the chapels. Many of these are marked by an appearance of great age, as is the exterior.

At one entrance is the so-called "golden door" or "door of heaven," elaborately carved from stone in unique figures. Some of them are almost grotesque,

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such as those of Adam and Eve, and there are gargoyle-like characters. All are very harmonious in composition. The middle statue is a heroic figure of St. James, with hand extended in blessing. Below are five niches in the stone pillar, into which the four fingers and thumb may be fitted, and every pilgrim touching these receives a special blessing. Of course, our Americans did not fail to avail themselves of the legendary privilege.

Another side has the "St. James Door," which is opened only when the anniversary of the 25th of July, the Saint's day, falls on Sunday.

And now it was early morning of the day preceding the fiesta. Flambeau found himself kneeling on the cold stone floor beside peasants and aristocrats, while a grand old Gregorian chant was being sung by choir boys and clergy, and a bishop celebrated the service. Later his travel companion, a Washington artist, climbed to the top of the belfry tower for the fine view.

One visit was not sufficient, and Flambeau came again for vespers, this time accompanied by one of the only two English speaking native Spaniards whom he was able to find in Santiago, Señor Jose Nogucira, who almost unaided has already learned English in anticipation of his future plans to come to America.

Thanks to his assistance, Flambeau was enabled to visit the crypt to see the silver reliquary which according to tradition contains the saint's mortal remains. The cathedral has other treasures, seldom



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shown now because of their rarity and ecclesiastical value. These include a thorn of the Saviour's crown, acquired in the fifteenth century, and—most extraordinary and unusual—a phial reported to contain the Blessed Virgin's milk.

After seeing the cloisters, the two acquaintances visited the famous Hospital Real (Royal Hospital), founded in the same century by the "Catholic kings," Ferdinand and Isabella. It is a model of simple comfort, although its plainness and the ease with which visitors are permitted to enter and stroll about surprised the American, for the new companions wandered to the top floor without anyone forbidding them. Here and there they met sweet-faced nuns, intent on their helpful duties. Peasants were thronging the place, for this was the visiting hour. Inside and out, the hospital looked "as old as the hills," but it was scrupulously clean.

The grand event of the fiesta was still to come, however, and that night, when all grew dark, the eve of the blessed saint's day was saluted by Spanish fireworks, set off in the great Plaza de Alfonso XII at the cathedral, where perhaps 70,000 people had crowded to see them. Santiago is a city of but 20,000 at most, so that fully 50,000 pilgrims were present.

Those who believe that American or even Chinese fireworks can surpass the Spanish should have seen the beauty and variety of illuminated figures and designs, a revelation of form and color, rockets, Roman candles, and pin-wheels in all hues. Truly unique were strange grotesques of almost human ap-

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pearance, shot high into the air. In falling, they assumed strange and fantastic poses, waving their arms, and almost deceiving the onlookers with their lifelike appearance.

Finally, at the hour of twelve midnight, the entire façade of the big cathedral became a mass of flaming fire, illuminating a design erected there during the day, "Al Patron de España." The bells of the big towers pealed forth a glorious chime, the happy people joined in song, and their beloved saint's day was ushered in.

All night they filled the streets, those peasants in their holiday attire, the women wearing the "*chale*," or Spanish shawl in Paisley design, and over their heads the "*pañuelo*," or kerchiefs of colored silk, some very bright, few black, for at such a festival one should appear in gay clothing. The men wore, many of them, black velvet coats, perhaps trimmed with black braid; they were never conspicuous like the girls. Spanish bagpipers played, and the people danced.

In the morning Viktor Flambeau visited the city market, since it was a big market day. For hours the peasants poured into the town, leading all sorts of animals, especially the long-horned cattle, bleating sheep and goats, the latter usually in the care of women. The men often arrived on sorry-looking horses or donkeys, many of them seeming quite like the luckless Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Panza. In the town there is a monument to Cervantes, who, however, did not belong to Santiago.

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

The market place is near the old twelfth century Church of Santa Susanna, which one might call the peasants' place of worship, so freely do they gather there, especially at the noonday rest period. Men kneel and make the sign of the cross as devoutly as the women. Two young girls sought out a special corner of retreat, perhaps to ask some much desired boon of the good Saint.

The cathedral was again the center of attraction, and at ten o'clock a grand high mass was celebrated there. The effigy of Saint James in a canopied pavilion was borne by priests through the church, the immense golden censer was swung, and the King's offering was received on a golden plate. After this, the apostolic delegate from Rome delivered an appropriate sermon. The cathedral was crowded. Upstairs nuns looked down from a special choir, and some few others had similar places of vantage. The ardent convert from Boston rejoiced in a seat of honor inside the choir, assisting in the ceremonies with the clergy and choir boys.

The Fiesta lasts a week, but the principal events were now concluded; the moment to depart had arrived, and the American travelers were once more lucky enough to obtain seats in the crowded motor bus, thanks to their indefatigable Spanish friend, Señor Mendez, who was returning to his mother and the home district after ten years' absence. His powers of persuasion were taxed, for the car was packed as before, but so earnestly did Señor Mendez assure the proprietor of the transport company that

## A PILGRIMAGE IN ROMANTIC SPAIN

these American tourists were from Washington, and, so he said, "had the whole United States behind them," that the good man trembled, perspired, and threw up his hands in despair.

But he put out somebody else, and gave Flambeau and his artist friend the coveted front seats on the motor bus, in return for which the traveler promised to recommend Señor Mendez for a high position in the Diplomatic Corps should he ever come to Washington. And soon they were merrily bowling away from Santiago, and the Fiesta of St. James, seeking new adventures in the Spanish capital, Madrid.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT; MADRID TO-DAY; THE ROYAL FAMILY

Inform my incomparable lady Dulcinea that her enthralled knight died in attempting deeds that might have made him worthy to be styled hers.

—*Cervantes*: "Don Quixote."

**T**HE bull fight? It's the most glorious sport in the world!" So spoke the American convert from Boston, visiting Spain that summer. He added that he did not believe an American writer could do justice to it.

It is Sunday afternoon in Madrid, five o'clock of a warm summer day. The Bull Ring, Plaza de Toros, which seats 14,000, is crowded, every seat is occupied. It is sold out. Luckily, Viktor Flambeau's ticket was obtained yesterday from the hotel. It cost 6 pesetas, about 75 cents American according to the present exchange. Sometimes 40 or 50 pesetas is charged. Another American college man, met en route, had paid that amount, and thought it worth the sum. His enthusiasm for the bull fight, "Corrida de Toros," so he confessed, increases with each tournament he sees. He is gaining the Spanish view.





THE MARKET, Santiago. Women and Children drive the Cattle.  
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THE BULL RING, Plaza de Toros, Madrid, Spain. It seats 14,000 spectators.  
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THE BULLFIGHT, Madrid, Spain. A critical moment, teasing the bull.  
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## THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT

Who are all these people at the bull fight this afternoon? Do they come from the lower classes? No, indeed, from every class. They are intelligent, cultivated-appearing Spaniards, men and women, though the latter are decidedly in the minority. They pay no particular attention to their American visitor, who has arrived by a special bus from the Puerta del Sol, or principal square of Madrid, to the Plaza de Toros, along with many other men, just in time for the opening.

Punctually at five it begins. It is said to be the only event in Spain that starts on time. *Punctilio* is an important canon of Spanish courtesy, but not, as a rule, Punctuality. The Plaza de Toros is an immense, circular building, surrounding a large stadium, spread with sand, mostly white, but with a suspiciously reddish, round ring, which may have only the purpose of serving as a guide to participants for location. The audience is made up of quiet, courteous people, not in the least cruel looking; the women are handsome, many of them in white. There is a happy air of anticipation, although this is just an ordinary Sunday afternoon bull fight, of no unusual importance, like the one announced for next Wednesday, which is the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, to be celebrated by a widely advertised contest.

To-day, however, is sufficiently interesting to warrant an official program, with realistic pictures, evidently from photographs, of the six bulls that will participate, their names and characterizations. An

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

advertising note on this same program is addressed to "Lovers of Bulls," and informs them that they will have a "grand present" in a new book of the "Bulls and Bull Fighters of the Year," by Don Luis, for 10 pesetas.

It raises an American much in the esteem of a Spaniard to have it known that the visitor has attended a bull fight, and that he remained to the end, and saw his six bulls killed.

If by chance the bull ring should grow dark, it may be lighted artificially by the electric lamps suspended above it, and the sport is always continued to a finish. In fact, there are sometimes evening bull fights, but they are considered less thrilling.

The one attended in Madrid by Flambeau lasted barely two hours, from 5 to 7 P. M. He spoke of it afterwards to several Spanish friends, who immediately brightened and became most cordial. One of them, an artist, Señor Ramon Peris, conducted the American to his club, the Circulo de Bellas Artes of Madrid, and showed in the library there a priceless volume, the sole original copy of 100 views of the bull fight, etchings by Goya, the great modern Spanish painter, and Señor Peris' ideal master. Every picture is superb.

Another famous bull ring is in Seville, which seats a number equal to that at Madrid. A third large one is in Cordoba, and there are many more, notably in southern Spain. More than two hundred such rings exist, an important one being at La Linea, the extreme southern point of Spain, adjoining Alge-



## THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT

ciras, the town from which Flambeau was later to embark for Tangier. Most of the bulls and bull fighters, too, come from southern Spain, usually from Andalusia.

The bull fights of the summer, such as our American witnessed, are of younger bulls, not over five years old, and with less experienced bull fighters, novices perhaps. Still, all six bulls which he saw fought were fully grown, large ferocious beasts. One of them, the last, twice jumped the wooden barrier, which separates the arena, or "*redondel*," from the spectators. Luckily, a narrow passage there prevented him from causing a stampede among the audience, who were, however, rather upset, but much pleased at his sportiveness.

Indeed, several of the bulls were repeatedly applauded by the public, and some of the participants, notably one or two of the "*banderilleros*," who throw the "*banderillas*," or barbed darts into the bull's shoulders, were goaded by the audience to do their part better.

A young "*espada*," killing evidently his first bull, became somewhat nervous, but was required by the crowd to complete his work. Doubtless, there were many fine points which escaped Flambeau's observation, but he watched carefully from his splendid seat on the shady side of the arena, and made many photographs.

About half the seats were flooded with sunshine at the opening, yet all were occupied. The best fighting was in the shade, however, on the side near-



## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

est the American. The ring is large, but it is not difficult to see everything that occurs.

At five o'clock all was in readiness, and the audience was impatient. The handkerchief was dropped by the president of the occasion. The band played a spirited march, the doors of the ring opened on the farther side, and a large procession walked with dignity across the arena.

First came the "*Alguaciles*," or police officers, clad in old-style Spanish dress, riding into the ring, followed by the brilliant procession of bull fighters, "*paseo de la cuadrilla*." The "*espadas*" or "matadors" lead. Next were the "*sobresaliente*," who take their places in case of accident. After them were the "*banderilleros*," who toss the parti-colored "*banderillas*," and the "*capeadores*," who will draw the bull away by their bright capes of rose, orange, or lavender.

The "*picadores*" were mounted on horses which almost surely would be killed in their encounters with the bull. Their riders were armed with long pikes, apparently of wood, but with sharp points by which they attacked and wounded the bull, while the latter at the same moment gored the horse, often throwing the rider. One saw riders fall apparently under the feet of both horse and bull, but they escaped safely by their agility. Horses were gored to death, often in the abdomen, so that their entrails dragged on the ground. Sometimes they fell at once.

When not too seriously wounded, the horses were

## THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT

ridden or led off the field, and often were returned for another encounter with a subsequent bull. The horses were always blindfolded. Men, called "*chulos*" or "*monos*," on foot attended the horsemen.

Teams of mules, with gay trappings, three or four in a span, brought up the rear of the procession. They were employed later to drag off the dead beasts, which they did in a hasty and ungraceful way. Often they parade the victims about the arena, to indulge the audience in a further sight of death. The dead horses were covered by a dirt-colored cloth until the close of each tourney, when they were drawn out in this manner, by a rope tied about the neck.

If not quite dead from the bull's goring, they were promptly dispatched by a "*puntillero*," who severed the spinal column just behind the head, using a dagger. The same method was applied to the fallen bull, whose horns were then secured by ropes in order to pull out the heavy body. One team of mules broke loose, and ran away, dashing about the arena, but this only added to the merriment of the cheerful spectators.

None of Flambeau's tourist friends accompanied him to this contest "*d'honneur*." All had one pretext or another. One had seen three bulls killed at a similar occasion, and came away faint and disappointed. Others thought they would view it at some future time. Even sage Baedeker counseled somewhat adversely, and quoted an Englishman's opinion of it as "*unsportsmanlike*." Do not blame Flambeau, however, for his interest and enthusiasm. In

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

Madrid, he was all Spanish! When at home, quite Puritan again.

Every event he watched with the most tense excitement. Besides, he recalled that the Spanish bull fight possibly represents the last relic of heroic times, the age of chivalry, when bold knights engaged in these tournaments. On one occasion, in 1512, we read that ten brave knights lost their lives at a Fiesta de Toros.

So keen became Flambeau's interest, that he was almost horrified to observe himself a little disappointed that none of the bold young men in the present encounters suffered any serious injury. They were light and agile, and easily avoided the bulls, although the latter were all good fighters and needed no prodding.

The spirit of excitement becomes so great in the ring that one may doubt if men or beasts feel any serious pain during the encounters, even when they are wounded or killed. More than once the *espadas* were under the bull's feet, luckily not on their sharp horns, and the *picadores* were often unseated from their horses.

His neighbors, and the audience in general, the young American also watched, and he found them so intent upon the game that they were apparently unconscious of everything else. Whatever baseball is to us in America, bull fighting is to the Spanish, and ten times more.

Modern psychoanalysts inform us that mankind is paying dearly for the sacrifice of the old prehis-

## THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT

toric freedom of barbaric days. That is, our repressed instincts are taking vengeance in a horde of diseases and mental ailments. If this be so, the Spanish are counteracting the trammels of modern life by their bull fighting, a time-honored institution, and they appear to be a remarkably healthy race. They can play all night, and the streets of Madrid are never quiet.

We may pardon the romantic Flambeau, then, for his scientific analysis of Spanish emotion, since he was convinced that among the Spanish there prevails possibly the highest sense of honor, the most devoted love for woman, and the keenest attachment to country. The Spanish are a homogeneous lot, and, north or south, they are one in sentiment. They may speak different dialects, but even with his halting Castilian Flambeau made himself understood everywhere, yet their heroic qualities are the same.

Bull fighting is as old as the Greeks, and older. In Crete, during the epoch of the mythological King Minos, the bull fight was the favorite pastime; the Minotaur, half man, half beast, is practically proved to have been a reality. The bull fighters then, according to pictures well preserved, mural decorations of old King Minos' palace, the Labyrinth, were exceedingly dexterous, and took chances far more hazardous than do the Spanish of to-day. Young girls, as well as youths, participated, and the bulls were immense, savage beasts, with horns unusually long and sharp.

From that day to this it is a far cry. Between

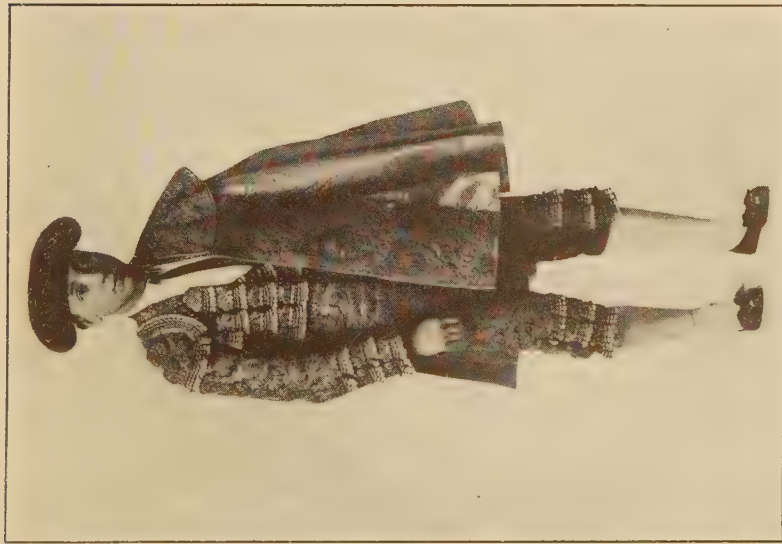
## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

those bull fights and these in Spain lie some 3,000 years, probably more. Greece has declined, Rome risen to power and fallen, the Christian Cross has triumphed, and nowhere more vigorously than in Spain. There Torquemada, the great Inquisitor, turned the tables against the Moor and Crescent, by tortures and executions more violent than the old Romans had once practiced in the arena against the Christians when they threw them to wild beasts, or burned them alive on crosses, their clothing saturated with oil.

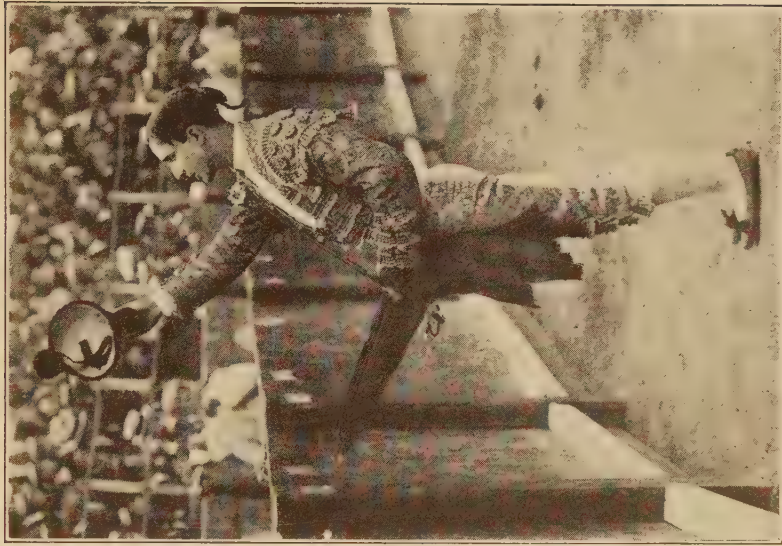
In our own day a bitter war has waged in Europe, more than four years, in which Americans, too, have participated. An inner something in mankind, though stifled, unknown and unseen, lurks ever ready to spring to the surface, and undertake extravagant deeds, crime perhaps, or feats of chivalry. The history of the world shows convicts who have often made good soldiers, and pathologists inform us that insanity always diminishes during war and danger, although it may subsequently reappear as in cases of shell-shock.

Spain did not actively engage in the late war. Instead, she remained neutral, much to her advantage, so her neighbors claim. She seems fairly prosperous to-day, and if there are labor troubles, as reported in Madrid and at Barcelona, they are not so visible on the surface of affairs as in the newspapers. The people of Spain appear happy and content, and are loyal to their beloved King Alfonso, in spite of the agitations of the literary Socialist, Ibañez.





CHICUELO, the most Popular Bull Fighter in Spain Today.  
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THE "ESPADA" OR TORREADOR, Bows to the President  
of the Day, Madrid, Spain  
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HER MAJESTY, Queen Victoria of Spain.  
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HIS MAJESTY, King Alfonso XIII of Spain.  
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## THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT

It is, possibly, this very sense of comparative security which, once again, demands a reaction, and makes the bull fight a psychological necessity. In later years, both Church and State have tried in vain to check bull fighting in Spain.

The bull fight became general only about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Previously, it had been performed as a high tournament for the enjoyment of the nobles only. But since 1749, when the first great Plaza de Toros was constructed in Madrid, it has been the people's sport, with professional "*toreros*." The former methods of play were, in many details, quite different, according to Goya's pictures, and offered much more danger to the men.

The bull that twice leaped the five- or six-foot wall of the ring on the day of Flambeau's visit was an unusually heavy animal, and yet he did not seem to injure himself in doing it. He was following one of the "*capeadores*," who had waved his pink cloak to divert this bull from injuring another. The "*capeador*" often springs over the wall, or steps behind a wooden screen just inside the ring, if he is too hard pressed. The bull, of course, did not jump back, as the "*capeador*" or "*banderillero*" would do, but instead a wide door was quickly opened for him, and he passed into the ring again.

The first bull was a big black fellow, and he came leaping into the arena, tearing madly about, until attracted by one and another of the "*capeadores*." After this he was attacked by the mounted "*pica-dores*," of whom there were always three, as there

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

were also of the "*capeadores*" and the "*banderilleros*," with one "*espada*," or "toreador," a different one each time, it seemed. The latter's costume was the prettiest of all, silver and blue, or gold and rose, or buff and silver. These young fellows were tall and graceful, each with a tiny pigtail.

This pigtail is a distinguishing mark, by which one may recognize them, if one chances to meet them outside at any time. The "*espada*" (or toreador as we call him in America, not quite correctly, since it is not a Spanish term) first appears when his bull is released from the pen, where behind closed doors he has been concealed, and comes rushing into the ring to join the other participants, previously assembled, ready for the fray. The "*espada*" now bows and dedicates his sword to the president for the day, removing his hat; he takes his place in the ring, but his activity does not begin immediately, not until the bull has been somewhat exercised by other performers.

One old white horse, very likely a worn-out cab-horse, as most of them are, was wounded in the haunch at the first encounter, and appeared once or twice again in different contests. He objected strenuously each time to taking part in the attack, and was prodded on with a stout stick by the "*pica-dor's*" attendant. Flambeau hoped the ancient beast might somehow escape after all, but no, sir! he was scheduled for the closing feature, and eventually lay, stiff and stark, upon the sand of the arena, from whence he was dragged away at the conclusion.

The second bull was brown and white, and differ-



## THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT

ent in temperament from the first, but no less lively. The "*espada*" dispatched him very gracefully and speedily with the long, lithe sword, perhaps a Toledo blade, of which the traveler may see many in a visit to that old city and its Cathedral, about forty miles from Madrid.

The "*picadores*," on horseback, had engaged this bull first, one after another of the three. Then the "*capeadores*" had tired him well, spreading their parti-colored capes before his flaming eyes. On his shoulders each bull wears a knot of ribbons, the insignia of his breeder.

Many of the fine points were lost to the ardent Flambeau, but he could appreciate that the great audience of sporting men were awake to every detail. Indeed, no doubt they had wagers on many of the features, although one saw no positive indication of this.

After the "*capeadores*," three also in number, came the three "*banderilleros*," who tossed their bright-colored "*banderillas*" lightly enough, yet so that they were caught in the flesh of the beast's shoulders, now streaming with blood.

When the "*espada*" had properly sunk his sword to the hilt into the shoulder of the bull, so that it pierced the heart, the beast sank quickly to the ground, bleeding tremendously, and the "*puntillero*," approaching somewhat cautiously, stabbed him quickly behind the head and he expired. Then came the mules, with gaudy trappings, and, when the rope was adjusted to the horns, pulled him away over the sand, some-



## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

times entirely around the arena, for the audience's observation, as proud Hector (wasn't it?) was dragged at the chariot wheels of Achilles.

The next bull bellowed throughout the fray, his nostrils snorting blood and water in fine streams. His "*espada*" was young and somewhat nervous—possibly it was his first bull—and he was slow in finishing him. The boy almost sweat blood himself. He would plunge his sword, only to have it enter but a few inches and be quickly tossed out by the bull again and again, upon the sand. His aide would give him another sword, or he would pick up the first, wipe it on his bright red cloth, "*muleta*," the only scarlet seen in the ring, and again attack.

The audience was not very sympathetic; many were the whistles during his inglorious efforts, and there was applause for the bull. Once the youngster paused, as though he would like to retire, but was urged on by the crowd, and by his attendants. He at length completed the killing, but so uncertainly that the bull once or twice got to its feet again before the "*puntillero*" could dispatch him. The following two "*espadas*" were somewhat better, and the last, who had the most savage of the bulls, made short work of the beast.

The "*matador*," the idol of Spain at the moment, was Chicuelo, who looks remarkably young, perhaps under twenty. Tickets are very expensive when he takes part. Some bull fighters have made themselves rich in a single season, and then retired. In the South



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, The Infante, Don Alfonso, of Spain,  
heir apparent to the Throne.  
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"QUEEN ISABELLA." Life-size carving, by Pedro de Mena, in Capilla Mayor, Granada Cathedral.  
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## THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT

of Spain, Bombita, a former favorite, is now a rich farmer.

Blasco Ibañez's famous novel of bull fighting, "*Sangre y Arena*," translated as "Blood and Sand," gives a realistic picture, not at all exaggerated.

The conclusion of this Sunday afternoon bull fight came rather abruptly, after the last bull had fallen. The spectators rose hastily. Many of them hurled into the arena the mats upon which they had been seated along the stone tiers—just why, one could not imagine—and hastened away, or ran down into the ring, perhaps to congratulate their special hero. The crowd was quiet and orderly in departing, and Flambeau joined them, boarding a street car for the Puerta del Sol, from which center he made his way back to the hotel.

The Royal Family of Spain are immensely popular among their subjects, published reports to the contrary notwithstanding. A King and Queen actually in love with one another, and a family of six sturdy children—these are the comments one hears in the Spanish capital. The Infante, Don Alfonso, is a manly fellow, resembling his English mother in personal appearance. The Queen has deeply endeared herself to her subjects. Photographs of these Royalties in great variety may be readily obtained in Madrid, which is quite the contrary to Lisbon where one seeks in vain for pictures of the banished King Manuel, whose portraits are forbidden to be sold.

"If I can't be King, then I will be the first Presi-

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

dent of the Spanish Republic!" exclaimed King Alfonso, so the story goes. According to his court physician, the King is the healthiest monarch in Europe to-day, as well as the happiest one, in spite of Socialistic opposition.

The Spanish like to tell the story of how their King went seeking a Queen at the Court of England, where he was first introduced to another princess. But, seeing Princess Ena of Battenberg across the table, he asked, "Who is that?"

"She is a princess, your Majesty," he was told, "but of the second class."

"Second, is she?" cried the gallant King. "Well, I will make her first." And so she became Queen of Spain, after embracing the Catholic faith.

The royal palace in Madrid is one of the sights, surrounded by gardens and parks, with statues and fountains. In summer the King and Queen hold their court at San Sebastian, in the north of Spain.

The adventurous Flambeau was fortunate in meeting a congenial Spanish artist, Señor Ramon Peris, who devoted an entire day to showing him the city of Madrid and also his studio, after which they drove in the Ouest Park, a fine reservation, with old and beautiful trees. In the center there is a charming bit of landscape gardening, with a grotto and a spring, where one may drink a glass of the purest water. Señor Peris came from Valencia, which produced the late Joaquin Sorôlla, Blasco Ibañez and many other Spaniards of genius.

Another Spanish acquaintance of note was Señor



## THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT

Don Maria de la Mata (LL.D.), a friend of our present American ambassador to Spain, and a warm admirer of our former ambassador, Dr. William Miller Collier, who was afterwards ambassador to Chile. Señor de la Mata invited the American to view his remarkable collection of Spanish paintings, one of the best private galleries, the discriminating selection of which proclaimed him a connoisseur. He had translated about eighty Spanish dramas into English, a classical and perfect idiom, and he was now seeking an American publisher.

Señor de la Mata was a Spanish attorney and an admirer of President Coolidge. He sent the American, accompanied by Señor Peris, to the Senate Hall in Madrid to see a large old painting, "Los Puritanos," representing the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in Plymouth. It seemed most interesting, as well as almost incongruous, to find, in this passionately Catholic country, the immense canvas of "Los Puritanos" in the Senate. The execution of the work showed little merit; the subject only was important.

A very general art awakening is taking place in Spain, and many artists of the new school are to be met in Madrid. One of these modern men has decorated the famous Banca de Bilbao, near the Puerta del Sol, with a series of murals in striking design, representing "Industry," "Commerce," and "Labor." Heroic sculptures of Apollo the Sun God, a charioteer and four horses, surmount the building, in recognition of the Square named for the Sun.

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

Regional art expositions are held in many parts of Spain now. Zuloaga has succeeded the late Sorõlla in popularity. Other remarkable painters are the two Zubiaurre brothers, Valentin and Ramon, twins and both deaf and dumb. Their work is also known in America, where Señor Peris will soon exhibit. His portraits are much praised in French reviews.

Visitors may be disappointed in finding no important cathedral in the Spanish capital, which is too modern a city for the age of cathedral building. However, two particularly interesting excursions may be made from Madrid,—a visit to Toledo with its celebrated cathedral, and to the Escorial, or final resting place of the Spanish monarchs.

Beside the cathedral in Toledo, which was formerly an important Moorish stronghold, one sees the old house of El Greco, a Spanish painter, who died there in 1614, and who has been called the "father of impressionism." Near-by is the Greco museum. The Alcazar, or city fortress, which occupies a height and is now a soldiers' barracks, was the site of a one-time Roman camp, and was similarly occupied by the Visigoths.

The Escorial, in an opposite direction from Madrid, also possesses several of El Greco's works in its gallery and cathedral. It is situated on a natural height, and gives the impression of a fortification. The Escorial itself is a royal monastery, dedicated to St. Lawrence and built in the form of a gridiron, symbolical of his martyrdom. He was a Spanish

## THE SPANISH BULL FIGHT

saint, and it was during the battle of St. Quentin in 1557 that Philip II vowed to build this memorial to St. Lawrence.

It is an impressive moment in visiting the Escorial when one enters the apartments of Philip II and sees them quite undisturbed, with furnishings and books much as he left them nearly 400 years ago. One of the antiquities is a device illustrating the revolution of the earth and moon, with their relation to the sun and solar system, as enunciated by Galileo.

## CHAPTER X

### THE PRADO; GRANADA; THE ALHAMBRA; SPANISH CATHEDRALS

A tower is fallen, a star is set!

Alas! alas for Celin!

—Moorish Ballad (Lockhart's Translation).

*M* AÑANA! *Mañana!*" (To-morrow, to-mor-row.) This seems to be the Spanish motto, never do to-day what you can put off until to-mor-row, and a very good rule to follow in seeing Spain. Especially so if one's visit is in the summer time, when "much a calor" (terrible heat) makes the days oppressive.

The Spanish have learned to utilize the cool nights during summer for visiting and sightseeing. Roof garden cinemas continue their performance until one or two o'clock A.M., and motor cars full of cheerful people whirl through the noisy streets of Madrid all night long, some of them so fast that accidents are not uncommon.

The early morning is comfortable. It was at nine o'clock that our Americans sought the Prado Gallery, which many claim is the finest in the world as well as one of the least known. A monument to Velasquez, the greatest of the Spanish masters, in realistic style,

## THE PRADO; GRANADA; ALHAMBRA

marks the lower portal; while the upper gate, on the other side, is ornamented by a similar green bronze statue of Spain's leading modern master, Goya, the idol of to-day.

Don Diego Velasquez was born in Seville in 1599, being of distinguished Portuguese ancestry on his mother's side, thus sometimes causing the Portuguese of to-day to claim him as their own. Velasquez studied art with his father-in-law in Seville, and eventually became the court painter in that city, for Madrid was not yet the capital. Some of his difficulties in painting the lively young Royalties of the day were lately filmed in "The Spanish Dancer," with Pola Negri in the rôle of heroine, and the suggestion was doubtless true to life.

Fully fifty authenticated Velasquez paintings are now in the Prado, besides ten or more attributed to him, and three or four belonging to his school or copied by his pupils. These magnificent pictures are a revelation, even to those who have seen practically all the other European collections, and come last of all to Spain.

"The Birthday of the Infanta," "*Las Meñinas*" (also called "The Little Ladies in Waiting"), is considered by many the best group, representing Doña Maria Augusta and the Infanta Doña Margarita Maria. Royal portraits of the Philips, II and IV, are superb. They show the prominent Hapsburg jaw, so apparent in other Spanish monarchs, including the Alfonso of to-day.

The religious compositions of Velasquez, although



## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

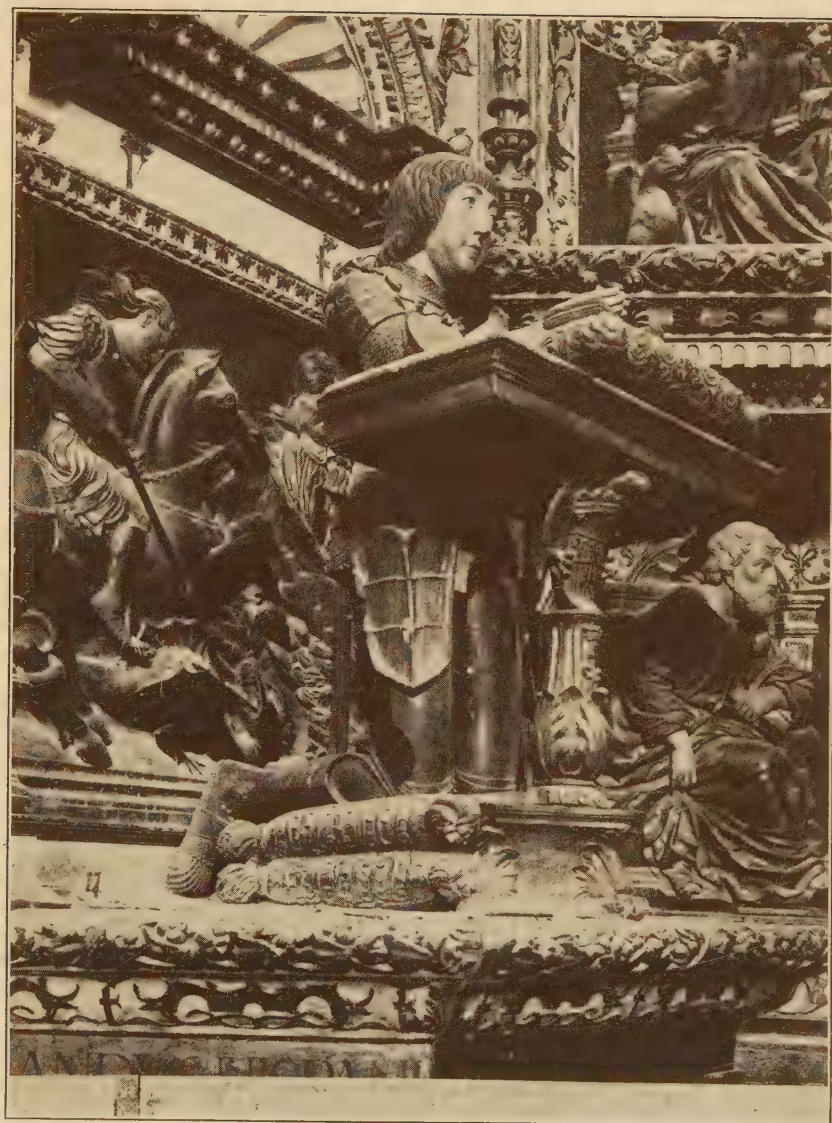
less known to the world outside, may also be praised as among the greatest in the world. "The Crucifixion" is one of these, with its thorn-crowned head sunk low and dark blood stains, painted with an extraordinary devotion. "The Coronation of the Virgin" is another of remarkable beauty and grace. If Murillo, Velasquez's most famous pupil, were not so exceedingly popular for his religious paintings, the master might be better known for similar themes. Tiepolo, another Spanish painter of religious subjects, is also a rival.

Rubens, who visited Madrid during Velasquez's career, may have been influenced by the great Spaniard. Nearly a hundred original Rubens canvases are preserved in the Prado, where Titian is also well represented.

Ribera, called by many the third great Spanish painter, has a "Saint Jeronimos in Prayer," very evidently painted from the same model he employed in the composition, "Job and his Comforters," in our National Gallery at Washington. El Greco is also well represented at the Prado.

Ibañez's popular novel, translated into English as "Woman Triumphant," received its Spanish name from Goya's famous picture, at the Prado entrance, "La Maja Desnuda," a nude Spanish beauty. A companion portrait hanging opposite, "The Clothed Woman," is painted from the same model. Goya is the idol of modern Spanish painters.

The director of the Prado Gallery, Señor Fernando Alvarez de Sotomayor, is an agreeable man,



KING FERDINAND. Life-size carving, by Pedro de Mena, in Capilla Mayor,  
Granada Cathedral.  
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DANCE OF THE SPANISH GYPSIES, Granada, Spain.  
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## THE PRADO; GRANADA; ALHAMBRA

although he speaks little English. He is himself an artist of note, already somewhat known in America, where his paintings, including one of Hon. Cyrus Woods, American Ambassador to Spain, have been exhibited in New York, Washington and Pittsburgh.

Spanish art has an important school of sculptors and architects, well represented in seemingly endless rooms of the Prado. Fountains designed by Velasquez are still playing their streams, in the Prado gardens, after nearly three hundred years. It is in cathedral architecture, however, that Spain is foremost, in which perhaps we may include also the ruins of Moorish monuments.

Probably no one who visits Spain would care to miss Granada, with its romantic past, but even by the modern railways, which are said to have improved much here in the past ten years, it is a long journey of nearly twenty-four hours from Madrid. So much attention is usually given to the Alhambra that one is likely to forget other features nearly as interesting, and perhaps equally important to history. The Cathedral of Granada, dedicated to Santa Maria de la Encarnacion, in the early sixteenth century, was decorated by Alonso Cano, who was both painter and sculptor.

The large Chapel, or Capilla Mayor, of Granada Cathedral is almost a museum of antiquities. Two of these are extraordinary carved life-size figures of the "Catholic Kings," Ferdinand and Isabella. In the Royal Chapel adjoining are the tombs of these

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monarchs, who financed Columbus' expedition, from the success of which they reaped much glory.

By moonlight is, of course, the proper way to see the Alhambra. The guides make a very profitable excursion out of this fanciful trip, 30 pesetas the person, but unfortunately there was no moon during the visit of Flambeau and his party. They would have paid the 30 pesetas without a tremor. However, they did not fail to see it at night, and all insist that it is far more interesting at that hour. Yes, because then it retrieves its old mystery and magic; one cannot be too sure of everything he sees, as in the cruel daylight, which always magnifies and emphasizes too much.

At night the gardens with their subtle perfume of blue lilies are most beautiful, and in the midst rises the ugly square palace of Charles V, erected by that monarch to his own honor near the Moorish castle he had acquired. The Alhambra itself resumes its rightful glory then, for one does not see too plainly the very recent restorations, always of course in the perfect Moorish style, but so fresh and new they would remind one of a fashionable American apartment house, rather than of the ancient ruin of the noblest monument left by the Moors. It should at least be permitted the dignity of age, instead of having to take on obviously fresh restorations.

When Washington Irving lived there and wrote his "Tales" (which are very much fiction indeed, probably learned from the traditions of the gypsies, the greatest story tellers in the world), it is not un-



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likely that the Alhambra was much more of a ruin than at present, since it has been so conscientiously "restored" that some might wish a German bomb had dropped there instead of in Paris. Only it doesn't affect the majority of visitors at all adversely, for they rave over these "perfect restorations," and the guides point out the old and the new, while Spain and its inn-keepers reap a rich harvest from this literary enthusiasm.

But when one sees it by night, with or without a moon, and certainly without a guide, one cannot fail to enjoy its mystery to the full, with the weird old forest on one side, and the city of twinkling lights below the parapet on the other, and silver stars thick overhead!

Many lovers, of all stations, shared it that evening with the lone Flambeau, and the darkness veiled them well, but the Alhambra grounds are lighted by electric street lamps, although the palace itself is closed at night. Next day, of course, they "did" it all over again more thoroughly, not omitting the Court of the Myrtles, the Hall of the Ambassadors, in which the last Moorish assembly was held, and the famous Court of the Lions, where on Sundays the fountains play as of old, for the intricate water system has been restored. Parched as Spain seems in summer, Granada does not lack for water, which flows all night long in the Alhambra grounds near the Washington Irving Hotel. Always interesting are the Hall of the Abencerrages, with its elaborate ceiling; the Hall of Justice, and the Room of the Two Sisters, besides

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the room and garden of Daraxa whose fanciful name led Irving to speculate on her history.

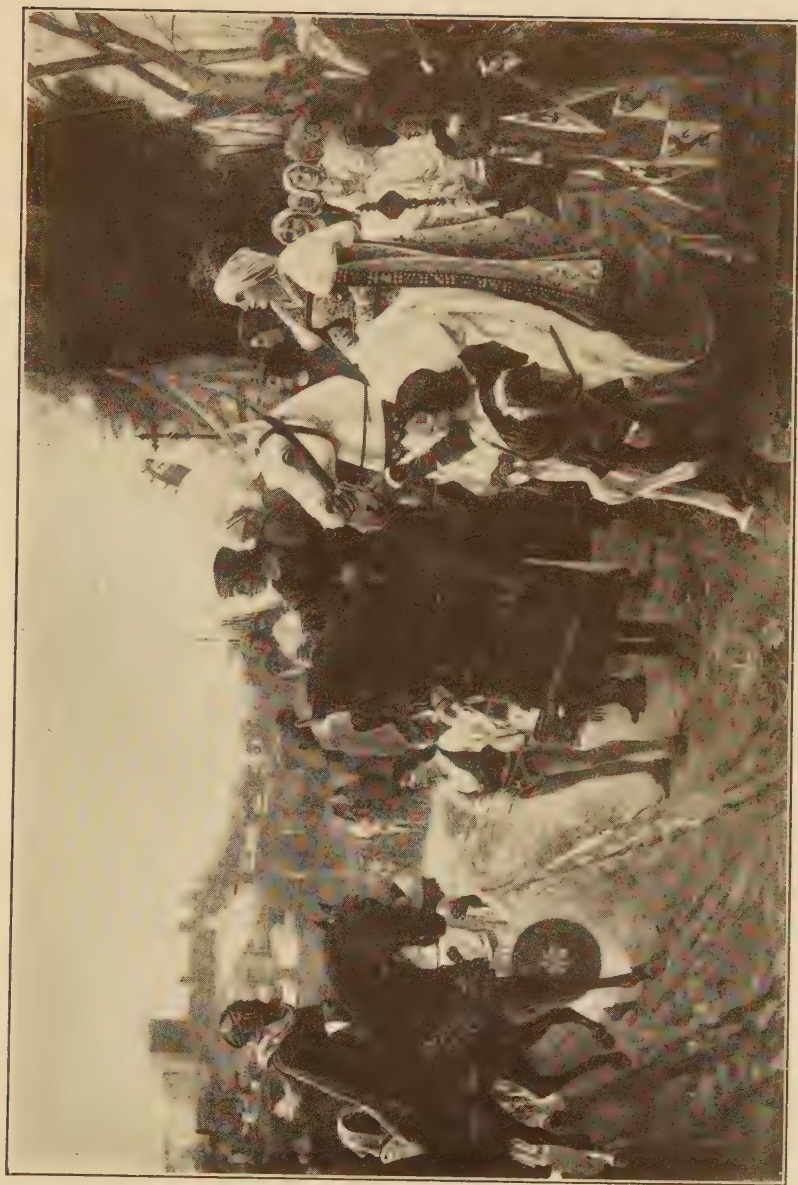
Everywhere rise the slender columns, with their graceful arches, surrounding open courts, and here and there underground passages conduct to more retired apartments, the baths of Mohammed and his princess, of the thirteenth century, yet even then with very modern hot and cold water connections.

After the surrender of Granada by the last of the Moors to the so-called "Catholic Kings," Ferdinand and Isabella, a new motive was mingled with the old. The room is pointed out where, so it is said, Columbus had his audience with Queen Isabella when persuading her to finance his expedition to find a new route to India.

The tourists visited the apartments once occupied there by Washington Irving, who was permitted to live in the old ruin itself. He had a delightful balcony, overlooking the Patio of Daraxa, with the fountain still playing, which he had named in memory of this imaginary Moorish maiden, whom he fancied was one of the women prisoners of the palace.

Always for one more day the Americans pleaded in Granada, "*Mañana! Mañana!*" with the matchless Alhambra of the Moors, its companion palace the Generalife, the Moorish summer villa, and the blossoming gardens and playing fountains. All of these became an absorbing study to the artist from Washington, who was sketching among the old ruins.

Another American party, whom the travelers met here, were accompanied by their Spanish courier,



"SURRENDER OF GRANADA BY BOABDIL," the Last of the Moors, to the "Catholic Kings,"  
Ferdinand and Isabella on horseback. Painted by Francisco Pradilla.  
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THE ALHAMBRA GARDENS. Patio and Fountain of Daraxa.  
Washington Irving's favorite haunt.  
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named Napoleon Cortez, a lineal descendant, so he claimed, of the great explorer and inheriting also his love of travel. Happily lodged at the Washington Irving Hotel, where the great American author had lived nearly a hundred years ago, while writing his "Tales of the Alhambra," these modern Americans found many entertaining topics besides those of history. From the newspapers, in Spanish, French, and occasionally English, they gleaned information, especially about the "*Casa Blanca*," as the White House was styled, which always occupied the first page.

To Seville one journeys to pay his respects to the mortal remains of Columbus in his noble monument in the grand cathedral, the largest in Spain. There they repose in a sarcophagus supported by four allegorical female figures like Caryatides: Castile, Aragon, Leon, Navarre, in bronze, erected here in 1899, when the body of Columbus was brought from Cuba following the war with Spain.

Seville, the leading Spanish city of Columbus' day, was the first to entertain the discoverer on his return from the new world he had found. His body, formerly interred in Santo Domingo, was later removed to Havana in 1892, and subsequently to Seville Cathedral. An inscription on the monument reminds the world of Cuba's infidelity to the mother land.

Several cities are highly important in the historical development of Spain—Seville, Cordoba, Granada, Toledo—for in each of them a notable triumph of the Christian over the Moor occurred. And now Spanish



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soldiers are fighting Moors in Morocco, and the soldiery is everywhere much seen in Spain. In Madrid, one might chance upon some poor, battered wreck just back from the war in Morocco, and the people in the street car, where he was riding, would make a collection of money as a contribution for the unfortunate man, who had been seriously wounded.

The Spaniards are generous like that. They love their poor, even the beggars. At one time, when the government decided to put down the begging, somewhat as has been attempted in Italy, by sending the mendicants to work-houses, the Spanish public protested, as did the beggars, and the old feudal custom was permitted to continue. But, though numerous, the Spanish beggars are a kindly lot, and never importunate.

It was on Palm Sunday, March 31, 1493, that Columbus was formally received in Seville, after the return from his first voyage. Subsequently this city advanced to the foremost rank in maritime prowess, and from its favorable location became the leading port of Spain. The fame of its Cathedral is recalled in an old proverb grouping the chief cathedrals of Spain as "*Toledo la rica, Salamanca la fuerte* (strongest), *Leon la bella, Oviedo la sacra, e Sevilla la grande.*"

The Giralda in Seville may rank as the most interesting building there, after the grand Cathedral adjoining. This Moorish tower has a marvelous coloring of decorated stone. Its fantastic weather-vane, which Cervantes mentions, is an iron figure

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of Justice, weighing over a ton, yet moving readily in the wind, and as unique in the days of Don Quixote as at present.

In Cordoba one finds a number of other interests besides the Mezquita, or Cathedral, which was formerly a Moorish mosque and still preserves 860 original columns striped in red and white, a fantastic, though by no means unpleasing, decoration for a solemn edifice. The Provincial Museum here has excellent examples of the leading Spanish painters, Velasquez, Murillo, El Greco, Goya, and others, besides pictures from the Italian school, an indication of the wealth formerly centering here.

The old streets of Cordoba are peculiarly narrow, with buildings close on either side, and here, as in other Spanish cities, a very evident design has been used in their direction so as to exclude the hot sunlight of summer in "sunny Spain," which would make even a short walk through the city almost unbearable but for the grateful shade of the high buildings above the narrow ways. They offer picturesque scenes for the painter.

Driving in the evening hours of summer is a popular and practical pastime in the sunny Spanish cities to avoid the heat of day. Seville, seen in that way, is a revelation of old gardens, faint with perfume and dripping with water freshly sprayed by careful gardeners. There are grand palaces, including the new and resplendent Alfonso XIII Hotel.

"Granada melons," delicious and cooling, offer another antidote to the hot weather of Spain. "Anise

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water" was discovered by the industrious Flambeau, in a pleasing little adventure.

Stopping at a tiny shop in Cordoba one day, en route to the Mezquita, he asked the good old man who kept the clean little place for "*Agua fria*" (cold water), and while drinking it, he told his host, in answer to a question whether he were French or English, that he was "American." The kindly soul became almost excited. He brought out a bottle,—no, dear readers, it is not what you think! (though there is plenty of that, too, in Spain, excellent quality)—poured from its contents a milky fluid into the glass of cold water, and thereafter his guest was acquainted with "Anise," an old-fashioned childhood remedy for fever, excellent in this Spanish climate.

It is strange, the unpatriotic sentiments one hears from many Americans in Spain. They seem to think their liberties at home have been unduly curtailed. They can't drink, or have a lottery, or do a thousand and one other things that are so much the rule over here. They really don't want to return, so they say, to their "undemocratic" fatherland.

Alas! these are the successful old men, who have made their pile, and have only to spend it now. The younger Americans, the college men traveling here, are simply mad about the advantages of America, though they can't help liking it here in Spain, too.

The enchanted Flambeau somewhat changed his impression of the young girls of Spain. His possible pity for their position was rather modified, after he had spent an agreeable afternoon with two of them.



THE GENERALIFE PALACE, near the Alhambra, Granada, Spain.  
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"SAINT MARY MAGDALENE," old fresco, Bussaco, by  
a Portuguese Painter of 1626.  
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SPANISH PLASAS with heavily laden little donkey,  
Southern Spain.  
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They were twins, Señoritas Anita and Rosario Pena Hinojosa, of Campillos, Province of Malaga. They spoke English perfectly, having been educated in an English convent school at Gibraltar. There they were taught by Irish nuns from Dublin, where, as you know, it is said the most beautiful English is spoken. All their classes, according to the Señoritas Hinojosa, had been conducted in English during a term of several years, so that they had learned it quite thoroughly, which is becoming more and more the custom in Spain.

Two charming children, another day on the train, looked so English that an inquiry was made of their governess, who said they were Spanish, but had been reared in the English way—little girls of four or five years. These tendencies certainly suggest a broadening of woman's outlook in Spain, although in general the women seem satisfied and devoted to their families. A Spanish friend insisted that they are much happier and better in their present life than any other women in the world, English and American included.

"The husbands are more kind to the Spanish women," he said, this man with a family of eleven children.

"In France the husband and wife, though married, may follow a different course, and in England the husband is likely to tell his wife after a time that he is tired of her and wants a new one. But in Spain, never. So the women like to have large families of children, and are always happiest when a new one

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comes. We have a proverb," he concluded, "that 'Every new baby brings the bread under his arm.' " This man had traveled much, including a considerable tour of the United States, when he observed American customs.

Reading "Don Quixote" during a tour of Spain awakens a fresh interest in the old classic, which mentions so many of the scenes enjoyed to-day. It is really extraordinary how very modern Cervantes seems, and the value continues when one arrives in Algiers, where he was a political prisoner for five years. Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," in a Spanish edition as "Cuentos de la Alhambra," offer the student of Spanish a new book for practice reading.

## CHAPTER XI

### PORTUGAL AND ITS POET—BEAUTIFUL BUSSACO —MANUEL'S PALACE

*Eis aqui, quasi cume da cabeça  
De Europa toda, o reino Lusitano.*

—Camoens: "The Lusiad."

DON'T try to go into Portugal. It's a country where not even a man is safe to-day, especially in Lisbon," thus warned a fellow-passenger, en route. The well-meant advice had the contrary effect, and "Lusitania," as the poet Camoens properly calls Portugal, became irresistible.

In spite of all its revolutions, Lisbon is a quiet city to-day, at least outwardly so. Viktor Flambeau and his friend, the artist, arrived by the flying "Sud," the popular fast express from Paris, which they had caught at Bussaco, in central Portugal, a world-famed beauty spot. They had been staying at Bussaco in a royal palace, which had once been a Trappist monastery, one of the best known. With the expulsion of the monks about 1830, it had become the home of Portuguese royalty, who in turn had been driven away. The Government then appropriated the splendid villa, leasing it as a hostelry, now known as the Palace Hotel.

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Almost at the top of a mountain of trees, in a forest more lovely even than that of Fontainebleau, near Paris, and as romantic as Shakespeare's "Forest of Arden," this retreat of Bussaco has become a haunt of honeymoon brides and their bridegrooms. Where the old monks once paced, solemn and slow, holding before them each one a human skull and meditating on death, these very modern lovers mock them with their laughter. One still finds here, in piles of stone, the Stations of the Cross.

That is the pathetic fate of reformers, though no one seems to regret it. Under the Palace Hotel one may find the chapel, where still each Sunday morning the priest comes for mass. The decorations here are more strictly medieval and include two rare old paintings of St. Peter and St. Mary Magdalene by a Portuguese painter of 1626. Some of the cells of monks have been turned into the smaller guest chambers, and it was in this part of the hotel that the imaginative American found himself happily lodged.

A globe of iron framework, girdled by a significant iron band, surmounts the tall tower of the Palace Hotel, and symbolizes the girdling of the globe by the Portuguese, Magellan, and the finding of a new way to India by Vasco da Gama. The latter and the poet Camoens are everywhere in Portugal the popular heroes. Their tombs are side by side in Lisbon in the old Cathedral of St. Jeronimos.

With his usual luck the energetic Flambeau found the best of good company while in Bussaco, for an old friend from Washington, Senhor C. A. Montalto de

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Jesus, who was secretary of the Portuguese delegation to the disarmament conference, happened to be staying there in this now modern hotel, engaged in writing the history of Bussaco.

Senhor Montalto is not only a historian noted for his volumes on Macao, the Portuguese possession in China, but he is also a poet. He recited a lovely new sonnet as the two strolled through the woods together, where he pointed out several springs of exceptionally fine water, and then led his visitor to the "Coimbra Gate," as it is called. There two papal bulls of 1622 and 1643 forbid on pain of excommunication the entrance of women into the monastic domain, and also prohibit the cutting of trees.

The latter edict seems to have been heeded. Almost every known tree or shrub may be found in this glorious mountain park—the camphor tree, the laurel (a sweet-scented variety), the cypress, the olive, the pepper tree and many more, as named by Senhor Montalto, who seemed to know them all.

The Americans might have lingered for weeks at this old monastic retreat, where they were housed in tiny rooms once the cells of monks, but time was fleeting. They visited the ancient shrines, climbed by donkey-back to the Cruz Alta at the top of the mountain for a view with a radius of twenty-five miles, and saw the museum of relics and the monument to Wellington and the British for their help in defeating Napoleon and the French at Bussaco in 1810. Then came the hour to depart, and they rolled away by carriage, down the long winding drive. They had ar-



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rived by motor, after coming south by train from Oporto, the second largest city of Portugal and the most commercial (noted for port wine, which is, however, very dear there). Now at Pampilhosa they caught the "Sud" express from Paris, and then stopped at Coimbra to see the one and only university in Portugal.

It is a sleepy old place, Coimbra, famous for a romantic legend of the fourteenth century, the story of the fair Inez de Castro, a Spanish maiden who had captivated the Infante Pedro. He saw her first as a maid of honor at his own wedding to Constance, his noble Portuguese bride.

The crown prince married Inez privately in 1345, following the death of his own wife. Then the Portuguese nobles, fearing Spanish influence from this alliance, persuaded the weak old King Alfonso IV, father of Prince Pedro, to consent to the murder of Inez, who was brutally killed at Coimbra beside the Fountain of Tears (Quinta das Lagrimas).

This picturesque place of resort for lovers is now private property, approached through a long lane of pink oleander trees in bloom, with some white ones. Behind the villa is the garden, which is lovely, and on farther is the fountain, or spring, also known as the Fountain of the Loves, by which name it is celebrated in Camoens' famous "Lusiad," the great epic poem of Portugal.

The old gardener picked a leaf from the "love-lies-bleeding" flower, which grows there, and gave it to Flambeau, to whom he explained the whole story.

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in beautiful Portuguese. According to the tradition, the waters of this spring often bore secret notes to Inez from Prince Pedro while she was imprisoned near here, before her murder. The rivulet flows through a crevice of her prison cell.

But that is only half the story. For, quiet and courteous as the Portuguese seems in his bearing, there is in that temperament a fiery spirit, and when Prince Pedro learned of the tragedy that had befallen him in the cruel loss of his loved one he made war against the king, his father, and never rested till the old ogre was dead, twelve years later, in 1367, when he mounted the throne and had the murderers tortured.

Then he summoned an assembly declaring the legality of his marriage to Inez, exhumed her body from its grave in the old convent of Santa Clara at Coimbra, a place also visited by our traveler. King Pedro seated on the royal throne beside him the poor corpse of Inez, which, legend says, was wrapped in her lovely golden hair that had grown yards in the twelve years.

Then his courtiers must pay homage, kiss her hand and swear eternal allegiance, after which the body was borne by the highest nobles to its final tomb at Alcobaca, where one day King Pedro's remains were also interred. Their biers are so placed that the feet touch, and when they rise at the Judgment Day they will thus look first into each other's eyes.

Whoever says that travel in Portugal is difficult, or that the Portuguese are unreliable, is misinformed,

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for only courtesy and thoughtful attention everywhere met our American tourists. They didn't know a word of the Portuguese language, and their Spanish and French must have been execrably funny. But nobody laughed at it, in most cases they guessed the meaning, and everywhere they gave all the service and assistance possible at a very moderate charge. The "scudo," or standard of Portuguese money, was then but a trifle over four cents American, twenty-four to the dollar, although worth a dollar some ten years ago.

Fifty-five scudos a day was the modest charge at the Palace Hotel, with some extras, less than three dollars for room and meals in a palatial villa. And such excellent meals! The price might have been \$15 or \$20 a day at an American hotel of similar style, if one could be found.

At Coimbra the hotel charges were somewhat less, and when the Americans arrived in Lisbon, the capital, where they had expected to be "soaked," of course, they were lucky enough to have accommodations, rooms and meals, for thirty-five scudos per day, or at the rate of \$1.50 American. This shows the power of the U.S.A. money, for certainly the Portuguese and others were paying a higher rate according to their valuation of the scudo.

If you say "America" here in Portugal, however, it means "South America," on account of Portuguese interests there.

Portugal has but one university, that of Coimbra, but there are many schools, medical and otherwise, in



EX-KING MANUEL, of Portugal, now in London. From a recent photograph. [Page 149]



PORTUGUESE PEASANTS, Coimbra Market, on Sunday morning, Portugal. [Page 140]





COURT OF THE CHAPEL, Castello da Pena. The Royal Summer Palace  
of former King Manuel at Cintra, near Lisbon, Portugal.  
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Lisbon, Oporto and elsewhere. However, Coimbra is one of the places to see, for here the national poet, Camoens, studied, besides many other literary men of the country.

Luiz de Camões, as the poet's name is properly spelled, was born about 1524, probably at Lisbon, or possibly Coimbra, where his uncle, Bento de Camões, was prior of the Santa Cruz Monastery. The poet, of whose life here but scanty traces exist, is commemorated by a monument at Coimbra University, where he studied, and remains forever the idol of the students.

Examinations at Coimbra were just concluding for the summer, at the moment of Flambeau's visit, and the student youth were much in evidence about the streets, wearing long black cloaks. Their expression was always, to a marked degree, intellectual, pensive, and often romantic and poetic as well. They were interested in the foreigners, and a few practiced their English in a chat with the inquisitive Flambeau.

The old university is quaint and picturesque. The elderly beadle showed the visitors through with much pomp to the president's room, where hung imposing portraits; the assembly hall was also impressive, besides a students' class room, and the bishop's room, hung with portraits of past bishops of more than two hundred years.

Church and state are now quite separate in Portugal, and the clergy are little in evidence anywhere. They are not permitted to appear on the street in their black clerical garb, but must wear civilian dress.

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Many have been driven away by the repeated revolutions since 1910.

The ancient churches at Coimbra are lovely in their architecture and interiors, but the priests are now seldom seen. On Sunday Flambeau and his friend visited several of them, including the renowned Church of Santa Clara, where they heard the immense organ played by a woman. The adjoining convent has been turned into a soldiers' barracks, for the military are active in Portugal to-day. People were assembling for worship as usual, and penitents were often kneeling here and there, but no priest was in sight. So it was also at the famous Church of Santa Cruz (Holy Cross) of the early twelfth century, and at the celebrated old Cathedral, Se Velha, restored about twenty years ago, a grand example of the favorite Portuguese architecture, the Manuelino, in pointed arches and rope festoons.

The Botanical Garden, the pride of Coimbra, proved to be one of the beauty spots of the city. Although water was almost precious, and the Mondego River had nearly dried up, yet the flowers and plants had been carefully watered by hand, not by hose, that very morning. The large, terraced and closely fenced garden was bright and beautiful. The trees are especially pleasing, with many *Eucalyptus* varieties, from California, Australia, and elsewhere, besides palms and olive trees. The latter bear their fruit very late, so it was not possible to gather olives at this season, although the tree is plentiful everywhere. A sturdy olive tree was pointed out at Bussaco as the original

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one to which the Duke of Wellington had tied his horse a hundred years or more ago, on the night before his famous battle and triumph there.

The "Manuelino" architecture originated in the reign of King Manuel I (1495-1521), which marks the height of Portugal's power. It is characterized by "rope" festoons as a symbol of maritime grandeur, for it was at this time that Vasco da Gama discovered the sea route to India.

Bartholomew Diaz, about twelve years earlier, had rounded the Cape of Good Hope. The handsome Palace Hotel, at Bussaco, is a late example of this architecture. Every pillar is carved in free stone, with ornate decoration, and there are no two alike.

Porcelain tiles form an important industry of Portugal, being produced especially in blue and white, with figures or conventional designs. They are freely used in the decoration of houses, churches and other buildings, both inside and out. The history of Portugal is pictured at Bussaco in an elaborate series of these tiles of rather large size. One of the most original of the scenes is a figure of the Giant Adamastor, mentioned by Camoens in the "Lusiad," and symbolizing the spirit of the Cape of Good Hope. Like an angry god, he rises up in wrath as he sees the Portuguese caravels bearing Bartholomew Diaz and his men approaching his domain.

In Lisbon the finest example of the Manuelino architecture is the old church and convent of St. Jeronimos at Belem, a suburb. The convent has been transformed into an orphanage for boys, and to see

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these lively youngsters at play in the old cloisters, marked by the ornate pillars of this elaborate decoration, is decidedly incongruous, but of course it is a fine place for the boys, who are attractive and well disposed. They welcomed the American visitors.

"I am coming to America just as soon as I can get away from here," more than one of the boys told them as they distributed a welcome handful of "Lincoln" pennies to the lads, who are intelligent. One or two of the boys spoke a little English, which they are taught with French and Spanish.

All were garbed alike, in blue denim, almost a prison uniform, yet they were handsome boys. Some of the men from this school, which has been here fifty years, have made such marked success as doctors, lawyers, and even statesmen, that the school has a high reputation.

The guards seemed very indulgent to the orphans, but there were no games or manual occupations. The dining hall was a long, bare room, with the plainest of tables and benches, and only unattractive heavy plates and cups. It was here that the monks used to eat until the religious orders were driven from Portugal, about 1830.

With the revolution of 1910 there was a further expulsion of clergy, when there came the separation of church and state, although Portugal remains nominally Catholic and there is at present no evidence of any other faith here. The people, and even the republicans, it is said, now regret the rash step taken, and wish their clergy back again. Not all have gone;

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there may be one priest to each parish, but only one or two priests on the street were observed, as marked by the Roman collar.

This old Cathedral of St. Jeronimos is famed for the tomb of Camoens, whose entire life was exceedingly capricious. After his supposed student days at Coimbra University, Camoens appeared at the court of Lisbon in 1542, where he fell in love with Catherina de Athaide, one of the Queen's ladies of honor, the Natercia of his poems.

The attachment aroused jealousy, and resulted in the banishment of Camoens, who joined a military expedition of his King, John III, and lost an eye, a defect of which he was very proud as proving his gallantry. He is so pictured in all busts or other portraits, as one-eyed. His features were strong and classic.

It was after his return to the court, when he was again disappointed, that Camoens sailed as a common soldier for India, where he led an adventurous life for sixteen years. His father had been a sea captain, and Camoens was also a relative of the world navigator, Vasco da Gama, who had died shortly before. Thus the poet inherited a natural taste for travel. He came to Macao, the Portuguese colony of the Far East, where he remained for many years in China, and "Camoens' Garden" is to-day the most attractive spot in Macao.

During his exile there, Camoens held a somewhat lucrative post as administrator of estates of deceased persons. He wrote poetic tributes to the beauty of



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Macao, which are inscribed on the rocks of the cavern dedicated to him, where it is said he composed his "Lusiad." The title refers to "Lusus," the original name of Portugal, given by the Romans, who assigned the territory Lusitania to the Portuguese, and Mauritania to the Spanish.

When Camoens at length returned to Lisbon, the plague was raging there. The new king proved to be an unsuccessful monarch.

"It was not enough," mourned the poet, "that I should die in my fatherland. I am dying with it." His dead body was hastily interred in a common trench, with other victims of the plague, but later was rescued from oblivion, and given its rightful honors in the Cathedral of St. Jeronimos, the most famous in Portugal, although few foreign visitors are aware of its location. An imposing monument in Lisbon's central square also commemorates the poet. One who has visited Macao may wish that his tomb might have been in that rocky garden, by the sounding sea. But fate has kindly implanted that tradition in Macao, where citizens assure the visitor that Camoens' body lies under his monument there, surmounted by the portrait bust. Portugal, however, would never have consented to such a loss of prestige. Merely to purchase a copy of Camoens' "Lusiad" in a Lisbon bookstore makes one regarded with favor by proprietor and patrons.

To inquire for a photograph of King Manuel or others of the Royal Family of Portugal is a different matter. That brings a frown.

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"We are not allowed to sell pictures of King Manuel," the proprietor explains, with a shake of the head. "We dare not show them."

Unlike Spain, Portugal was not neutral during the war, but was an ally of England by her treaty with Great Britain. Ten thousand Portuguese troops were sent to aid the Allies. The feeling is strong among the Portuguese that they lost much by this step. However, trade conditions are good and the country is fairly prosperous in spite of high prices and the falling value of the scudo, although a strike is threatening at almost any time in Lisbon.

The police, most of them armed soldiers, are watchful and prepared, and military power is in evidence. The city is orderly and quiet, but it is said that one never knows when a bomb may be thrown. The Washington artist, who accompanied Flambeau, was very nearly arrested and marched off to the guard house while quietly sketching in the streets of Lisbon, near the American consulate. Just why was never explained to her. She was rescued from the gendarme by a shopkeeper; then she returned to her hotel, which was not far away.

The thrills of Lisbon are not soon exhausted even by an omnivorous American. Three or four quite special experiences will stand out very vividly. One is a visit to former King Manuel's palace at Cintra, a suburb of Lisbon. Next may be recalled interviews with editors of leading newspapers of Lisbon, and a glimpse of noted Portuguese painters and their work. Afterward a visit to the Lisbon Museum of

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Fine Arts, and finally, the acquaintance of two delightful citizens, former monarchists, who followed King Manuel into exile but have now returned to their country. They were divided in opinion as to whether Manuel can return to Portugal.

"He may come back. One never knows," said the wife.

"The republic is here to stay, and it will improve," so claimed the husband.

To Cintra, and back, from Lisbon is an all-day excursion. On arrival there, one takes carriage for the drive to the top of the mountain where the former King Manuel's pleasure palace is situated, with scenery and surroundings most enchanting. Everything is still unchanged. The same old chatelans welcome the visitor, as he passes into the palace, built on the site of a former monastery, with portals of the Gothic "Manuelino" architecture, based on the pointed Arabian arch.

In the rooms of the palace all is quite as before. On the tables one finds the magazines of August, 1910, the latest publications, just as King Manuel left them when he fled from his country at the revolution. There is the English "Country Life," the French "L'Illustration," the "International Studio" of London, and a dozen others, the reading of a gentleman, their covers looking a bit faded, but otherwise as new as they were on the day of his flight.

Even the gold-fish in the indoor pool there, so carefully tended, might have been his pets. In the sleeping apartments one may visit Manuel's room,

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with its simple furnishings, adjoining the Queen Mother Amelia's more sumptuous chamber, where a faded spray of palm is fastened above one of the two bed-pillows, symbol of the assassination of the King in 1908, Manuel's father, when his older brother, the Infante, was also killed.

"Manuel never expected to be King; he was not prepared for it," so say his old courtiers, apologizing for his faults; and they insist that he is a fine fellow. They love him still, but they dare not proclaim it. One can purchase neither his picture nor that of his uncrowned Queen, Augusta Victoria, the German Catholic Princess he married. She is much liked, it seems, by the people, but she has never been in Lisbon. Tales of his escapades are warmly denied by his admirers, who insist that Manuel has been cruelly maligned and victimized. Their explanations are ingenious, to say the least.

On the other hand, the republic is here to stay, according to the revolutionists, and some monarchists admit it is better after all. But others, carefully gloved gentlemen who come down to their offices from 11 to 3, perhaps, each day, insist that Lisbon is spoiled, that it is now a slovenly city, where once it was clean and immaculate. The upper classes, according to these people, have gone to live outside, at Cintra, if they can, where the surroundings are even more charming, if possible, than at Bussaco.

Art, meanwhile, is flourishing in Portugal. Columbano, the greatest of modern Portuguese artists and director of the National Academy of Lisbon, is

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very possibly a greater painter than anyone we have now in America. Senhor Martinho da Fonseca, one of the younger artists, is editor of "Alma Nova," the newest and best of Portuguese art magazines. Senhor da Fonseca, like Columbano, exhibited in America at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, in San Francisco. Some day he hopes to visit New York and Washington.

The Portuguese Sunday bull fight was one thing missed by our Americans, but they heard much about it in Lisbon. There are two bull rings, one for professionals at the Campo Pequeno, a grand Colosseum-like structure with a splendid arena, and another less important ring for amateurs, out of town a little way in the country.

In Portugal the bull is not killed, only teased. His long, sharp horns are protected by leather buttons, so that he may not gore the horse or rider. The sport continues until the "*Espada*," with a wooden sword, simulates the killing of the bull, after which he is led from the arena.

This may seem less cruel to the observer than the Spanish bull fight. Yet the Portuguese public is not satisfied. They would prefer the Spanish mode, and have petitioned the government repeatedly for it; but so far some society for animals has been sufficiently powerful to prevent any change in the old method of play.

The bulls are bred for the ring, and enter it at about the age of seven years or a little before. They serve for seven years, after which they are sent to



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the country, but if by chance they return to the ring again they remember it, so the guides say. It is the most popular sport in Portugal. Pictures are not allowed, and no photographs are to be had.

One touching incident of Flambeau's visit in Lisbon was the call at his hotel of a little maid, sent by a Portuguese woman of means, to inquire about American doctors. She had heard of their great skill, and wished to know if they could really bring the dead back to life, as she had read in a local paper. If so, she must have the name of such a physician, as her beloved husband had died, and she could not bear to live without him. She hoped he could be brought back again.

"Not yet so skillful, sorry to say," was Flambeau's answer. "But trust your faith, and pray to meet your dear husband again."

"Probably some half-breed," was the critical comment of a scholarly Portuguese friend, to whom Flambeau told the story.

## CHAPTER XII

### NORTHERN AFRICA: TANGIER, MOROCCO; A SHEIK'S HAREM

The world is a peacock, and Morocco is the tail of it.  
—Arabic Proverb.

**V**OILA!" And whack! a stout cane descended on the back of a luckless street Arab urchin, while an irate gentleman shook his fist at him as the boy ran away after trying to pilfer the traveler's luggage. "Voila! That's what you get!"

It was Algeciras, the southern tip of Spain, 11 o'clock at night, and Viktor Flambeau suddenly knew that he had arrived in that land of adventure, whither his companions of the day before had declined to follow him, deeming it too dangerous. It was not really hazardous, even if it did seem so, as he learned in the next two days, when he crossed the Straits of Gibraltar to Africa, for a visit to Tangier, Morocco, and later returned to spend a night at the base of that towering, sphinx-like Lion, the Rock of Gibraltar.

All day he had been riding southward alone through the parched Spanish country, but not alone, for his fellow travelers had interested him. They had helped him to change cars, obtain food, and now a station porter rescued him from the hands of

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a young brigand and, bearing his luggage, conducted him to the Anglo-Hispano Hotel, where only the night porter was stirring. He assigned Flambeau a comfortable room with running water, which seemed almost incongruous in the primitive Moorish surroundings there. In spite of minus English, the porter comprehended that his guest must be called next morning in time for the 7 A.M. boat to Tangier.

Flambeau slept well after the hard day's travel, and was in the midst of dreams of Africa, soon to be realized, when the porter's morning knock at the door warned him that it was time to start. And then came the hotel's chief porter, speaking English, and he took the American's travel ticket, which he exchanged for a suitable boat ticket. Next, after an abbreviated morning breakfast of a roll and butter, with tea and some marmalade, Flambeau met his porter on the pier not far away, and was soon embarked in one of the small boats which ferry passengers out to the steamer for Tangier and Cadiz. It was all new and strange, and the travel-loving American was prepared for almost anything.

The day was fair and fine, midsummer, and hot, though the nights here are delightfully cool. The water was white-capped and a bit rough, but nothing to the roughness of the return voyage a short time later. The boat was a small yacht, dirty and unpleasant, hardly worthy of making a daily trip of such distinction. In America, for even the shortest voyages and excursions along the Atlantic coast, delightfully furnished steamers are always available. One

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may imagine what an American steamship company would do with this exclusive and charming little voyage each day between southern Spain and northern Africa!

The upper deck of the little boat was quite clean and fairly comfortable, with a few chairs; the American's first-class ticket entitled him to this deck, so he was most exclusive, for it seemed that all but two or three of the other passengers traveled second class, and remained below.

The coast of Spain slowly faded away, after the boat had skirted it for some distance. On one side was the crouching Lion of Gibraltar, blue and mysterious in the morning haze.

The French writer, Théophile Gautier, insists that the head of this Sphinx, the Rock of Gibraltar, "is turned toward Africa, which she seems to be regarding with an attentiveness dreamy and profound." But for once he is mistaken. The Lion of Gibraltar is looking very attentively toward Europe, instead of Africa.

On the other side the ship coasts the southern Andalusian shores, tapering to the point Tarifa, which at length is left behind. Then out of the sea, Mediterranean on the left and Atlantic on the right, rise the mountains of northern Africa, gray and gaunt, looking barren as Mountains of the Moon. It is about four hours' sail, and exhilarating all the way, so that even though one may be a bit sleepy one would not miss a single glimpse, but would remain on deck

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instead of taking a nap in the stuffy little cabin below.

The first view of Morocco and Tangier may be a bit disappointing, for one would hardly guess, from the monotonous cliffs and the plain, straight, white-walled town clinging along the sides, all the romance and mystery, the color and charm, which lurk in the narrow streets of this prosperous city of perhaps 50,000 inhabitants, Mohammedans, Jews, Europeans, Spaniards, French, and a few English. Nor does one see at first the palms and vineyards beyond the village, and the orchards, which yield very fine fruit. But whatever one's first impressions, the landing experience is sure to stand out in memory, as unique, difficult, unpleasant, and perhaps all but impossible, so badly managed are the Arab skiffs into which one fights one's way for the trip to shore and, washed by high waves, at last struggles out of the swaying craft through a motley crowd onto the quay, which is always an amusing scene of activity and life, with Moroccans of all descriptions.

The voyage was over, and the landing made with some success, when the awed Flambeau found himself in the hands of several Arabs, one of whom seized his camera, another his bag, and all volunteered to be his guides for the day.

One of them, however, the most Moorish in appearance, in a long blue burnous, red turban, and with a wide-brimmed straw hat which he carried, assured the American that he was the official courier, and succeeded in freeing him from all the others. An-



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other striking young Arab was bickering with a companion, and his words were so loud and the epithets he employed evidently so fierce, that Flambeau had actually a momentary fear of the man, especially so when his first acquaintance and rescuer informed him that the handsome stranger would be the American's guide for the day. The latter gave his name as "Absalom," and they started out to see the town. Things began to be interesting at once.

This splendid young Sheik, Absalom, whose reputation is widespread, so Flambeau afterward discovered, now took him absolutely in charge, and promised they should enjoy all the sights, the Socco or Market, the Kasba or Citadel, the Mexuar or Court of Law (where the Kaid was administering justice), visit a Turkish harem, and see a Bazaar of curios and novelties.

Comfortable-looking Turks were everywhere, seated, reclining, at their little shops and stalls, or leading laden donkeys through the narrow streets; some were taking a nap, lying down in quiet corners with their heads covered by the long cape they wear. Many of them were engaged in earnest discussions, the poorer peasants and Jewish types bickering loudly. Here and there women of different classes walked through the streets. The Moorish faces were carefully veiled, but the bolder, black African women were quite uncovered. Many children were at play, or employed sometimes in leading tiny donkeys with packs larger than themselves. The little girls were

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also veiled, with ample white capes, not unlike the women.

"Monsieur, for \$3.00, it is very cheap!" and a street vender offered the American a silver bracelet of nine bangles, three of them set with turquoise, and a pendent stone. Flambeau shook his head.

"Take it for eleven pesetas, Monsieur!" About \$1.60. Still Flambeau declined. "Make your own offer, Monsieur."

"Five pesetas." About 75 cents.

"Take it, Monsieur, it is yours!" And Flambeau had his first souvenir.

Suddenly a cheerful sound of boyish voices filled the air.

"It is a school," exclaimed Absalom. There they sat, cross-legged, as the visitors glanced in at the open door, little chaps from eight to a dozen years old, studying their lessons at the top of their voices! It was the most absurd school-room ever seen. Their shoes the boys had removed, and ranged them in pairs at the door. They were memorizing the Koran.

A Moorish mosque, not open to American visitors, rose before them, with a tall tower and minaret. Elsewhere a Catholic mission school of the Spanish showed a more friendly open door. The day was hot, and had the streets not been so very narrow the heat might have been unbearable, but in the friendly shade of the walls it seemed less severe.

The Kaid, or "Minister of Justice," as Absalom called him, was busy with his cases, sitting in a far recess at the center of the open court. Moorish law-

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yers were pleading before him. In the foreground of the courthouse groups of cheerful gossipers reclined at ease, and chatted the day away. All looked with a kindly eye at Flambeau, but did not stare or make comments, and he snapped pictures wherever he liked.

Absalom brought a handsome rug for Flambeau's donkey, and together, on two little beasts, accompanied by their attendant, they made a brave appearance, riding about the streets of Tangier, up and down stairways, where the donkeys picked their path with wary feet. Only once did one of the animals stumble, and quickly recovered itself under the loud cries of the driver.

The Bazaar, where Absalom had hoped no doubt that his guest might expend many dollars, like other Americans, proved an expensive place, except for pictures. The disappointed traveler made few purchases, but he would have liked one of the cruel, sheathed Moroccan daggers.

Every moment something new and unusual appeared. Perhaps they dismounted, and stepped out unexpectedly on a parapet with a rare view of the old city, bright and full of color, flowering vines and shrubs here and there against the straight walls in paler tones. Tangier, "the city protected by the Lord," goes back in history two thousand years and even earlier, to the days of the Phœnicians. It was then a Roman colony under Emperors Augustus and Claudius. After that it became a part of the Spanish province, until in the seventh century it fell into Arab hands. Since then it has been like a football from the

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Moors to the Portuguese, the British, the French, and to-day is claimed once more by the Spanish.

However, Flambeau was still unsatisfied. See a Moorish harem he must, in spite of the interdiction against foreign visitors. Absalom had promised that he should do so. Now, pausing beside a door where a pretty little girl waited in a sort of anteroom, he told the stranger to enter.

"Pay the slave two pesetas when you leave," he admonished his visitor and sent him in alone. Absalom meanwhile seated himself cross-legged outside. The "slave," another pretty girl, a bit older, appeared and conducted the guest upstairs.

This house was attractive within, tastefully decorated, and except for its Oriental character, might have been the interior of almost anybody's home.

Suddenly loud voices came from above, a sharp halt to the "slave," who paused. Flambeau did the same. Then the air cleared and they continued. He had a glimpse of a mature woman, unveiled, superintending house-cleaning, much like any other head of a household. She glanced at him, not unkindly, then she mysteriously disappeared, and the slave led him on into the harem, where a low divan, with many soft cushions, extended the entire length and width of the room on all sides. At one end were prominently in evidence family photographs, the husband and a number of female faces. Observing his interest, the slave pointed out two or three of them, as evidently important.

A pet fish, not a gold-fish but of a brown color,

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played in a jar of water on an inside window ledge. The atmosphere was feminine and exotic.

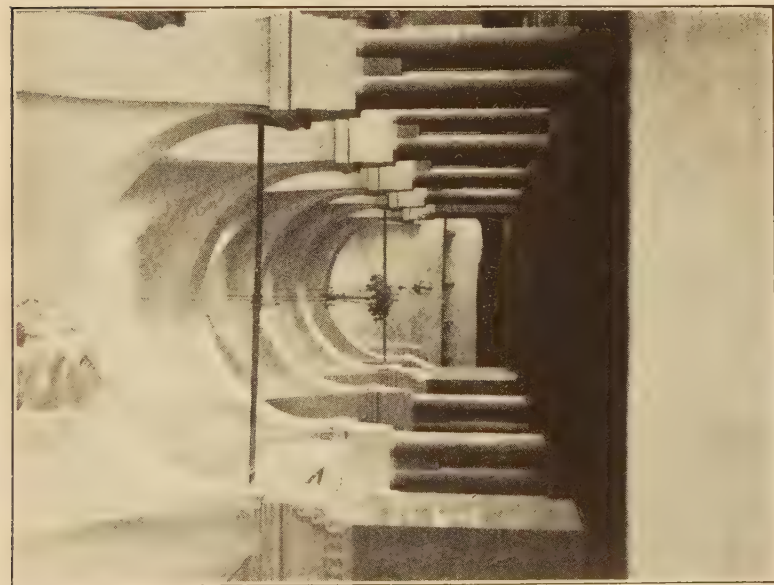
The slave then conducted Flambeau across the hall. All was quite well lighted by daylight, though with windows closed on account of the intense heat. Now, in another apartment of equal size, where the stranger was hoping to find the real harem, and the pretty wives he had expected to see, Flambeau surprised instead the Sheik, reclining amid pillows on a low divan like that in the former room. He was alone. He looked at the American, and at a word from the slave, he addressed him, asking if he were French or English. The Sheik spoke beautiful French, and a little English.

"American," answered the foreigner, somewhat startled, for he thought he might be bawled out for trespassing, or perhaps robbed, and he had at the moment all his little wealth with him, and was hundreds of miles from anyone who knew him, or had ever seen him before that day.

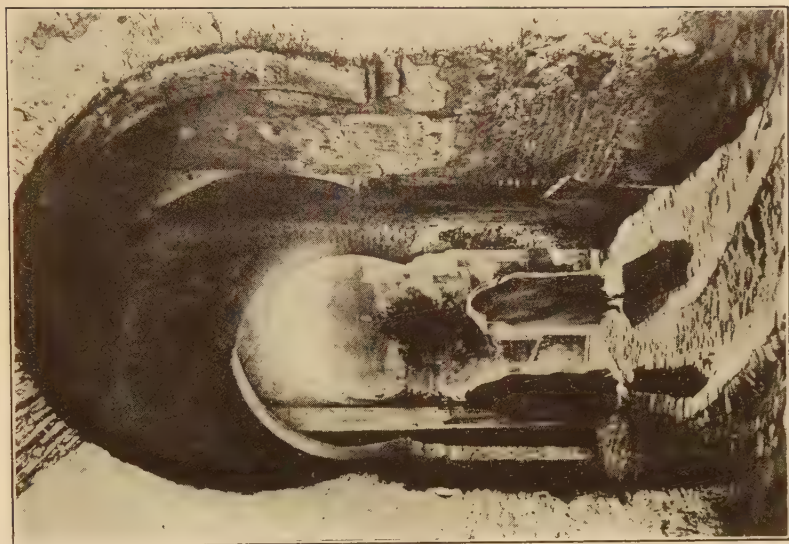
Instead, however, of any of these tragic things happening, the Sheik fairly beamed, and half rose at the word "American," and bade his guest look about and examine the room.

"Madame's bed," he pointed to a curtained couch, at one end of the room, dainty in the extreme, with its delicate silken covers. Then at the other end, "*Mon lit*," he indicated his own, harder and more masculine in character, with its coarser covers. All very proper, quite modest, not even "twin beds," *à la American*.





INTERIOR OF MOSQUE. Photographed through Window  
opened by Guide.  
[Page 159]



THE KASBA GATE, Tangier, Morocco.  
[Page 158]



ARAB DANCER, northern Africa.  
[Page 160]



SAADI BEN AMAR, noted Mohammedan Guide.  
[Pages 181 and 185]

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The visitor was a bit disappointed. He had not seen the "ladies," and he did not like to ask the master how many there were. Instead, he begged for the Sheik's autograph as a great favor, and got it, evidently an unusual request.

"Akalai," the Sheik wrote. After Flambeau had made his adieus and departed, not forgetting the "two pesetas to the slave," who showed him also the servants' rooms downstairs before opening the outer door for him, Absalom assured him that "Hadji Akalai" is an important citizen of Tangier, and that he has undoubtedly many more wives than "Madame," but they are in the back of the house and not often in evidence.

"*Voilà!*" The American had seen something of a harem, at least.

Hadji Akalai *is* an important citizen and a fine man, so Flambeau again learned from two other gentlemen whom he met later. One was a business man of Gibraltar with a brother in Tangier. The other was Dr. Ogazoia Manuel, a military physician, of Laruche, Morocco, and well known in neighboring Tangier. "Absalom," whose real name is Abdeslam Gebari, in parting gave his visiting card to Flambeau, who heard afterward of Absalom elsewhere, and learned that this Arab and his father have an enviable reputation for their entertaining knowledge of Morocco.

Having seen most of the sights of Tangier, Flambeau now thought of luncheon, and he was not disappointed. In a Moorish sort of dining room, with

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a turbaned and brightly garbed head waiter, he found himself well served. The courses were first an "*hors d'œuvre*" of tomato, cucumber and onion; potato salad, not bad, and what looked like tinned beef; an omelette, excellent; fish, anchovies, fresh and well fried; chicken, salad, and fruit, almost a Continental luncheon, except that fruit (and the grapes were especially good) took the place of dessert.

Because of the war in Morocco, Flambeau hesitated to remain longer to visit the interior of the country.

It was time to go, the boat was arriving from Cadiz, to fetch the passengers back to Algeciras. He was reluctant to leave, and Absalom, too, seemed sad, as he accompanied the traveler, carrying in his bur-nous the tourist's umbrella, Baedeker, and new purchases. The waves were all the time higher, much worse than they had seemed before. Hadji Mohammed, the boatman, looked grave.

In rough weather, it is sometimes impossible to ferry the passengers out to the waiting steamers. Flambeau had friends awaiting his return, up there in Spain, half-suspecting that he might be eaten by cannibals before his return. Instead, he had experienced only courtesy and kindness. Yes, the boat would go to-day, but it was very, very rough, although the sun was shining.

The passengers piled in, with the usual pell-mell of Arab boatmen pulling them this way and that. The women were tearful, fearing the trip and seasickness, each woman clinging to a man. Probably men like



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women that way, so dependent, and every man seemed equal to the occasion. The women hid their faces on their men's shoulders, all but one little English girl who actually laughed, but she confessed afterward to Flambeau that she was a bit seasick, too.

The waves swept over the boat, and everybody was drenched. Flambeau's clothes had seemed quite smart before, but after this they remained streaked with white salt waves.

That is the Spanish way of doing things, leaving to chance and the mercy of an angry sea those tiny boats, instead of having a suitable pier, at which any steamer may dock. Then, when one reaches the big boat, after the struggle with the waves, there are no steps, or only rickety little ones, and the passengers are literally dragged over the rail and on board at last, thank Heaven!

Most of these travelers were, as before, of the second class, and after boarding the steamer they merely dropped down wherever they might happen to find themselves, on benches or piles of rope or boxes on the lower deck, while Flambeau again sought out the deck above, which once more he had almost to himself except for the charming little English girl who became quite friendly, as did also her father or brother who accompanied her. "Flora" was her name, so Flambeau learned, and her chat made the home voyage very short for him, in spite of the high waves, which grew calmer as they rounded the point of Spain.



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And all the time, receding from them, was Tangier, elusive city of dreams, and the African Coast, stretching like a couchant animal, with Cape Spartel on the left, and far away on the right the Point of the Almina and Ceuta, another pretty city. The African Mountains were never more beautiful, as all that long afternoon they smiled at Flambeau through the haze, always farther away. He resolved to return to Africa very soon, immediately after he had reassured his friends as to the safety of traveling alone in that mysterious and too little known continent.

It had been an expensive trip, with Absalom, the purchases, hotel, tips, and the boat fares and incidentals,—yes, a long account, but he didn't regret a single peseta.

Before rejoining his party, Flambeau decided to explore Gibraltar, and to spend the night there. By ferry across the bay from Algeciras is a brief ride, but so agreeable that one could wish it longer. The Rock of Gibraltar on a summer's day is anything but an iceberg, and even as one neared it in the late afternoon, one felt the warm breath which exhaled from its brown figure, long and gaunt, against the sky. And now the glory of evening had descended, and looking back to Algeciras, one saw the sunset, red and clear, over the Spanish coasts. It was on the other side, at Cadiz, that Nelson fought the famous battle of Trafalgar. And even as one meditated on men and events, history and tradition, the British evening gun boomed over Gibraltar, and the ferry boat arrived at the quay.

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A passing cabman, failing of a fare, hailed the roving American, as he was walking along the dock, and offered to drive him wherever he wished. On being asked the price, he said, "Pay me what you like." It seemed strange to hear English spoken once more, after so long a time in Spain, Portugal, and among the Arabs. Passing the Police guard, Flambeau showed his British transit visa, obtained in Lisbon, and was soon driving in some style through the main street of Gibraltar, which is a quaint little British town, set down in the midst of the warm color and fanciful spirit of Spain and Africa, almost like an icicle in the torrid zone.

Flambeau handed his cabman 2 pesetas, about 30 cents U.S.A., and the man seemed satisfied, but later the traveler learned that the regular fare is 4 shillings, or a dollar. And soon he was eating a typical British dinner, in a dining room as mid-Victorian as if it had belonged to Puritan New England of the nineteenth century. So dependent does one become, not on "style," but on Art, which is an inherent part of the life of the Spanish, and of their Moorish neighbors across the Straits, that there seemed to the American actually something missing here, perhaps it was the warm Latin sympathy.

Evening is the proper hour for promenade in Gibraltar, and for visiting the Oriental shops of expensive Chinese novelties which abound there. Next day from the cliff above one had a view of the blue Mediterranean and the gray Spanish coast, and enjoyed

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drives and walks about this rocky island stronghold with its fortifications.

Sunday morning, as the American was leaving the little town, he found himself in time, at 6.30 A.M., for the early mass in the Catholic Cathedral there, a historic spot, though not antiquated. He knelt a moment near the door, before proceeding on his way, and observed officiating a very grand priest in green velvet vestments over embroidered white linen. He was attended by a similarly vested altar boy, and at the confessional another priest in black was hearing confessions, not only in Spanish and English, but also "French and Italian," so a little sign informed the visitor. Thus he discovered in this British town that Latin sympathy he had at first thought missing.

## CHAPTER XIII

### ALGERIA: A LAND OF ENCHANTMENT; THE MEDITERRANEAN BY NIGHT

A foutre for the world and worldings base!  
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

—*Shakespeare*: "King Henry IV."

**W**ATCHING the pink sunset fade, and looking out over the blue Mediterranean from a high cliff above the city of Algiers, with the misty outlines of the Atlas Mountains in the distance, the fanciful Flambeau was at that moment supremely happy. Behind him towered the mosque-like church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, Our Lady of Africa, the patron saint of fishermen and sailors.

An indulgence of one hundred days is granted by Cardinal Lavigerie's command, so we are informed on a Cross upon the height there, to all who will repeat a Pater or an Ave in visiting this spot, that it may redound to the saving of sailors or others in peril on the sea. Tradition says that long ago, a lovely girl lived on this height, and that she possessed the extraordinary power to calm the sea. So every captain or sailor about to embark climbed the hill to seek her blessing first upon his enterprise, and when he returned again, brought her a present.

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Long after the maid was gone, the happy thought occurred to build here a Church, almost as grand as a cathedral. Now, every Sunday afternoon, at this high point above the Mediterranean, a priest at three o'clock performs the ceremony of blessing the sea. To this good office the grateful people of Algiers—that is, the more devout—attribute their safety during the war, for although, as all know, the conflict was carried into Mediterranean waters, Algeria was comparatively free from any loss.

Come for a moment into this Church of Our Lady of Africa, dark as it is in the failing light, mysterious and grand. It is in the style of a Moorish mosque, with graceful pillars and vaulted ceilings, but below we have the Christian Altar, and there the only light centers now, upon Our Lady, who is antiquated and different from all others. She is crowned with a sort of globe, and very regal in appearance. Many, many candles are burning on either side of the Altar, pledges of human love in its appeal to the Divine.

Outside, pacing slowly forth and back, the good priest is walking now, bidding his last farewell to the beautiful day and his beloved sea, which washes the shores of Algiers, lying so picturesquely stretched out below the hill. The clergy in Northern Africa are always intelligent and interesting types of men, seemingly devoutly intent upon their mission. The people speak well of them. The French rule here is good; it leaves to the people themselves the freedom of choice in religious matters. That was the agreement



## ALGERIA: A LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

of the French with the Moors, when they conquered Algeria nearly a hundred years ago in 1830.

Before that time it was a nest of pirates and sea robbers; some people think they are not yet all departed. That, however, was not Flambeau's opinion, although he was rash and squandered there a lot of money. The shops are pretty, everything is really fascinating, and it is always pleasant to buy in French places, for there they make the purchase so entertaining. Hence one never fails to lay in a store of gloves, silk handkerchiefs, necklaces, cigarettes, and other trifles. And one ends by asking one's self, "How to get by the Customs at home!"

But that was not the worst of Flambeau's follies here, for the Moorish costumes worn by the native Arabs are so beguiling that he was seduced into buying two complete outfits, trousers, shirts, over dresses, fez, veil, shoes, and all details, one for himself of course, the other a lady's regalia. He purchased these in an Arab shop, from Hadjoute Youssef Ben Addoune, who swore they were native goods, and also out of consideration for his customer's being an American, as well as a writer, he reduced the price (so he said) some 50 francs, although the traveler paid more than 275 francs for all this loot.

After he got it home to his hotel, Flambeau found the garments so pleasing, however, that he occupied much of his spare time in wearing the man's costume and practicing the natural gestures and movements which characterize the Moor, who is quick and agile, entirely unlike the slower black African type. He

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hoped to find at home some damsel, young, beautiful, and above all, discreet, to play the part of a Moorish maiden, veiling her face but still very coquettish in her long trousers and large white shawl wrapped about her face and figure.

The French government, it is said, allows to the natives here four wives, provided they can support them, but as few can do so, monogamy is a general custom. What the women know or think is a mystery, as they go about the streets, like sheeted ghosts, with only their eyes showing. How they keep their rigging on and intact was more than Flambeau could guess.

All the prohibited things the guide books say you must not do, like looking closely at the veiled women, photographing them, entering a Mosque, and taking a picture of the inside, the reckless American had already done in the short time he had been here, and once he was nearly taken into custody.

He accidentally stepped inside the *Grande Mosquée* door, where it seems one may only look inside, except on Thursday and Saturday, or some other day, but why one doesn't know. The Turkish guardian at the entrance looked very kindly at the rash American, however, when he saw that it was only an ignorant foreigner who had unintentionally defaced their carpet by stepping on it with his polluted shoes, instead of first taking them off.

At one side was a fountain, in a little inclosure, and the devout were entering there first, to wash their hands and feet, before they came into the basilica.

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Then they knelt or prostrated themselves about five or ten times on carpets, standing quite close to some wall or pillar, turning their heads toward Mecca, of course, which was indicated by what would be the Rose Window in a cathedral, the eastern extremity, and saying their prayers. In this occupation nothing going on about them diverted them in the least. After that they stretched themselves here and there on the comfortable carpets, for a good snooze. That is, many of them did, and a very sensible thing it seemed, for in that hot country the Arab sleeps anywhere at all times. Curled up on the sidewalk, or in some crevice beside his shop, at any hour, and covered or uncovered as to his head, he goes to sleep.

According to one tradition, the pulpit of the Moorish mosque was first designed by a Christian artist, who made it in the form of the Cross, and for that he lost his head. Others say that the basilica is in the shape of the Cross because the great Mosque of Santa Sophia in Constantinople was built first by Constantine as a Christian Cathedral, and was copied in all Moorish mosques. The pulpit is in the center of the basilica, and follows its general form. On Fridays the appointed priest of the Arabs reads prayers from the pulpit in the mosque where the devout gather and repeat them.

The grand Turkish Mufti is the nominal head of the Arab mosques of Algeria, but he does not seem to exercise any authority, as their religious leaders are appointed by the French government, from those can-

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didates deemed most fit. There is an Arab high school here, corresponding to a college.

The French governor of Algeria is appointed from Paris. He is a very important personage, but was rather luckily absent from his capital during Flambeau's visit, so the latter had the pleasure of a tour through the entire palace, which is open to the public when the Governor is away. It is not at all improbable that the same privilege might have been granted had the Governor been in town, so very courteous does an American nowadays find nearly everybody abroad.

This palace was formerly the home of Moorish rulers. It was built in 1791 by Hassan Pasha, who had his harem here, four lawful wives and some forty or fifty concubines, according to local reports. The architecture is entirely Moorish, and very stately and handsome, with the palace surrounding an open court. It was at one time the château of a French king, and there is a secret passage by which he was able to escape if sought by his enemies. A door opens apparently into a cupboard, but the latter swings around, and beneath it is a hidden stairway.

Algiers has two important art galleries. In the Museum of Fine Arts may be seen a remarkable collection of paintings of the desert, harem scenes, Moorish beauties, and other subjects, mostly by French artists. The Museum of Antiquities, which is considered the finest in Algeria, has a wealth of old Roman fragments as beautifully battered as some of the best in great Italian collections. There are,

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besides, interesting relics of the Turkish sway here, Moroccan knives, Algerian embroideries and saddles, with other curios. The director of this Museum was away on his vacation, and the place was closed, but by a moderate tip to the concierge, the American gained admission.

Those who love Cervantes' "Don Quixote,"—and the American had been reading it all the way, as it has many references to Africa, the Mediterranean, and Algiers in particular because of the Barbary pirates,—will like to see in Algiers the so-called "Grotto of Cervantes." It was there, according to tradition, the Spanish author stayed for a time when escaping from Algiers, where he was imprisoned five years by the Turks, from 1575 to 1580, because of his valor in fighting them as a loyal Spaniard.

A bust of Cervantes and a memorial tablet mark the cave, and not far from it is the most important Mohammedan burial ground in Algeria, the Mussulman Cemetery of Belcourt, on a height overlooking the harbor. On Fridays and Saturdays the Mohammedan women come here to mourn and pray, and then they unveil themselves. Men are never admitted to the cemetery at those times.

Through the old Kasba Quarter, up and down the narrow streets, one may see what is left of the original Algiers of the Turkish pirates a hundred years and more ago. Some of these houses are seven hundred years old. The French had very nearly destroyed all of the ancient city, during the past century, when it occurred to them to preserve this section as a remnant



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of the original architecture, a very fortunate decision. Besides the Arabs here, there is a Jewish quarter, and other groups are sheltered elsewhere. Caste is an important *culte* in Algiers, and there is little mingling of the classes and the masses, and no inter-marriage between French and Moors.

The American Consul was out of town, on holiday, but his very competent vice-consul, David C. Elkington, of Chicago, who has been there more than five years, gave the visitor a wealth of valuable information, which he had compiled for tourists and American business men.

Although the American commerce here is not great, yet it is the largest after the French, much exceeding that of England with Algeria. If American financiers knew more of the natural resources, they would be likely to invest capital there. Judge Gary, the Indiana steel magnate, was a visitor last season with Mrs. Gary. They were both interested in the rug weaving, which is an important industry, and purchased some of the finer ones, too dear for the average purse.

"But how does one get to Algiers from Spain?" somebody is asking. How did Flanbeau arrive here from Gibraltar? Of course, there are a dozen different ways, but he first saw his friends in Spain, reassured them as to the entire safety of traveling alone in Africa, and then chose the trip via Alicante, on the Spanish coast, by native boat to Oran, a fashionable port of Algeria.

It was a marvelous night on the Mediterranean.

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calm, cool, clear and blue. That is, it was all that above. Below, in the cabins, was another matter, for the atmosphere was suffocating, in spite of the two small port-holes in the stateroom. Many of the travelers, however, spent the night on deck, in a steamer chair. Second class passengers, who had brought their bedding along with them, simply spread it, and slept out there under the sky and the stars.

The debarking at Oran one might expect to find somewhat like Tangier, where the high seas and excited boatmen make the experience thrilling as at Vigo, in the north of Spain. But the war has improved landing conditions tremendously in this French African colony, and docks now provide opportunity for even quite large ships to debark their own passengers. The Customs here proved the only problem.

Great curiosity was displayed by the French chief of Customs as to Flambeau's luggage, particularly his books, and he examined everything carefully. He even undertook to read two or three of the innocent volumes, especially an innocuous red-covered travel guide, with the suspicious-looking title, "How to Prepare for Europe." This the officer apparently mistook for political propaganda, possibly Socialistic, because there had been recent disturbance by strikes and labor troubles in Barcelona and Madrid. However, the Customs was at length satisfied, by the little English he was able to read, and the Arab porters who had Flambeau in tow, now put him into a cab, with his bags, and presto! he found himself shortly at

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a gay summer hotel, with a cheerful entourage not unlike Atlantic City. In fact, Oran to-day is a much livelier summer resort than Algiers, but the latter is also on the sea and is a larger city.

Lunching at a little table on a balcony, feeling like a millionaire at home, among the gay throng who crowded the dining room, Flambeau gazed off over the blue harbor and the dreamy Mediterranean beyond, an entrancing sight.

It was a holiday here, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and at dinner the hotel was even more joyous, for a fashionable wedding party had a dance and reception there, followed by festivities which continued until 2.30 A.M. One could scarcely help being present, "assisting," as the French say, when one had a room opening on the court or patio in the center of the hotel, where all the activities concentrated. The bride was very pretty, in her long white veil, and her attendants were attractive girls, entirely a French group.

Next morning, with Kaddour, a native Arab from the hotel, the intrepid Flambeau set out to "do" Oran. First he proposed to climb to the "Marabout," a Moorish ruin on the highest hill, to survey the harbor and the blue Mediterranean. He thought he could do it, but alas! the day was hot, fully 140 degrees it seemed, and he had to content himself with stopping at the Belvedere, about half way, a charming Moorish villa, where he had a bottle of Vichy, while his guide drank lemonade. The view even there was superb.



ARABS SITTING IN STREETS, Algeria.  
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VEILED MOORISH WOMAN, accompanied by her little Son.  
Promenade de Letang, Oran, Algeria.  
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ARAB TYPES, northern Africa.  
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"African fever" Flambeau had been warned of, but had laughed at the idea. When he had to give way to a touch of it, he decided to follow wise Baedeker's advice, and try an internal application of good Algerian beer, "La Gauloise," which brought a speedy recovery, assisted by a little "vin rouge," taken, as the French drink it, with plenty of water.

The war brought great prosperity to Oran, as indeed to all Algiers, but there were some dangers. Hidden mines were laid in the harbors. The waters have been well combed since then, yet occasionally even now some undiscovered bomb explodes. This happened the very day after Flambeau's arrival, and he heard the explosion. A Norwegian ship entering the bay suddenly reeled, having struck a concealed shell, and was seriously damaged. By an extraordinary coincidence, the same boat seven years before, during the war, met with a similar accident, believed to be from the identical nest left during that year by a German mine layer.

The French administration of Algeria seems excellent. The customs of the French are, of course, entirely different from those of the Moors, but so far as practicable they leave their Arab subjects in freedom. It is a surprise to find so much of Paris transported here in the shops of Oran and Algiers.

The French are fond of their colonies. Many Parisians come to reside here, besides of course the French tourist throng in the season. The popular Promenade de Letang, at Oran, in the late afternoon is crowded with men and women of fashion.

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Here the daring Flambeau snapped a closely veiled Arab woman, with her young son, as they strolled by. A half-dozen bravely caparisoned little donkeys were employed to ride the French children along the promenade. Many other donkeys have heavier burdens to carry. One of the American's snapshots was of a whole family, the father, a stout heavy man, the mother, and two or three children riding in a tiny donkey cart, not much bigger than a Chinese rickshaw, and the small but sturdy beast was making good time with them. In Algeria, as in Spain, the donkey seems the most valued possession of many families.

From Oran to Algiers is a long summer day's ride by train. It is much cooler at night, but Flambeau insisted upon the day train in order to see more. Most of the country is a flat desert, and whatever villages there may be, too little of them is visible from the railway stations, which often stand, quite solitary, in a sandy waste, where the train merely stops. Native huts, thatched with straw, rise in small groups here and there, a miserable sort of protection.

Station groups and fellow passengers are always interesting, the Arabs in their native dress, alert and talking, sometimes accompanied by a veiled wife and one or two children.

Newspapers in Algeria are French, of course, not only the Paris journals like "Le Matin," but the "Dépêche d'Oran," "Dépêche Algérienne," or "Dépêche de Constantine," since "Despatch" seems the preferred name for the news sheets here. American politics appears on the front page, usually with a

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story of the White House, and comments on the "dry régime" in the U.S.A.

The "dry régime," so these papers inform us, in their comics, is not for hygienic reasons. No! It is for safety against the anarchists. "With the dry régime, the 'bomb' was no longer possible, you understand." . . .

Two African reviews of some pretensions are the "*Annales Africaines*" and the illustrated "*L'Afrique du Nord*," both published in Algiers. The war in Morocco between Spanish and Arabs is of importance at the moment. Outsiders claim that the French secretly arm the Moors against the Spanish, who at present hold Tangier and are trying to extend their sway, although Morocco is still considered French, and there is no open quarrel between the French and the Spanish.

The next long journey through northern Africa from Algiers is by train to Constantine. This city is an old mediæval fortress built on a high rock, surrounded by lovely valleys, and encircled with a world-famous natural moat, the Gorges du Rhamel, a scenic marvel as rare as Niagara Falls, but less accessible.

Saadi, who is the most expert Arab courier of the country, is well known throughout Algeria, and in fact much farther. He has been decorated by the Government. Before Viktor Flambeau had been an hour in Constantine, Saadi had sought him out. Flambeau had arrived at exactly the right time to visit the Desert, so Saadi insinuatingly informed him. The dates were just ripening. With a small caravan, the

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tourist might make an excursion into the mysterious Sahara, and tent on the open desert, under the stars, accompanied by an Arab retinue. They must go to Biskra, the scene of Hichens' "Garden of Allah." Flambeau promised to consider it.

Meantime, Saadi invited him to become the guest of honor and patron at a weird Dervish Dance, performed for his benefit in one of the smaller mosques of Constantine. For a monetary consideration arranged beforehand, the mad dancing Dervishes exercised themselves with knives, fire, and swords, until the American only hoped they felt as well repaid as he did.

This dance was borrowed long ago by the Arabs from certain native African tribes, it is said. The fire dancers, or Dervishes, begin with a maddened, rhythmic movement, not unlike our prohibited American "shimmy," and gradually work themselves up to a state of frenzy when they stick knives through their cheeks, noses, and ears.

The Marabout, or religious leader, who has charge of the evening's entertainment, sits in a corner, directing, while the "Shosh" (long ō), who is next in position to the Marabout, stands leaning on his staff, and uttering strange cries from time to time. Each actor, before and after his part, greets the Shosh with a kiss, upon the sleeve of his burnous.

One of the boys, under eighteen years of age, had pierced himself with five knives, two in each cheek and one through the nose. After completing his dance, and removing the knives, he sat down among

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the uncouth audience which crowded the place, to enjoy the rest of the evening. He appeared none the worse for his experience, to which he was of course accustomed. Fire dancers played with lighted brands, which they placed freely about feet and body without harm.

The Dancing Dervishes claim that their performances give strength, and that the fire, knives, and other instruments of torture become friendly and will not harm them. Any cinema company that first films these strange performances will no doubt realize a fortune.

After the dance, the intriguing Saadi gave Flambeau a glimpse of streets of the city where native women and girls at casement bars awaited their Arab lovers, quite different types from the veiled ladies of the home or harem.



## CHAPTER XIV

### BISKRA; THE GARDEN OF ALLAH; CAMPING ON THE SAHARA

I pitched my tent in the Desert,  
I camped on the sand for a night,  
With Arabs and camels about me,  
The moon and the stars for my light.

The desert was singing a love song,  
Its music was sweet to my heart,  
And the Nomads they called me to join them,  
And be of the Desert a part.

—“*The Garden of Allah.*”

IN an Arab tent on the desert sands, under a full moon, with his little caravan of two camels and six Arab attendants camped near-by, the romantic Flambeau found himself at last in the Land of his Desire, the true Garden of Allah.

“What a pity it’s not the season for Biskra, that you could see the Desert!” so had exclaimed *tout le monde* whom he had met all the way from Oran, where he had landed, in Algeria, a week before.

“But you have come at just the right time for the date palms; the dates ripen this month. And there’s a full moon, so you could see the Desert by night,” insinuated the wily Saadi ben Amar, the matchless



AN ARAB TYPE, Bartouche, in "The Garden of Allah."  
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THE JARDIN LONDON, Biskra, Algeria. A scene in "The Garden of Allah."  
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## BISKRA: THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

Arab courier from Constantine, a day's ride beyond Algiers. "It will not cost you much, only a thousand and some francs; and we could, besides seeing Biskra and the Desert, motor to Timgad, for the Roman ruins and the Lakes."

Beguiling Saadi, the cicerone and slave of rich Americans who flock to Algeria in the season, Saadi who made thirteen trips to Biskra with foreign travelers last winter, and who has been decorated by the Tunisian Government with the Order of *Necham if Tikar*, not unlike the French Legion d'Honneur.

Arriving late in Biskra by the afternoon train from Constantine, 149 miles, winding in and out among the Atlas Mountains, gray, orange, and purple by turns in sun or shadow, Flambeau had found a friendly welcome at the Hotel des Zibans (Oases, from *Zab*, oasis). He cooled his thirst from a water bottle wrapped close in flannel, stitched about it, cold and wet from standing in a dish of water in the window, through which a faint draft of air was blowing by way of the door giving on a balcony above the open court below.

Outside, the soldiers' "taps" was sounding from a barracks not far, and nearer still some Arab was playing a plaintive flute. But this was no time to go to bed. Biskra was cool at last after the hot day, a breeze from the north was blowing, and the Arabs were taking the air in the quiet streets, where big, silent hotels, crowded in the season, now loomed, closed and dark.

The American would have an ice. So, attended



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by the solicitous Saadi and his cousin, Brahim ben Boulakras, who speaks only French, and who afterward accompanied Flambeau and his caravan into the desert, they ordered lemonade. It came in bottles; then the ice was brought in a funnel, which was held above the glasses while pouring the lemonade through it, and presto! what could taste better!

The Hotel des Zibans is in the Rue du Cardinal Lavigerie, to whose memory a fine monument is erected here, crowned with a beneficent statue of this Saint of northern Africa, whose tomb is at Carthage. To-night they would see only the new town, the Rue Berthe, the Grande Allée and the Jardin Public, a garden of green palms, acacias, and olive trees, with running water and a pretty fountain.

The Arabs are chatting in groups in the streets where they live, sitting outside in the calm, cool night, or beginning to lie down, perhaps, always wrapped in their burnous, for a night's rest. They are without bed or bedding, the poorer ones; others with homes sleep on their roofs.

And this is the Biskra of Robert Hichens' "The Garden of Allah," that popular novel of twenty years ago, a copy of which Flambeau found in a bookstore here, in English, published in the Tauchnitz edition at Leipzig before the war. It is really amazing how the spirit of the place lives in the book, whether or not the reader sympathizes with the extravagant story.

The morning light was still faint when the faithful Saadi tapped at Flambeau's door, reminding him that



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it was time to take the carriage he had waiting below, in order to see the sunrise, which would be especially fine to-day. Although it was barely 5 A.M., they were not much too early to reach the Beni Mora in time, a height often mentioned in Hichens' book, while above the Aurés Mountains in the east the rosy clouds were rapidly changing to golden. In a few moments came the sun, pouring over the hills at one flash and lighting the dark oases of palm gardens, some seven of which surround Biskra. It is like a miniature Mecca to the caravans arriving from the Desert, which stretches 3,000 kilometres to the south. Beyond the western Ziban Mountains the sun will set to-night, when Flambeau will be in the Desert, watching the sunset from the Col de Sfa, and later camping among the sand dunes of the Sahara.

Now they returned to the hotel for morning "café," black and hot, mixed in the French way with hot cream, and taken with bread and butter—breakfast in the garden. There were two tame gazelles at the hotel, pets captured not far away. Nobody spoke any English, but everybody chatted in French, and congratulated Flambeau on his pluck in seeing the desert at the "real season," when the dates are ripe. Few, very few, tourists have ventured to stray south to the Sahara in summer, which the natives all insist is the real time to see it best, and surely one may have then a complete monopoly of its charms, not sharing it with other tourists.

Indeed, it is a rare sight—the loaded branches with clusters of ripe, golden dates, leaning down as

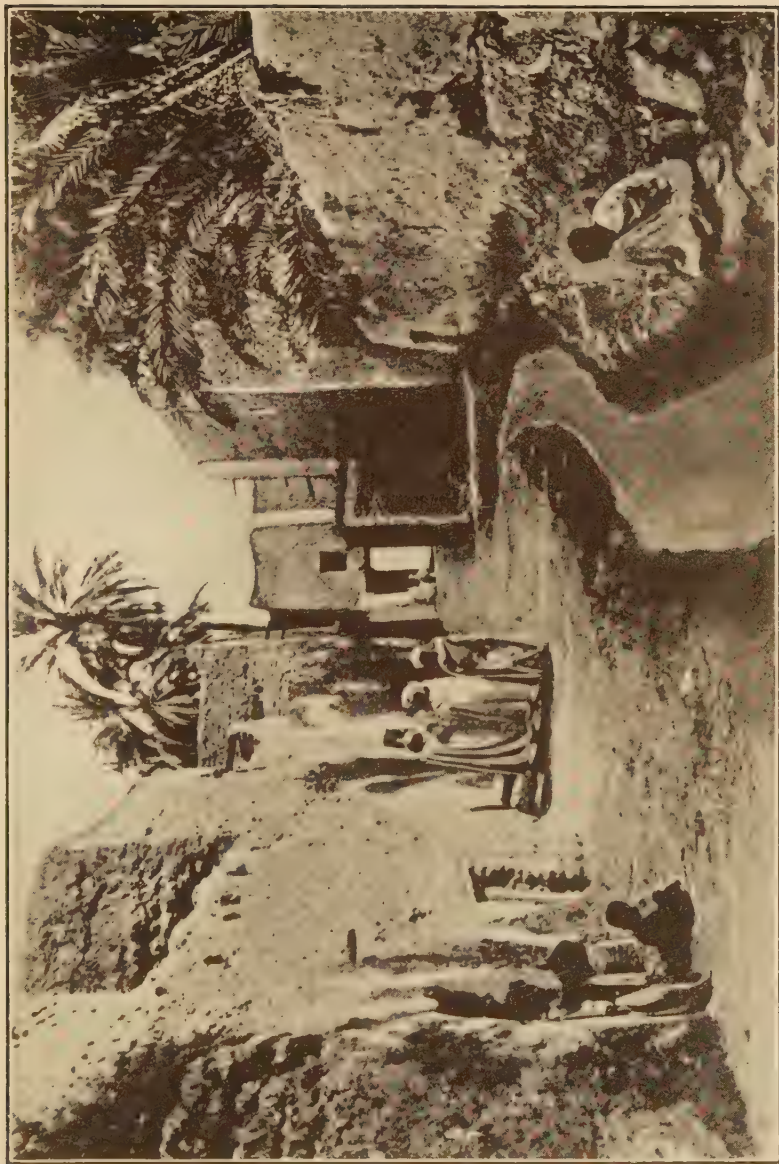
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though waiting to be gathered, but always so high that the pickers must climb the trees. That is easily done, as the cut leaves of the palms each year leave scars, serving as foot rests for the bare-footed youngsters. The date palm grows rapidly, and trees of a few years' growth yield heavily.

Dates were in the market for the first time to-day. "You are the first European to taste the dates yet," they told the happy Flambeau, forgetting his nationality. And later they also assured him that he was the only American in Biskra or in Constantine, or in the wide belt of Algeria, at this time. Visitors seldom come out of the tourist season, which is from December to March or April. The wily traveler was secretly glad that he had escaped the hordes of rich tourists, European and American.

The Jardin Landon, or "Garden of Allah," became the next attraction. It was almost like the story in the book. The gardener gathered for the visitor a tropical bouquet of red Hibiscus blossoms, with a blue, heliotrope-like flower intermixed. Overhead towered the splendid palms, which, mingled with other trees, offer a grateful shade from the fiery sun. There one may sit and dream away the day in the little squares and corners of the park. Streams of water were flowing, and fountains played. There was also a Turkish Salon, open and magnificent in the season, with other attractions, now quiet and deserted.

The real feature of the visit, even more thrilling than Count Landon's Garden, was the drive through



A STREET IN OLD BISKRA, Algeria. The rivulet serves all purposes for the village.  
The walls are of mud architecture.  
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BRAHIM BEN BOULAKRAS, guide to Flambeau in Biskra.  
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"Old Biskra," a village of sun-baked mud houses, with an oasis of palms inclosed by mud walls, and some 10,000 miserable Arab inhabitants. This mud "architecture" is a native curiosity, lasting indefinitely, so they say, although here and there were signs of repair.

Running water in the gutters seemed to serve for bathing and drinking purposes. It looked like a sewer, but might have been the overflow of fountains now and then found in the streets. The inhabitants are wretched-looking creatures, with half-clothed children, but some among them wore considerable jewelry, and may have been better off than they appeared. They must be strong, to survive at all in such an environment. There was a little Mosque, which the Arabs permitted the American to enter, and from the minaret he could study the city roofs, quaint and interesting, flat for sleeping at night; and he could look into the palm gardens behind the mud walls.

No grass was to be seen, apparently everything was baked by the sun; or possibly this mud is so hard that grass refuses to grow in it, even when well watered. The river beds are dried, but in the middle of the Oued Biskra one may see the kubba or tomb of Sidi Zerzour, the pious marabout who once commanded the river to stop rising, and it obeyed him. Later, according to his wish, they built his tomb in the center of the river. Tall cypress trees stand here and there, like sentinels. Isn't "kubba" the origin



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of our American "cupboard"? tell us, some etymologist.

A diminutive tram, with two cross seats, runs occasionally in Biskra along a tiny track. It is drawn by two mules, and looks exceedingly primitive. In Constantine, there is an overhead trolley, without rails, and there the cars careen madly up and down hill, but they never seem to get "off the trolley."

A visit to the quaint Biskra market completed the busy morning. There Flambeau bought two native Arab knives, with double-curved blades mounted in gazelle horns, for 8 francs (a rare bargain), and a woven native-grass basket for 2 francs (ditto!), besides a native flute for 1 franc (on which Brahim, who is a musician, can play a real tune). This shopping over, he returned to the hotel to rest, while the day grew hotter and hotter.

The American had a luncheon invitation, a real honor, at a native home, that of Brahim, so at eleven o'clock came Saadi, once more to accompany him to the feast. Saadi was an old friend at the home of Brahim, his cousin, yet properly he could not meet the ladies of the family; on arrival at the door the guests waited outside, while Brahim, who was with them, went in ahead to bid the women of his household retire, as they never meet the men visitors. Brahim and Saadi removed their shoes at the door before going in, but Flambeau rather shamelessly wore his. Then they sat down in Brahim's little house, which was not so little after all, for there were many rooms and several floors. Flambeau was afterward con-

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ducted to the top, and out of compliment to his nationality, he was permitted to meet the ladies, who seemed charmed at the little diversion. They never sit at table with the men.

Although he had begged that the meal might be all Arab, and of only one dish, which is their custom, Flambeau suspected that some concessions had been made to his supposed foreign tastes. The principal course was "coos-coos," a sort of stew, made with coarse flour, strained several times through a sieve, after being mixed with water, and then cooked with meat and vegetables. This is the usual Arab food, and it is eaten from a large dish, each member of the family being furnished with a spoon, and all partaking in common. But out of honor to the American, these hospitable people had added two or three other dainties, beginning with an Arab "*hors d'œuvre*" of tomatoes, cucumbers, onions and green peppers, cut up together with French dressing. Try it sometime at home, to begin your dinner. It's a fine appetizer.

"Kissera," the native Arab bread, hard round cakes cut in triangles, was at hand, and it is delicious! You can simulate that very well by combining flour and corn meal, and making a pone without "rising," much like a hard, flat corn-bread that didn't "raise." Good, too, um-m!

Soup generously flavored with red pepper, like a curry, was the second dish, served in pretty Arab plates of white china with a flower decoration in the center, for strictly speaking the Arab art permits of

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not much representation excepting conventional figures and flowers. The human figure is "taboo" in their design, and it is partly due to this superstitious fear of robbing the soul by making a "double" that the women object so deeply to being photographed, as well as on account of their natural modesty, and their desire not to have their pictures publicly reproduced. This antipathy Flambeau was happily able to overcome several times, so that he secured very correct photographs of native women.

Two pretty negro girls, quite black but dolled out in smart native finery, who walked the streets of Biskra, ran away from his kodak, though they were quite unveiled, not being Arab women.

His hosts at the Arab luncheon offered to procure some wine for their American guest, but he luckily remembered in time that, properly, the Mohammedan ritualism does not permit its followers wine, so he declined, as neither of his two companions took anything spirituous. Instead, all three drank the native water of Biskra, copiously permeated with magnesia, the most strongly flavored water the American had ever swallowed.

Dessert, though he feared again that this might be a concession to his presence, was watermelon, tasting just the same as at home. Besides this, there were other fruits, grapes, peaches, and the first ripe dates of the season. These last were of an orange-yellow color, but were better when they had turned to dark brown, which is the fully ripe color. Our preserved dates at home are much like those of the

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desert, which are simply pressed down into boxes for exportation. They are naturally sweet, quite as we receive them, and have no sugar added.

An oasis, or date farm in the desert, is not difficult to procure, and Flambeau hoped that he might find a small one, within his modest means, and retire to the Sahara, there to write and study forever. He would learn Arabic, read the Koran, and translate the unwritten stories of the Arabs, especially of the Nomads, or gypsy Arabs, which they would tell him from day to day, as their little caravans stopped for a night at his oasis, where he would be host. These date farms may be procured for \$1,000 or a trifle more, up to much larger sums. Then one employs an Arab overseer, who brings his native Arabs, and the farm pays for itself. One has no anxiety, as everything is managed. When the warm season arrives, the owner may go up to Tunis, the Riviera, or Switzerland, and then return when he will to the date farm. It is an ideal life.

Luncheon being over, at which none of the ladies had appeared, although Brahim's little daughter served the different courses of food, the unusual was granted to the trusted Flambeau, permission to speak with the ladies of the family and to take a couple of snaps, which did not turn out well, owing to the light. The women, all of them pretty, were both young and old. They wore such charming jewelry, bracelets, anklets, and ear-rings, that it proclaimed Brahim a rich man, but he was so modest one might never have guessed it. He is a high type Moham-

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medan, and speaks French well, besides his native Arabic, and also a little English. He and Saadi devoted themselves to giving Flambeau a royal time in Biskra and the Desert. Without them, he might very probably have missed everything.

Late afternoon, and high time to start to the Desert on the camping tour. The camels were ready, kneeling down, uttering protesting cries, as they were loaded with the tents, mats, bedding, rugs, cooking utensils and food. The latter was packed in a good-sized wooden trunk-like box for the purpose. The industrious Flambeau took along his "Corona" portable typewriter, and it certainly looked funny, dangling from a stick, over which they had slung it on the camel's back. But that was not the first time probably that a "Corona" has gone into the Desert.

Brahim took his flute. Then they assisted the awkward Flambeau to mount his camel, and held him carefully in place while the mysterious creature rose up behind, then got up in front, after which the little caravan started on its pilgrimage with the young foreigner feeling like a Sheik for a day!

Down through the mud villages of Old Biskra they passed, by oases tempting enough to induce one to stop the night, had it not been the insatiable Flambeau's ambition to camp on the Desert. They met flocks of milch goats, and herds of cattle, driven back to their lodgings for the night by Arab youths.

Everything the Arabs do is always picturesque, as are their costumes. They are perhaps the most





ROOF OF HAREM, Ladies of Brahim's Family, Biskra.  
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A SMALL CARAVAN IN THE DESERT OF THE SAHARA, beyond Biskra.  
The Col de Sfa, where Flambeau camped.  
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FATHEUL ARAB GUNES, at Carthage, Monsieur Tayeb  
ben Ahmed (right) and Monsieur Mohammed  
Zouaoui (left).  
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LE RIVIERE PIERRE DELATRE, Director of the Museum,  
Carthage.  
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## BISKRA: THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

poetic people in the world, and hardly deserve the reputation they have for sharp bargains. They do like to bargain, however, so one must haggle a bit with them, and then they are sure to come down to a reasonable price.

Over the mud walls of the oases Flambeau looked into date gardens, where he saw also olive trees and oranges. Sitting by their humble doorways were many Arabs, mostly men, a few children, watching the day fade. Two were reading in the dim light under their walls, one an Arabic newspaper, and the other a book, though what its subject was, the American was unable to see. The former was reading to a little audience, and Flambeau at once became consumed with a desire for an Arabic newspaper to bring home, a modest wish, easily gratified later.

Luckily for the traveler, there was no simoom or sirocco, both of which are frequent in summer, but only a cool breeze from the north, which continued as they reached the Desert, and became even stronger with the night. The full, round moon rose at exactly the moment the sun was sinking. Then darkness fell so fast that the Arabs could scarcely finish slinging Flambeau's tent. It was a generous one, with a folding couch, bedding and rugs, an especially pretty Moorish rug on the sand beside the couch. In the dusk, they ate dinner by the early moonlight.

Saadi had a little surprise for his guest, following the soup which formed the first course. It was a squab, "pigeon," cooked with peas. They had also

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a bottle of distilled water for him, besides bread, and fruit, grapes and peaches, all served very punctiliously on an "Arab table," a sleeping mat covered with the gay Moorish rug. Flambeau was divinely content.

Soon he was writing in the Desert by the light of a candle. "Here is the true Garden of Allah," he enthused, "according to the Arabs, for that is what they call the Desert, stretching so far away to east and west, north and south. The round, silver moon is climbing up the sky, and it is looking into the tent, which is open toward the East, Mecca, and the rising sun of to-morrow.

"The Arabs are singing 'The Nomad's Song,' a gypsy lyric, and Brahim is playing the flute. He has just stopped by the tent, seen me hard at work, and wished me '*Bon courage!*' Oh, they are good comrades, these men of the Desert. Brahim has the look of a Bedouin, and he is brave, he has flown in an airplane, which Saadi would never dare to attempt, if he could avoid it. . . ."

There is an air line operating from Algiers to Biskra, daily by "*aerienne*," and the venturesome Flambeau would gladly have traveled that way, but it was not running in summer, so he had to make two long days' journeys by railway train to reach this delectable spot, the Garden of Allah.

There he resolved to remain forever, and to forget, if possible, that somewhere men and women toil each day for bread, which is never plentiful enough; that



## BISKRA: THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

somewhere else they make war and kill one another, slaves of modern tyrannies, money and politics.

Out here in the Desert there was a sense of deep repose. Though some have found the Desert stimulating, to the American it seemed soothing to-night, as he gazed at the moon, his Moon, because it had come full at just the right time for him. He tried to find old friends among the stars, always the passion of the Arabs, those great astronomers, astrologers, mathematicians, and inventors of Algebra, plague of schooldays. Low in the north were the Big and the Little Bear, Ursa Major and Minor, the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper, and overhead the Pleiades and Cassiopea. But Orion did not rise, as it was midsummer, until nearly morning, when his chariot came driving up the eastern sky, an hour or two before the Sun.

The camels, turned loose as soon as the caravan had fully arrived, found a little pasturage in the rough herbage of this outskirts of the Desert, and they partook of that. Then their Arab attendant, who was accompanied by his little son, parked them near the American's tent for the night. They knelt and contentedly chewed the cud in a loud and vigorous manner, turning their heads occasionally from side to side, but not rising, because in fact, so Flambeau observed next morning, they were each tethered about the foreleg by a cord clipped on, which keeps the joint closed. Probably it is not cruel the way these beasts are handled; they take it as a matter of course, and their driver understands them. Besides, they



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protest vigorously by funny cries when displeased, or if they think they are to be loaded too heavily.

The camel is a positively uncanny creature, with his curious facial expression. He seems utterly unaffectionate. Flambeau attempted to caress one of his camels by a gentle pat, but got no response except a curious stare, rather suspicious though unafraid. It was as if the camel said, "You're just as funny as I am. So there!"

To ride a camel is not difficult, unless he runs, when it is harder. Some "express camels" in the Desert run all the time on long journeys. The camels in Flambeau's little caravan were about nine years old, and well grown. A camel will live to twenty-five and over.

The six Arabs all sat around a small fire, telling stories and listening to their flute-player. Sometimes they sang. Their names were Ali, Hachani, Moussa, and Ahmed, besides Saadi and Brahim. Arabs are very religious, and pray five times daily, with their faces turned toward Mecca. If one is accompanied by an Arab, at the hours of nine, twelve, or three o'clock, the latter will cover his head with his burnous, and a gentle murmuring tells that he is saying his accustomed prayer. Sunrise and sunset are sacred to prayer. As Flambeau's caravan was arriving in the Desert, at sunset, the hour for prayers occurred in the village of Biskra, and faintly, even here, came the echo of the Mueddin's cry from the minaret of the Mosque to all the Faithful, north, south, east and west: "Great is Allah.

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He is the Only One, and Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah!"

The wanderer was thinking of his friends at home that night, in faraway America, and wondering if he would ever see them again. At length he was writing postcards: "Alone in the Sahara, under a full moon, with my caravan of two camels and six Arabs."

And now the Arabs' little fire burned low and died away; the moon climbed higher; the camels chewed their cuds more fiercely in the silence; the sleeping mats were spread, and each Arab wrapped himself in his burnous and lay down for a night of pleasant dreams.

Only sleepy Saadi roused himself from his nap, and murmured, with his languorous eyes full of visions of American riches, "Oh, that you were a millionaire, M'sieu Flambeau, or that I was one, and we would travel over the world together, and I would be your slave!"

But Flambeau protested, "Not for me, not millions! Only the Desert, the Garden of Allah, my Arabs and my camels, and a little oasis date farm far away in the central Sahara."

## CHAPTER XV

### TUNIS, ITS BEAUTY AND MYSTERY; ANCIENT CARTHAGE TO-DAY

Great is Allah, and there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the Prophet of Allah.

—*Koran.*

*VIN rouge où vin blanc?*" the pretty waitress was asking Flambeau, as he sat on the hotel terrace at Carthage, overlooking the lovely Bay of Tunis and surrounded by the excavated ruins of that ancient city, which first belonged to the Phoenicians.

The traveler had found a new companion, Monsieur Tayeb ben Ahmed, most charming of Mohammedans. Although he declined to drink any wine himself, being a ritualist, and it is forbidden by the Koran, M. ben Ahmed advised the American to sample the wine of Carthage, which is widely famous.

Queen Dido, long ago, three thousand years, perhaps on this very terrace, royally entertained the errant Æneas, as told in Virgil's epic. She had obtained her territory by a sob story to the Punic settlers, from whom she begged just a little land, only what an ox-hide would cover. How could they deny

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her such a mere trifle? She and her maidens then cut the ox skin into shoestring threads, and tramped all day far and wide until they had covered acres and acres of ground for the wily Queen Dido, who was not only a vamp but a fox.

Here she reigned for years, and held her court, of which even the last vestige has disappeared now, although certain underground chambers are still pointed out, called the "Baths of Dido." Where is all the rest? Possibly an industrious archæologist may dig up more some day.

Flambeau had come on a little mission to Carthage, which as every one knows adjoins Tunis, in order to meet the Père DeLattre, director of the Musée Lavigerie and a member of the Order of the Pères Blancs, or "White Fathers," who are missionaries of Africa. This order was founded by the revered Cardinal Lavigerie, whose tomb is here in the Cathedral of St. Louis, where are also interred the ashes of the French monarch, King Louis IX, who died of plague in 1270.

The Pères Blancs, by courteous diplomacy, have adopted as their habit the white burnous and red fez of the Arabs, which gives them an indigenous appearance, and has proved vastly popular in their work. The good Père DeLattre was thus attired, as he came to meet Flambeau and his Mohammedan companion. He then conducted them through the Museum, which is greatly enriched by the continuous work of this scholarly priest, for fifty years. He has personally directed the excavations at Carthage.

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Although now nearly eighty years old, as he told his visitor, few would believe it possible, so strong and youthful does he seem.

The great archæological work of the Père DeLattre is not unknown in the United States, where accounts of it have been broadcast by Count Byron de Prorok, with his moving picture films of excavations of his own and the Père DeLattre for the buried cities of Carthage and its environs. The American brought the good priest a published account of this work, which he had not yet seen, and in return the Père DeLattre presented his visitor with publications and pictures of Carthage and its unearthed ruins.

The French Government, which exercises a Protectorate over Tunisia although the Bey nominally rules there, claims all results of excavations at Carthage, and does not permit promiscuous collecting.

For this reason Flambeau had despaired of making any worthwhile finds at Carthage in the way of antiquities, but "*mirabile dictu!*" (to quote Virgil) he did it, actually fetching home with him a group of curios that became the envy of his friends. There was an ancient Greek coin of silver with Pegasus on one side and a head of Minerva on the other, a clay lamp of the early Christian period, Roman coins, and possibly even Punic remains in the souvenirs he obtained.

The Lavigerie Museum at Carthage has some antiquities to sell, as they are numerous and easily found here, but as a rule they are quickly bought up by visitors. However, another Arab attached to



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the Hotel Saint-Louis, M. Mohamed Zouaoui, had a little collection of his own, from which with M. ben Ahmed's help, the American made several selections. M. Zouaoui also gave him a fragment of marble with an inscription, which some archæologist might decipher. Besides these relics (and the Greek coin alone might be worth \$100), the little party, picked up here and there, as they strolled about the ruins of Carthage, a group of fragments, the handle of an old water jar, a bit of lamp, mosaics, and other pieces of personal interest merely for their association.

Have you ever collected? If not, you do not know the fun of doing it. No wonder the great scholars go about, begging their rich friends for donations to continue excavating ruins! Flambeau had always laughed at them before, but now he became sympathetic with their enthusiasm, since he found himself infected by the desire to find rare things at Carthage.

It is not entirely easy, either, to know the antique from the fairly modern there, for considerable recent building work has been done. The Lavigerie Museum has its Moorish columns and extensive gardens. The Cathedral is known as "Primatiale de St. Cyprien et de St. Louis," in the Byzantine-Moorish style, bright with marbles and gold. These buildings date only from 1884-90. Besides these, there is the Hôtel Saint-Louis.

All of these more recent buildings occupy the former citadel of ancient Carthage. The only original ruin above the surface is the stylobate of a Roman Temple. Many others may still be found below the

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ground here as elsewhere at Carthage, where only a comparatively small part has yet been excavated. New and modern summer hotels and villas are now being built along the water front on much of this land, which has been sold locally by the Government, because of its need for funds. This matter is causing the scholars considerable worry and regret, lest priceless antiquities should lie beneath.

In the lovely gardens surrounding the Museum, many of the larger relics, old water jars, tombs and statues, are exhibited in suitable environment, among the trees. Smaller objects, collected mostly from the ancient tombs, are ranged in the museum halls, and they include fine mosaics, the mosaic flooring of baths and other apartments in elaborate design, besides implements and early household utensils.

Even finer than the remains shown at the Museum of Carthage are the collections in the Bardo Museum in Tunis, ten miles away. There, much of the best of the art of Carthage has been gathered, besides remarkable Moorish rooms in the adjoining Musée Arabe. This official collection, known as the Musée du Bardo, or Musée Alaoui, was named after Bey Ali Pasha of 1882 to 1902. It contains not only the best assemblage of antiques in Barbary, but in its name also serves to recall the Bardo Treaty of 1881 with France, which ended the independence of Tunisia. The treaty was concluded in the near-by Kassar-Said, a château of the Bey.

The Palace of the Beys, erected in 1782 by Hamuda Bey, is another of the sights of Tunis. M.

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Tayeb ben Ahmed accompanied Flambeau through this strange Moorish palace, with its harems and secret doors, and by his adroit explanations added much to its intrinsic interest.

Monsieur ben Ahmed has been a great traveler in Europe as well as in his own land of Algeria and Tunis. He had formerly a caravan for the Sahara Desert. This was commissioned for the theatrical company playing "The Garden of Allah" in London, where it proved an immense success. Ben Ahmed was in charge of the desert scenes. It was while with the troupe in London that he met his future wife, a young and charming English girl also playing with the company, and a romance followed. This company performed also in Paris at the time of the visit of President and Mrs. Wilson, and the little English actress, with the others, had the honor of a personal meeting with Mrs. Wilson, when she and the President attended the play. These British actors sang "The Star Spangled Banner" in honor of their distinguished American visitors in Paris.

"Does Madame ben Ahmed veil herself like the Tunisian women?" every one will of course ask. No, indeed, she is just the same little English girl, now only twenty-three years of age. They have a handsome young son, whose acquaintance Flambeau was allowed to make at five o'clock tea in their home, at Hammam-Lif, a suburb of Tunis, by invitation of Madame ben Ahmed. Afterward her husband permitted her to accompany their guest to a performance of "The Sheik," with Rudolph Valentino as the

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star, just then in the cinema of Tunis. The American had made up a little party for the occasion from his hotel.

"But has this Arab other wives?" somebody else is asking now. Once again, no, indeed. He is quite European, and on one occasion he almost became American. It was nearly fifteen years ago, when as a very young man he was invited to become a teacher of Arabic in California. M. ben Ahmed arrived in New York, and not being informed of the technicalities of our immigration restrictions, found himself in unforeseen difficulties.

Although he was then a bachelor, and at that time intended never to marry, he was excluded because of his religion. But he believes that he would have no difficulty now in entering the United States, and is in fact contemplating a visit.

The quantity of plunder that Flambeau managed to acquire during his short visit in Tunis was almost alarming, when he considered the difficulties with the American Customs authorities at New York. He had pottery from the noted works of "Les Fils de J. Chelma" (J. Chelma's Sons), the most celebrated manufacturers of ceramics in Tunis, with a famous factory in the Route du Bardo. In the Souks, or market of Tunis, Flambeau found handsome hand-tooled and embroidered leather goods at the shop of Hamida Baba Ahmed. But the most beguiling merchant he encountered was a vender of Oriental costumes, also in the Souks, where the articles for sale are much finer and more beautiful than one sees

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in Algiers. Although he spent some thousands of francs, all that he had at the moment, for harem costumes of fantastic style in bright colors, or rich with gold embroidery, he was not sorry. But afterwards he became almost afraid of Tunis and its lovely wares, lest he might not escape at all. Don't think he was robbed. Far from it, he would have given hundreds and thousands more, if possible, and done it gladly, too.

There was no time to visit Kairouan, the desert show place of Tunisia, but Flambeau plans soon to return for that expedition. And then he hopes to find in Tunisia, rather than Algeria, that little oasis in the Desert, a date farm which he is going to make his future home, especially so if M. and Mme. ben Ahmed will accompany him, and manage his property for him. Then in the hot summers, they may come north together to the little villa at Hammam-Lif, or to one of those islands in the Mediterranean, or even go to Switzerland, if the oasis proves quite paying.

The Arab overseer will attend to the entire management. Not only dates, but oranges, grapefruit, peaches, and other fruits may be raised there. The Sahara Desert is fairly well policed. Although it is under the French Protectorate, its patrol is left to the Arab Kaid, who are vigilant gendarmes.

A "pith helmet," strongly recommended by Baedeker for wear in these North African countries, was another trophy, which was later on to prove even



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more useful in China, although Flambeau did not anticipate this at the time.

The honorable Bey of Tunis, Sidi Mohamed el Habib, was on a visit to Paris at the moment of Flambeau's arrival, so that a glimpse of His Majesty was not possible. A good photograph was found, however, which shows him to be an elderly man of mild and pleasing face. Portraits of the long line of former Beys (his relatives, of course, for the office is hereditary) may be observed in visiting the Bey's Palace. Their faces are strong and positive, but not unkindly. They are a quite different type, however from the Kings and Emperors of Europe, whose portraits adorn the many other royal palaces, which the American had visited. And on the other hand, the Beys represent an even greater contrast to the portraits of bishops, cardinals and similar ecclesiastics whose pictures adorn the cathedrals, galleries, archbishops' palaces, and university halls of Europe.

These three types, monarchical rulers, religious leaders, and beys, prefigure the power of the past, for to-day, in every country, the people are becoming more dominating. Citizens of Tunisia, however, have no vote, but they are in the main contented. There is even some organization of labor unions, although no concerted effort.

And what of the women of Tunisia? perhaps you are asking. They veil themselves more than any others in northern Africa. They dress in white, and wear a black face cloth, pinned closely about the features, one band above the eyes and another below,

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looking exactly like very black negresses, as they go about the streets. Most of them have a tendency to stoutness. Occasionally one sees them accompanying their husbands, behind them a servant, perhaps, carrying the baby. The Tunisian wives seem very good humored and quite, quite satisfied. No doubt they in turn feel sorry for poor American and English women, so free in fact but often so unsatisfied.

The *culte* of native life among these Mohammedans has been well outlined by a French writer, R. Bouquero de Voligny, a retired Lieutenant-Colonel, in his book, "*A Tunis, derrière les Murs.*" The customs and religious practices of the Arabs are discussed in an impartial and interesting manner. An English woman has translated the work under the title, "Behind Tunisian Walls."

The French author is a friend of M. Tayeb ben Ahmed, who kindly gave Flambeau a copy. In it he found much to confirm his impression that sympathy on the part of women of other countries is well wasted here, because these native women have a recognized status satisfactory to them, but they might lose it at once, were they to adopt western standards.

The Prophet was far-sighted, and provided carefully for woman's position and protection, for the upbringing of the family, and for an elaborate system of etiquette in home life. This certainly ameliorates their supposed servitude.

If an Arab maiden does not like the husband offered her, she does not have to accept him, and she

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cannot be forced to do so. She has had, in most cases, far more opportunity to observe him than he has to see her, for she is always closely veiled, and he has never spoken with her, unless possibly years before when they were little children together. Sometimes the boys remember these former playmates, and ask their mothers, "What about So-and-So? Would she be a good wife?" And mamma decides, for she it is who always chooses for the young man.

The Arab men are much superior in appearance to the women, since their wild, free life gives them a strength and independence lacking in the women. But from time immemorial, have not men preferred the clinging vine woman? *Voilà!*

Tunis is a long, long day's ride from Constantine in Algeria whither the rambling Flambeau had returned from the Desert. Half way back he and Saadi had motored over to Timgad for the Roman ruins, perhaps the best preserved in the world.

He came a stranger to Tunis, but when the time to leave arrived, he felt that he had many friends there. First was M. Tayeb ben Ahmed, and next came M. Emile Audemard, the French proprietor of his excellent hotel, where by great good luck he proved to be the only summer guest at the time, hence much attention was lavished upon him. M. Audemard is a university graduate, and speaks English well. In the season, his popular Hôtel de Paris is always crowded. The favorite months are October, March and April.

Americans, for some unknown reason, seem doubly



THE SITE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE TODAY,  
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A TUNISIAN BEAUTY, Nomad Type, of Kairouan.  
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THE BEY OF TUNIS, Honorable Sidi Mohamed el Habib.  
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A VEILED WOMAN OF TUNIS  
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welcome in Tunis, where every door opens at once, especially if the visitor is also a writer.

It would be impossible, in less than a volume, to do justice to the sightseeing of Tunis, the parks and drives, and the trip to Carthage. The Jardin du Belvedere, and the Pavilion of the Belvedere, offer enchanting views of the Harbor of Tunis. The modern Cathedral, with its Byzantine-Moorish interior of mosaics and gold, the street life, and the pretty shops with rare bargains, all serve to entertain. In the coffee houses, thick Arab coffee, in small cups, is to be slowly sipped, while one watches the natives sitting there.

One event of Tunis, or rather of Kairouan, Flambeau unfortunately missed for lack of time to make the trip there. That was the serpent charmers. These men fondle large, poisonous snakes and permit them to bite without harm. The serpents also perform curious feats. The exhibition ranks with that of the Dancing Dervishes.

Universal courtesy was in evidence when Flambeau prepared to depart, and purchased his ticket for Palermo, in Sicily. The manager of the steamship company spoke a little English. He told Flambeau, "Second class is quite good enough. I will give you a bed in a cabin, where the other passenger registered has an English name. You may find some one congenial." This proved to be the case, with only two in a large three-berth state room. It was a very comfortable voyage to Palermo. The second class was in fact so good that Flambeau speculated as to how palatial the first might have been.

## CHAPTER XVI

SICILY: MESSINA, MT. ETNA, TAORMINA; NAPLES

My soul to-day  
Is far away  
Sailing the blue Vesuvian Bay;  
My wingèd boat,  
A bird afloat,  
Swims round those purple peaks remote.  
—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

I SHOULD have gone to America, and married an American girl," his Italian host was saying.

"Yes, a rich one," agreed Flambeau frivolously.

"No, an American girl!" rebuked the gallant Sicilian, with the kindly eyes.

They were sitting almost under the shadow of Mount Etna, still smoking faintly, while far below them stretched the lovely blue Straits of Messina and the coast of Calabria, Italy, which lies opposite the charming old cliff town of Taormina, with its ancient ruins. Here the wandering Flambeau found himself once more so enthralled that he wished to stay there forever.

He understood now the attachment of the Sicilians to their fiery mountain, the highest volcano in Europe, Monte Etna, 10,958 feet. Along its slopes



TUNIS, A VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF THE MOSQUE.  
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MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION, Sicily. Ashes fell at Taormina, 20 miles away.  
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## SICILY: MESSINA, MT. ETNA

to-day hundreds of Italians were rebuilding their peasant huts, returning to their old love, who is almost sure to deluge them again sometime soon with furious lava, smoke, and ashes, as she did not so long ago. Eye witnesses, whom the American met and talked with there, told him how they saw the old houses shake and fall, and watched the little towns destroyed under a flaming sheet of fire.

Ashes fell at Taormina; Flambeau carried carefully home with him a small box of them. The view of the eruption was magnificent there. Shortly after the calamity, the American Consul at Messina, Mr. George L. Brandt, of Washington, D. C., with Mrs. Brandt, who had formerly been private secretary to Senator Poindexter, together made the journey to Mount Etna, to see if they might be of aid, and also to learn the exact conditions. But so adaptable are the Sicilians that already they had settled down again to their old life, almost as if nothing had ever happened.

When the Tokyo earthquake disaster occurred, a few months later, the Sicilians of Messina were the first to cable their sympathy, for—according to their Italian newspapers—they said they could understand better than any others what must be the suffering and terror of the Oriental victims.

Messina, which was a grand city fifteen or twenty years ago, before the earthquake of 1908, is still in ruins since its more recent catastrophe, but building operations are everywhere in evidence. According to the American Consul, many of the poorer Mes-



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sinians are quite content to live as at present, in temporary barracks which they have rent-free from the Government, and subject only to slight expenses for repairs. However, the city is gradually building up again, even rapidly according to some citizens. But it is no longer impressive; its old glory, the Cathedral, and many other important buildings were totally wrecked.

Nearly opposite Messina is the town of Reggio, Calabria. Flambeau made a ferry-boat ride over there in order to get the view of the surroundings of Messina, and of Mount Etna towering above the sea. The volcano is always different, touched with rosy light at morning and evening, and at other times deep blue, purple, or cloud-capped. The ferries do the trip of eight miles in less than an hour.

The visit to Palermo, the capital of Sicily, where Flambeau had landed on his Mediterranean steamer from Tunis, proved disappointing, as he had anticipated too much of this famous old seaport. However, nothing could obscure its real glory and the picturesque environs, so long a strategic center for the Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Ostrogoths, Byzantines, Moors, Normans, Spanish, and now at length Italians, all of whom in turn have been its conquerors.

The old churches here are rich in Byzantine mosaics and gold decoration. The American did not omit any of the noted ones, beginning with the Cathedral, dedicated to the Assumption, built on the site of a Moorish mosque and erected at the beginning

## SICILY: MESSINA, MT. ETNA

in the twelfth century. Other famous churches are the Cappella Palatina, or impressive chapel of the Royal Palace; San Giovanni degli Eremiti (St. John of the Hermits), with a mosque and cloistered garden, very attractive; La Martorana (The Martyrs), and others, besides the old Cathedral of Monreale, a suburb with a splendid view from its heights. In this Church are some of the quaintest and most fascinating of the brilliant mosaics, a series of Adam and Eve, Noah and the Ark, and Saints and Angels, very celebrated.

Palermo has an important National Museum, with a collection of antiquities and a picture gallery. The latter was not open when the American visited the place, but he determined to see it. So, after enjoying the old Roman and Greek sculptures, many of them quite perfect and others interestingly fragmentary, he proceeded to the Director's office and informed the clerk that he had come a long way and must see the pictures.

"Impossible! The gallery was closed to-day. If he would return another time." Not Flambeau! Besides he was leaving town, and could not do so.

Luckily, at that moment a young man arrived, who said he was a "conservator," and spoke English. His name was Franchi Tuzzo, and he gave the stranger the necessary permission and furnished an escort to conduct him through this rare collection of Old Masters, at that season open only on Sundays.

The modern pictures were not important, but there was a long list of Sicilian names new to the

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American. What he remembered best was a beautiful Memling, "The Madonna and Child with Saint Catherine and another Saint," in a tryptich, which folds over, quite Flemish, and a painting by Giorgio Vasari, author of the Italian classic, "Lives of the Painters," and a pupil of Michelangelo. Copies of noted masterpieces were in evidence.

This gallery had neither catalogue, post cards, nor photographs of its works, which must surely include a number of important originals, for there were rooms upon rooms of framed canvases, many of them not even labeled. The Primitives were especially striking, often in early Byzantine style.

The little town of Taormina, 673 feet above the blue bay below, is off the railway line, which skirts the azure Straits all the way from Messina, an hour's ride north, to Giardini, the railway station. From there one drives to Taormina, an old Roman ruin, very picturesque, anciently known as "*Tauromenium*." The people here are as industrious as in some little Alpine hamlet, and they are very friendly toward tourists, Americans in particular. They all answered the visitor's "*buon giorno*" with a smile and nod, excepting two German boys, for Italy is a favorite resort for Germans, especially since the war. Taormina is one of the show places of Italy, with a fairy sea below and Mount Etna above. It lies as if suspended along a mountain side.

Flambeau climbed on foot to the ruined castle, 1,300 feet, very steep, to see the sunset over Mount Etna at its best, and was not disappointed. Next



SICILIAN DONKEY CART, seen near Palermo. A Holiday Excursion.  
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ARAB DONKEY GIRLS NEAR CARTHAGE.  
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LITTLE ITALIAN BOY JUST OUT OF A SEA BATH, Palermo.  
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day by donkey he mounted to the still higher town of Mola, 2,083 feet, a quaint little village. One would say that war could never intrude here, so peaceful is this spot, with the calm sea stretching far below, indenting the jutting coast, and only silent mountains rising everywhere about, Etna smoking in the distance. Yet on the little village monument in Mola, Flambeau read the names of twenty or more of its sons who had died heroically for their country in the late war.

Although but an indifferent donkey rider, Flambeau succeeded in getting up these heights on one of Rosario's best beasts, "Francesca," so Rosario said she is named, because she is a "Signora," and he has "cinque" others, but Francesca is the favorite. Rosario, a Taormina village boy, knows only one English word, caught from English and American tourists, and this he pronounces with striking emphasis, just as he has heard them exclaim: "Beau-ti-ful!"

The climb up these cliffs is by a narrow path of stairs, barely hanging on the sides of the mountain, so it seems. The donkeys go from side to side, picking their slow steps, and the traveler thinks at every turn his little beast will fall over the cliff, and he at the same time. For safety, Flambeau walked most of the way down, an easier method than clinging to a donkey.

One fair morning he rose at 4:30 to greet the sunrise from the Roman ruins and the Greek Theatre of Taormina. There he had a full view of the sun coming up over the Calabrian coast opposite, touch-

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ing the sea with gold, and then painting Mount Etna's upper slopes with pink color, leaving the dark blue below, and never stopping until every bit of coast and little town was tinged with morning light, even to the cypresses and white tombstones of the little cemetery of Taormina, all of which was spread out below. At night the moon rose above the same calm sea, visible from his balconied window at the front of the hotel, or from the terrace-roof above. The rocky shore, just below the town, is reached by a winding foot-path. There one may bathe, go boating and fishing or explore the grottoes of the little island, Isola Bella.

Quite too soon, however, it was time for the long, long ride to Naples, from Messina. The boats are now so irregular since the war that it is more satisfactory to go by train. The daily service between Palermo and Rome is via Messina and Naples. The cars are ferried over to the Calabrian coast, the same ferry by which the American had crossed to Reggio. There they are attached to a long train going northward.

It is a night trip, but Italians seldom or never take the sleeping coaches, although tourists insist upon them. Rich Italians may go first class, but the fairly prosperous, as a rule, take second, renting a small pillow for the night at the starting point. Flambeau determined to try his luck with them.

With his usual good fortune, he was able to get a seat, among five Italians in the compartment, for the train was more than crowded. By this time

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Flambeau felt pretty much one of the company. He spent the night asleep, sitting bolt upright, as the rest did.

On arrival he found all his luggage safe, stacked in the passageway where he had left it. He was glad that nobody had "swiped" his "Corona" in its case there all night, with the rest. The other bags were now so heavy that nobody would want them.

Arrived in Naples, Flambeau remembered a favorite hotel, where he and a group of friends had been guests a year before. Although he had not ordered in advance this time, the hotel bus was meeting the train as usual, and after a long ride across the city he found himself once more at home. The clientele remembered him, and gave him a fine front room, with a balcony.

Here, again, a new panorama. Smoking Vesuvius in all his glory, above, and below the blue and shining Bay of Naples, famous the world over for its beauty. Stretched along the shore lies the city. At night, with the scattered lights, all becomes fairyland. The Bay is like a brilliant sapphire under Mount Vesuvius, with its pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. The new crater formed by this semi-active volcano is interesting, resembling a little island rising in a sea of lava.

A cog railway climbs the mountain side to the very rim of the crater. The favorite excursion is to leave the city about 3 P.M. for a tour, stopping all night on Vesuvius to await the sunrise at 5:30 or 6 A.M. before returning to one's hotel in Naples. The

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ascent is marked by a line of electric lights running up the side of the mountain by night, when the lights of the city and the harbor shipping combine to make the spot even more enchanting than by day.

The Fiesta of St. Piedigrotta was celebrated by the entire city of Naples at this season, early September. Strange as it may seem, the good Saint must have been a noisy soul and not at all fond of sleeping, or meditating, to judge by the trumpets and horns, the shouting and singing, that accompanied the parade in costume, which continued all night long. St. Piedigrotta has a church in Naples, and once each year the city makes merry in this gala festival in his honor, far merrier than any anniversary we know at home. Even the Italian daily, "Cronacha di Napoli," styled it "The Nocturnal Orgy of Piedigrotta."

Business is certainly improving in Italy. American firms find it worth while to develop connections there. In Naples the traveler met a representative of a popular American shoe industry, which has been for five years developing a market in Italy. The high rate of exchange of the lira, however, has not been good for American business, as it made prices almost prohibitive, but gradually that condition may adjust itself. This shoe company employs street advertising, giving a new touch among the Italian billboards; although Italy abounds in home-made shoes, many prefer the American product. It seems far more graceful than the high Italian heel and short vamp of the ladies' shoes here. Those distort the





ISOLA BELLA, one of the Beauty Spots, Taormina, Sicily.  
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ROSARIO, THE DONKEY BOY, WITH HIS FAVORITE BEAST, FRANCESCA.  
On the heights above Taormina.  
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SICILIAN GIRL IN NATIVE COSTUME.  
*A village type - Taormina.*  
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figure and carriage, even though the Italian girls are naturally graceful.

Flambeau visited the famous National Museum, with the royal art collection, counted among the finest in the world, especially for its abundant treasures from Pompeii. These include some of the best preserved of the Greek sculptures, like the bust of "Homer" and the torso of "Psyche," besides beautiful Pompeian frescoes and mosaics in delicate color, of classical Greek and mythological subjects.

Artists were copying these lovely themes, Diana at the Bath, Perseus, Andromeda, Minerva and others, which they offered to the visitor for a trifling sum; but the originals were so much more expressive and inspiring than the lifeless caricatures these poor hack artists had made that Flambeau declined to invest, shaking his head with the excuse, "No money."

This celebrated museum, built in 1586 as a cavalry barracks, was the seat of the royal university from 1616 to 1780. Since that date it has been the royal art gallery. Besides rooms upon rooms of the very perfect marble sculptures, full length figures and groups, almost rivaling in perfection even those of the Vatican at Rome, there is a large picture gallery with many important works, mostly of the Italian school, and a room is devoted to the earlier Neapolitan painters.

No modern work is here. The pictures are not labeled. There is a catalogue, however, but the paintings are not so readily identified as in many other European galleries. Some are merely replicas,

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doubtless studio copies by the artist himself, like Titian's reclining "Venus Nude," or rather "Danaë," a classical subject, and Velasquez's spirited group, "The Wine Drinkers," one of the best in the Prado, Madrid.

Naples itself is picturesque, and its slums afford plenty of "atmosphere." In the smaller shops, one may find rare bargains in strings of amber and coral beads, or gloves and silk articles.

On the hill above Naples is the spot reported to be the Tomb of Virgil, whence may be had another fine view of the city and harbor, and Vesuvius in the distance.

"To Venus and Bacchus!" So reads the sign at the entrance of the Porta Marina, or sea gate, which admits to the excavated city of Pompeii, lying at the foot of smoking Vesuvius. There one goes back a thousand years, almost two thousand, as one treads the old streets, or visits the Hall of Justice. Prisoners confined below the judges' room once heard their sentence here through openings in the ceiling or floor, in order that they might not see the judges and so take vengeance later on.

"Hot blood, born under Vesuvius!" exclaims the guide, recalling that he himself married at only nineteen. Over the walls of the old Temple of Isis the lizards play, and down in the pit of the ancient theatre may be seen the rows of seats assigned according to social class. Doubtless the epithet, "Dead heads," originated long ago, for the skull was the symbol used on the tickets given to journalists and

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other non-paying guests invited to see the performances.

No matter what one's haste to visit Rome, the stranger in Naples must stay one day at least for a literally flying trip to Amalfi, Capri, and the Blue Grotto. A motor road as wonderful as the highways of the old Romans skirts the cliffs for hundreds of miles, girdling the rocky promontory that juts down to the sea, blue and dreaming, below. The Neapolitan chauffeurs are marvelously dexterous, as they speed along, whether in the crowded streets of Naples where they sound the shrill, long, single call—it is one long and two short in Rome, but here only one shrill cry, steadily repeated—or out on the dusty highway to Amalfi, laid like a trapeze along the cliff, so that one has almost the sensation of flying from point to point. Up and down, the roadway climbs and winds, while below lies the Gulf of Salerno, blue and green, washing the rocky shore.

This famous motor road quite lately was thrown out of commission temporarily by a tornado-like storm, that tore away a part of the mountain-side, but it has doubtless been repaired by the inherent Roman skill in road-building.

At length the car slips through a gateway, over a bridge which is a feat of engineering, and stops at the Capuccini Hotel, Amalfi. Only one is not yet quite there, for a three-tier climb of stone stairs leads up to the one-time old monastery, now a modern hostelry, with monks' cells transformed into guest rooms. On the pergolaed porch, high above the sea,

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dinner will be served to-night, consisting of the usual Italian courses; the second is sure to be anchovies, fresh from the bay below, caught only when the moon shines, so we are told, and to-night the moon is rising as we eat, and fishermen are again at their task, out in the harbor.

Before dinner some of our party have strolled down to the village of Amalfi, to see the old Byzantine Church of St. Andrew, with treasures from Constantinople. The peasants are very devout. Faces are still serious and saddened by memories of the war, but the country is prosperous, the people are busy, and there are few beggars. On a cliff as our car whirled by this afternoon we saw a wayside shrine, dedicated "In gratitude for Peace."

Life is simple here, and mothers do not worry if their babies have few or no clothes. It simplifies matters, and the children are fine and sturdy.

Vineyards are loaded with grapes, still unripe, while other native fruits, oranges, pears, plums and peaches, are served as dessert at every meal. Lemons the Italians often eat as we do oranges. Tiny donkeys, faithful and strong, drag unbelievably heavy loads up the steep hills.

American tourists are saluted respectfully here, and warmly welcomed. Outside the Capuccini Hotel floats the American flag, unfurled in honor of the arrival of our party.

The short Italian night falls softly over the lovely cliffs and sea, as the full moon slowly swings up from the deep. Later a meteor, brilliant as another





THE "SCALA SANTA," ROME. A penitent is ascending on the knees.  
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HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XI, Rome, Italy.  
[Pages 227 and 230]

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moon, drops down the sky. Breakfast is early, for we are away in flying cars for Capri and the Blue Grotto.

A stop at Sorrento, where the ladies shop for cameos and corals. Then by steamer to Capri, with its siren rocks, which Ulysses avoided only by stopping his ears and having his men tie him fast with ropes to the mast.

To the Blue Grotto we are bound, that wonder of Nature, a concealed rift in the cliffs, where the boats swing through and enter an enchanted vault of color in pale marine tints. The sea is high to-day. Can our boatmen make it? In small skiffs, two or three passengers to a rower, we proceed. Food for two days is taken in the boats, we are told, so that if a party becomes imprisoned in the Grotto by the rising sea, they will not starve before the tide recedes.

We lie flat in the boats, the sea draws back for an instant, and our adroit boy has quickly pulled his boat through the entrance, and we are in the Blue Grotto, a fairy cavern, as wondrous as ever Aladdin found in the magic palace of Ali Baba. A few moments of sensuous color delight, blue and brilliant, shifting all about us, and we must leave, to make room for other boats, and by the same perilous procedure we are out to sea again. Soon we are safe on board our steamer, each with a different story. One gleeful tourist has bought a string of corals just as she came out of the Grotto, from a vender in another boat. Precious souvenir!

At the Blue Grotto Hotel, Capri, we pause for

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luncheon, then mount by funicular to the heights above for another rare view, and later return by steamer to Naples.

Eight o'clock is the dinner hour in Italy, permitting a long daylight period. We prepare for another railway trip to-morrow, 162 miles, from Naples to Rome, an interesting ride, through prosperous country. Much of the way is mountainous, with old Roman aqueducts now in ruins. At length we have arrived in Rome, the one-time capital of the world.

## CHAPTER XVII

ROME: AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN; TOURING ITALY

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!

—*Lord Byron: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."*

**E**CCO Roma!" Behold Rome, so the old frontier guide post greeted the traveler.

Flambeau had rejoined his friends at Naples, after his expedition into Africa, and all proceeded to Rome, keen with anticipation for an audience at the Vatican. On arrival there, a letter of introduction awaited them from Monsignor F. Bernardini, who, through the kind intercession of friends in Washington, had procured the coveted favor of the audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

"Welcome to Rome!" so read the Monsignor's letter. "I have obtained an audience with the Pope for you and your party, for to-morrow at one o'clock afternoon . . . you come to the Vatican at half past twelve with all your friends and tell the Swiss Guard at the 'Portone di Bronzo' that you are going to see Cardinal Gaspari. They will show you the way to the Cardinal's apartment. I will be there waiting for you. If there are any young ladies in your party who have not black gowns, they may wear white gowns. The veil (black or white) is the only thing which is



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required. The same 'broad interpretation' is applied to gentlemen.

"Hoping that despite the warm weather you will enjoy your visit in Rome, I remain until to-morrow,

"Yours very sincerely,

"P.H. BERNARDINI."

All was now pleasure and excitement. The young ladies must arrange their white gowns, and all must have veils, which are easily procured for the occasion. Rosaries, crucifixes, and medals must be purchased, to be blessed by the Pope and afterward carried home to appreciative friends. The gentlemen must dress in black or a dark color, with dark tie.

Promptly on the hour the American group arrived in carriages. Over the left arm of most of them were the beads to be blessed, and in the palm of the left hand the other small objects. Many more pilgrims were there already, some of them religious. The Americans were looking for a barefooted Franciscan friar, in a brown habit, belted with a cord, who had accompanied them on shipboard, coming from Quebec, and whose rapt face had left no doubt as to his destination. He spoke only French, and it was his first journey. He was not here to-day, but no doubt he had hastened on ahead of the others.

The Swiss Guard at the door admits with caution. He is very grand. More Swiss guards, and at length the Americans are inside, cordially welcomed, and soon feeling more at home. These guards are always Swiss, in memory of their countrymen who nobly

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defended the Pope in the seventeenth century, since which time the Pontiff continues the custom. Their picturesque uniforms were designed by Michelangelo for a pageant long ago.

Up a long flight of stone stairs, across a hall and a courtyard, more and more long flights, and then we pass through corridors into the antechambers of the Pope's apartments. Important-looking functionaries, garbed in red, receive us and assign seats. A passing priest observes that we are Americans, and stops to say a friendly word.

"All Catholics?" he asks.

"No, only one," confesses the leader, apprehensively.

"Equally welcome," smiles the kindly priest, as he hurries on.

Now we are invited into another hall, where many more people are awaiting the audience. A school of little girls, all in white, accompanied by Sisters in black, with white head-dress, attracts our attention. On the other side sit a group of barefooted Franciscan friars, patiently expectant. Is our friend, Brother Thèophile, from Quebec, among them? No, he perhaps has arrived before us in Rome, not beguiled by the beauty of Naples and its environs.

A clock chimes the quarter hours. It is one, quarter past, half past, a quarter to two, almost two. Suddenly a hush falls over the company lining the walls of the immense chamber with its high ceilings and rich interior. The Papal guards, in black, with headdress of fur, and long swords, stand at attention.

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The important-looking functionaries motion the guests that His Holiness is approaching. All drop to their knees, heads reverently bowed.

He enters, Pope Pius XI, a simple and kindly man, in white, accompanied by his secretary. He is more youthful than one expects, more vigorous and sturdy, genial and friendly, a man whom all could love and revere.

Without haste the Pontiff turns toward the kneeling throng, and slowly passes down the line. His left hand, with the Papal ring, so historic, he extends, and each visitor accepts the privilege of kissing the ring, with its lustrous amethyst jewel.

Some of the penitents touch his hand, the Franciscan brothers grasp it with affection, ladies hold up their beads or other mementoes for a special gesture of blessing as he passes by. The Pope stops a moment beside the Franciscans, and inquires their home, speaks a word of greeting, eagerly answered, then continues on his way.

Slowly he passes around the large hall, finally pausing at the end of the kneeling line, to turn again toward them with hand uplifted in the closing Papal blessing, anxiously sought after and deeply cherished. All heads are bowed. The Pope and his secretary return to the inner rooms of his apartments, and the kneeling throng slowly rise. The audience is over.

In a dream the people come away, faces rapt in pleasure at the experience, and all touched by the kindly friendliness of the Pontiff. The American party are silent, but ecstatic. Their great objective is

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attained, and they are not disappointed. They have beheld a vision. The Faith is not dead. The Renaissance is with us still, and St. Francis again walks the earth.

As they come away from the Vatican, with lingering steps, a little Italian girl, passing by, notes their nationality, and says, warmly, "*Viva l'America!*" And Flambeau, saluting her with his best bow, answers, "*Viva l'Italia!*"

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;  
And when Rome falls—the world.

Thus sang Byron a hundred years ago, quoting quite literally in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" the exclamation of pilgrims to Rome in the eighth century.

The ardent Americans, after their coveted audience at the Vatican, improved every moment in Rome, occupying themselves with St. Peter's, the Catacombs, the Roman Forum, the Coliseum, and the various galleries and churches of the most wonderful city in the world.

Rome boasts a different church for every day of the year. Our enthusiastic travelers visited the Pantheon (built B.C. 27, by Agrippa), the most perfect of the ancient buildings, where Raphael and other celebrities are buried, including the Italian monarchs; San Pietro in Vinculo (St. Peter in Chains), founded in 442 A.D. for the reception of the chains that had bound the Saint in prison, and having now Michelangelo's colossal sculptured figure of "Moses"; the

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Lateran, or San Giovanni in Laterano, the oldest Church; there the Pope's coronation formerly took place and near it in a small building is the Scala Santa, a flight of 28 marble steps, reputed to be from the house of Pilate and to have been trodden by the feet of the Saviour, now ascended by the devout on their knees; San Paolo fuori le Mura (St. Paul outside the Walls), a magnificent basilica, marking the spot where the Apostle is believed to have been buried; Santa Maria del Popolo, occupying the site of Nero's Tomb; and Santa Maria Maggiore, very grand in its treasures, and with a deeply musical bell.

No first visit to Rome would be complete without seeing the "Scala Santa," even though busy Americans like ours had not the time nor inclination to follow the old custom of climbing it on the knees, an act of penance. These steps, which are in a Chapel near the noted Church of St. John Lateran, are reputed to have formed the stairway of Pilate's hall in Jerusalem, and (so we are informed by a card presented to each visitor) were "consequently trodden by our Blessed Lord during His Passion and hallowed by the Precious Blood that trickled down from His sacred Body after the cruel scourging and crowning with thorns. . . The devotion of the Scala Santa is practised by going up on one's knees from one to the other of its 28 steps, meditating meanwhile on the Passion of our Lord, or reciting vocal prayers in memory of His sufferings. An Indulgence of nine years—applicable to the souls in Purgatory—is



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granted to those who perform this exercise with a contrite heart."

Some people come every day to ascend the Scala Santa on their knees. All grades of society were represented among those whom our party saw, including working men and women, ladies of fashion, and a priest. Some of them, at every step gained, bent and kissed the marble beneath the wood covering which serves as a protection, but has many openings. This wood becomes worn out periodically, and had recently been replaced.

Another historic church is dedicated to Saint Susanna, a martyr of the third century. She was a beautiful young girl consecrated to the Church, but chosen by the Emperor Diocletian as a bride for his son. When soldiers came to seize her, they were stopped by angels. By great good luck, the Americans had an introduction to the priest of this Church, the Rev. Fr. Francis Lyon, a former student and teacher of the Catholic University in Washington. Father Lyon gave his visitors a delightful morning, explaining the lovely old frescoes picturing the life of the Saint, and also a second series in his Church devoted to the earlier "Susannah" in the Apocrypha of the Old Testament. The theme of "Susannah and the Elders," with the bathing figure of the beautiful woman, has always been a favorite among the painters, but the later Susanna is less well known. In spite of the hot day in Rome, Father Lyons had been at his Church all morning, after celebrating Mass there at 6.30 A.M. His two assistants were away on

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their vacations. While the Americans were there, a poor woman with a child entered unnoticed, and a little later the woman fell unconscious on the floor, fainting from hunger and weakness. She had had nothing to eat for several days. An American visitor, a Mr. Davidson from California, just then visiting Rome with his son, came forward and ordered a carriage for her, while others contributed money, and Father Lyons took charge of the case.

Flambeau was the bearer of an invitation to Italian artists to exhibit in America, and especially in Washington, D. C. This brought to him a number of leading artists and critics of Rome, among them a member of the nobility, Count Pironti, who had visited America, and was presenting to New York a sculptured fountain, as a war memorial, an Italian monument. At the home of the Count, whose titles are "Conte Cav. Uff. Avv. Giuseppi Pironti," Flambeau was courteously entertained and met the Countessa Pironta. The Count, who distinguished himself by great bravery during the war, wears on his face a scar of which one might be very proud. He is an art connoisseur and collector, and intends to visit America frequently.

Driving out to the Appian Way, the travelers entered the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, considered the most weird and interesting of all. A reproduction of parts of these tombs may be seen at the Franciscan Monastery, in Washington, D. C.

In the little Protestant Cemetery, they found the well-known grave of Keats, in a lonely spot, with only

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that of his devoted friend, Severn, nearby. On the hillside they saw the tomb of Shelley, whose ashes were interred there.

The Parks and Roman Villas, with the Royal Palace, all made their appeal. In the beautiful Villa Borghese the Americans saw a noted art collection, as also another in the Barberini Palace. Of Titian's famous "Sacred and Profane Love," in the Borghese it has been forgotten which figure is Sacred Love and which is Profane Love. Correggio's "Danaë," and other works, are there. In the Barberini is Raphael's "Fornarina," the woman believed to have inspired his love, to whom he left his property, although he had been engaged to another, a lady who died earlier, and whose body is interred by his command in his tomb in the Pantheon. The once popular "Beatrice Cenci" head, attributed to Guido Reni, is also in the Barberini.

The beggars of Italy were put to work by the Government during the war, and since that time they have ceased to besiege the tourist as formerly. To some old men and women, of course, one still gladly gives a few coppers. Americans are doubly welcomed everywhere, and service is excellent. In place of the old-time tips, a 10 per cent addition is made to the regular bill, as elsewhere in Europe to-day, but what American would think of slipping away without leaving a few gratuities for attentive servants, whose smiles are a cordial invitation to return.

Although saddened by the loss of 600,000 men during the war, Italy is beginning a new renaissance.

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She is adopting American ways, too much so perhaps for the earlier traveler, who preferred the older, more picturesque, and lazier Italy of ten or fifteen years ago. For the people themselves, however, the new spirit of to-day is better. American methods and productions are freely adopted. While racing in a motor car along the cliffs at Amalfi, one might note that the clock in the machine came from New Haven, Connecticut.

Encouraging signs of industrial progress in Italy since the war were everywhere observed. Coöperative business and agricultural enterprise were frequent. The leading shop in Rome had changed its name to "La Rinascente," the Resurrection, which was but one of many indications of revival.

Premier Mussolini is hailed as "the man of the hour" in Italian newspapers, and "Mussolini's men," as they are called, are literally everywhere, directing the turn of events. There are even "Mussolini girls." One of these, a passenger on board a ship from Naples, asked the steward for some trifling exception, which he declined to make for her, when she compelled the favor by saying, "You know what I am! Mussolini!" And the steward complied instantly.

The photographs of Mussolini are so different that one would scarcely recognize him as the same man. The favorite picture in Rome is of a gracious, fatherly-looking benefactor. The Naples portrait is of a stern and determined face.

"A man like Roosevelt," "almost a dictator," these are some of the comments of Italians, the majority

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of whom cordially support him, although more recently the historian Ferrero has declared "Mussolini's dictatorship a crumbling ruin."

Italians are remarkable engineers, and have tunneled well their own mountains and the Alps. A striking effect is produced when one's train emerges suddenly from such a tunnel and one is unexpectedly looking down above some valley with an ancient town. Such effects are observed between Rome and Florence.

The old art spirit still lives in Florence, a city, likewise, of modern artists, painters and sculptors. Americans and art students of other countries turn, more and more, to Italy for new inspiration, rather than to Paris, so long the world's art center.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty,

apostrophized Lord Byron, translating Filicaja's famous sonnet. And it was in Firenze, Dante's birth-place, the scene of Savonarola's martyrdom, and the home of the Medici and their artist protégées that our American travelers found their ideals of beautiful pictures and sculpture realized. In the Academy they marveled at Michelangelo's heroic "David," and in another room there they saw Botticelli's "Primavera," the mystical "Springtime," for which the lovely Simonetta posed. At the Pitti Gallery they found the second most famous of Madonnas, Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia," besides a host of other famous compositions in the Uffizi.



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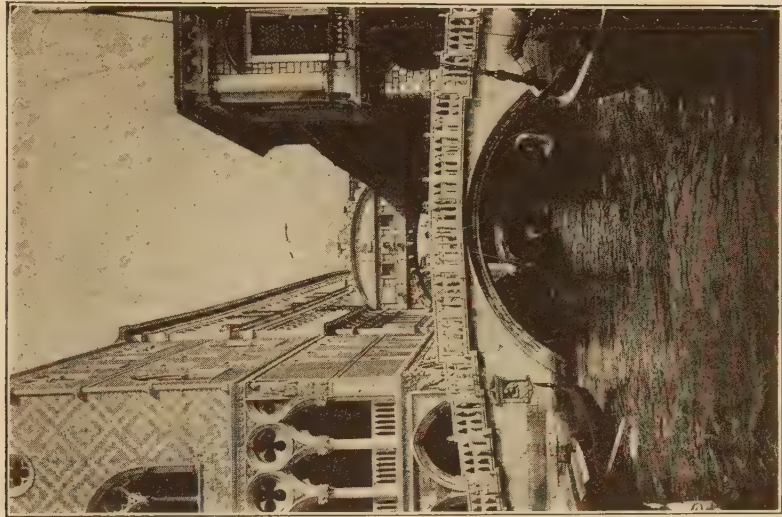
Alluring as were the Florentine shops for gloves and Italian leather goods, cameos, and souvenirs, the Americans insisted upon seeing "Casa Guidi," the home of the Brownings, and made an excursion to Fiesole, celebrated by these poets. In the Monastery of San Marco the tourists adored the Primitives of Fra Angelico, decorating the monks' cells; and they paused in that of Savonarola, whose prison they also discovered, high in the belfry above the Uffizi. Giotto's still unfinished tower, the Campanile, they visited, as well as the Baptistery where Dante was baptized, and "Il Duomo," the Cathedral with the grand dome designed by Brunelleschi. They remembered George Eliot's "Romola," with its setting in Florence, and Ouida's "Pascarel."

En route from Florence to Venice, they passed through Bologna, the city claiming to possess the oldest university in Europe, founded in 1119. Ferrara was of interest as the home of the illustrious d'Este family, patrons of Ariosto and Tasso. In Padova, or Padua, founded, it is said, by Antenor, brother of Virgil's Priam, is another ancient university, which claims among its graduates Savonarola, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch, and Galileo.

Arrived in Venice, the Americans found themselves happily lodged at the sumptuous Royal Danieli, remodeled from a gorgeous old palace. Some of them would have preferred a humbler, smaller hotel, of which there are many attractive ones along the old waterways of Venice, as Lord Byron sang,



HIS EXCELLENCY, BENITO MUSSOLINI, head of  
the Fascisti, Italy.  
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THE BRIDGE OF SIGHTS, VENICE. On the right  
the old Prison which inspired Byron.  
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THE CAPUANA GATE, market place, Naples, Italy.  
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ENTRANCE COURT OF THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, Montreux, Switzerland.  
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## ROME: AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN

"Where Venice sate in state, throned on her  
hundred isles."

Venice, once a pirates' nest, is, to many, the most fascinating of European cities, with its gondolas and Grand Canal, lagoons, art treasures, picturesque sights, and inviting shops. The Ducal Palace, the Cathedral, the Piazza of San Marco, and the Campanile, each came in for a share of attention, as well as the famous Santa Maria della Salute Church.

The Cathedral, an eleventh century edifice, was built as a shrine for the bones of Saint Mark, which were brought to Venice from Alexandria in 829. The Campanile, begun in the ninth century, stood until 1902, when it fell, but has since been completely rebuilt. The Clock Tower, on the other side of the Cathedral, is an interesting curiosity with its two bronze figures to strike the hours on a bell.

The Ducal Palace, in the Piazzetta toward the Lagune, adjoins the Cathedral. Its interior is typical of the wealth of Venice at its height. Lord Byron, who once gained permission to pass twenty-four hours of voluntary imprisonment in a stone cell here, to awake inspiration for his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," wrote,

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand.

The Bridge of Sighs may be crossed from the prisons of the Ducal Palace.

In front are two granite columns from Syria or



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Constantinople, erected here in 1180—one with the winged Lion of St. Mark, the other St. Theodore on a Crocodile, patron of the ancient republic.

In a gondola ride by moonlight, the Americans lingered among famous palaces of the past, the Cà d'Oro, or House of Gold; the Palazzo Contarini, called "Desdemona's Palace," and many others.

Visiting the Academy and the churches, they reviewed famous canvases by Titian, Giorgione, Correggio, Tintoretto, the Bellinis, and Carpaccio, who painted the famous St. Ursula series. They were fortunate in having a Venetian companion, Signor F. R. Majer, who had been Roosevelt's courier there. Colonel Roosevelt on his return to America made Signor Majer very happy by remembering to send him a page from *Munsey's Magazine*, picturing Roosevelt and his guide together. Majer also had a personal letter from the late Pierpont Morgan, whose guide he was in Egypt and the Holy Land, and he had accompanied the Duke of Abruzzi in a tour of America.

The poet d'Annuncio is much beloved in Venice, where the story is told of how he prevented the bombing of the city. A bronze tablet marks the spot where a wartime bomb fell. Immediately d'Annuncio took an airplane and dropped notices into the Austrian camp, announcing that if the attempted bombing of Venice was not immediately stopped, a retaliating party would at once destroy Vienna.

From Venice to Milan proved a hard day's ride, but our party found compensations along the way.



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In Verona, the key to the Tyrol, they remembered the home and tomb of Juliet, and the birthplace of the Roman lyric poet, Catullus, about 87 B.C. Verona was Dante's refuge, when exiled from Florence. Lake Garda, one of the loveliest of Italian lakes, is on the route. Here Catullus had a villa.

"*Il Duomo*," the grand Cathedral of Milan, considered by many to be the most beautiful in all Europe, is also the largest with the exception of St. Peter's and the Cathedral of Seville, in Spain. In the old fifteenth century Abbey of Santa Maria delle Grazie, our Americans saw Leonardo's celebrated fresco, "The Last Supper," its half-faded tones giving an antique charm to the well-known composition, "*Cenacolo Vinciano*," as it is named by the Italians. In the adjoining Church, the choir, transept and dome were designed by Bramante.

In the Brera Palace the tourists saw the study which was probably the original for the chief figure in "The Last Supper." This expressive face, "The Saviour," so familiar to all, is attributed by some critics to Sodoma, a contemporary; but the majority agree that it is Leonardo's masterpiece. Raphael's "Sposalizio," The Marriage of the Blessed Virgin, is a second famous picture here. Canova's bronze statue of Napoleon as a Roman emperor, executed 1810, may be seen in the court.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### ITALIAN LAKES; SWITZERLAND, THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE

There are seven pillars, of Gothic mould,  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;  
There are seven columns, massy and gray,  
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray—  
—*Lord Byron*: "The Prisoner of Chillon."

**M**ONTREUX is one of the most fashionable watering places of this little Republic of Switzerland, "the playground of Europe." Here in Montreux our Americans enjoyed the charm of lake and mountain without the extreme cold of the higher altitudes. They dressed warmly, however, in Switzerland, as on the ocean.

The picturesque Castle of Chillon, made famous by Lord Byron, was their objective. The poet seems to have been deeply stirred by the story of the prisoner Bonnivard, whose heroism he somewhat exaggerated. The excursion is interesting, not only for the halls and dungeons of the historic Castle, but almost more so, perhaps, for the blue, blue Lake Geneva and the "Dents du Midi" (Teeth of the Midi), the Swiss mountain range. Lake Lemman, the more poetic name of this the largest of Swiss lakes, means "a beautiful woman," a well-deserved epithet.

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Some of the more energetic tourists crossed the lake by steamer to Bouveret, and proceeded by rail to the Valley of Chamouni or to Mont Blanc, towering white in the distance, 40 miles away. Others preferred to boat down the lake to the lovely town of Geneva, renowned for its illustrious history, sustained in modern years by recent conferences here. Fresh reminders of Calvin, Rousseau, and other independent thinkers of earlier days, who sought a refuge there from religious persecution, are found in the modern political conventions at Geneva.

Those who remained in Montreux found much to amuse them, including the shops where ingenious Swiss carving is displayed. Geneva, of course, is still a famous manufacturing center for Swiss watches, in spite of keen American competition.

On the Swiss coins the ideal figure of "Helvetia" recalls Cæsar's long account, in his classic *Commentaries*, of his experiences in subjugating the *Helvetii*, that warlike tribe whose territory is now Switzerland. The Canton of Vaud, in which Montreux is situated, was annexed to Germany in the eleventh century. It passed in the thirteenth century to the counts of Savoy, but was later acquired by Bern and held until 1798, when it became the Canton of Lemman in the Helvetic Republic. In 1803 it entered the Swiss Confederation under its present name.

Lake Geneva is crescent-shaped, 45 miles long and some six miles wide, bordering the Cantons of Geneva, Vaud, and Valais.

By way of Bern, the capital of Switzerland, and

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Interlaken in the heart of the Bernese Oberland, our enthusiastic Americans toured the Alps, pausing here and there for varied sightseeing. Their circular travel ticket permitted an extended journey in this enchanting little country, now so well tunneled that one misses some of the old, hard coaching trips through passes difficult to cross, and often cold in the extreme, but with never-to-be-forgotten scenery, enrapturing the traveler.

Stopping at Lucerne, with its old Roman lighthouse (Lucerna), on Lake Lucerne, our party climbed the Rigi, sleeping the night on its summit for the early sunrise. The cog railway saved them a half-day's hard tramp, and the little hotel at the top, with its big soapstone stoves, made them quite comfortable. Mountain flowers, blooming along the hillsides, were often touched by snow and ice. Bluebells and the far-famed "Edelweiss" were abundant. The marvelous view of mountains and little towns below well repaid the effect. Swiss boys and girls were selling carved souvenirs and sprigs of real Edelweiss at the railway stops.

The carved "Lion of Lucerne," by Thorwaldsen, sculptured in the rock at the glacial waterfall of the town, memorializes the Swiss Guards who fell in defending the Pope. The William Tell region is not far from here, and an excursion was made by a group, who knew Schiller's play well. They stopped at Küssnacht to visit the chapel on the traditional spot where Tell slew Gessler, and from beautiful Vitznau they explored the Lake of the Four Cantons, seeing

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the rock with an inscription in honor of Schiller. Tell's Chapel, near here, is built on the flat rock upon which the hero sprang in escaping from his boat in the storm. From Flüelen they continued to Altorf, where Tell shot the apple from his son's head.

Then, by the St. Gothard's Railway, they passed through some of the grandest of the world's scenery, as they proceeded southward to the Italian Lakes, the most seductive in the world.

The dreamy Italian Lake region is famous for Lago Maggiore, with the romantic Borromean Islands, and, beyond, Lago Lugano; but most beautiful of all is the third, Lake Como, with its favorite resort, Bellagio, reached by way of Menaggio. At Monza, along the road, one may visit the one-time summer palace of Napoleon and Josephine, the same castle where King Umberto was assassinated in 1900.

Bellagio is a romantic spot on the shore of the lake, guarded by mountains above. The steamer, in sailing southward, passes the Villa d'Este and many other historic points. Lago Garda, with its rocky shores bordered by lemon and orange groves, was the inspiration of the poet Catullus. South of the lake, our Americans found Mantua, the old Etruscan town of Virgil, and then they continued to Cremona, famous in many other ways as well as for musical instruments. They paused at Verona to see the home and tomb of Juliet, before turning north to Innsbruck and the Austrian Tyrol.

Later they would proceed to old Heidelberg on the Neckar River, with its classic associations, to loiter



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through the Castle and the University. In the prison, where every student seeks to be incarcerated for at least a day during his first term at school, they would read Bismarck's autograph on the wall, and discover his photograph among the horde at the popular drinking clubs. The German beer there is famous, whether one prefers "dark" or "light," strong or weak.

Sailing down the Rhine by river steamer, they would see the Mousetower of Bingen, the castled Drachenfels, the Lorelei or "Lurlei," tunneled now beneath its towering 430 feet, and perhaps pause at Coblenz to explore the Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, before passing on to Mainz, then to Bonn, with its green shores and noted University, and finally Cologne. But before their visit to Germany and the fabled Rhine they attained a more immediate and important objective of their tour.



"THE LION OF LUCERNE," by Thorwaldsen. Sculptured in the rock, in memory of the defence of the Pope by faithful Swiss Guards in the seventeenth century.  
[Pages 228-9, 244]



BONNIVARD'S PRISON, Castle of Chillon, Montreux. Underground Vaults below surface of Lake Geneva.  
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ANTON LANG, impersonator of the Christus, Oberammergau, in his  
pottery shop.  
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## CHAPTER XIX

### OBERRAMMERGAU: THE PASSION PLAY

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

—*Jesus.*

WHEN the Flambeau party arrived by motor car at Oberammergau early on Saturday afternoon they were received at the home of Anton Lang for lunch. Their courier across the German border from Italy via Austria was Herr Theodor Seeger, a young medical student from the University of Innsbruck. He was very well known to the village, and he had made reservations in advance.

"Tante Anna," as the sister of Anton Lang is affectionately called, met the guests, and served them herself in the quaint little dining room of the now rather large Pension Lang, for the houses in Oberammergau have evidently grown with the years in order to accommodate the ever increasing number of pilgrims. She was even good enough to come outside and pose for members to "snap" her picture.

Then every one must meet Anton Lang, in his little pottery and souvenir shop, adjoining the house, mingling as freely with the guests as though he were not the most celebrated figure in the play. Viktor Flam-

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beau had brought him clippings from American publications, picturing and discussing the Passion Play, and these he seemed to enjoy very much. He made comments in fluent English, autographed his photograph, and selected with care for the visitors several pictures, especially those showing his large family of children. Afterward Lang stepped out at their request to pose for snapshots.

The great Christus impersonator of the last three decades is younger than has been implied. He was anxious to deny a false report as to his age.

"Some one in the American papers said I was past sixty," he laughed. "I am forty-seven." Of course he appeared much younger than this in many scenes of the play, in all of which he acted superbly. There is great personal magnetism about Lang, whose temperament is evidently deeply impressionable, though well under control. He is a man of experience, with keen powers of observation and analysis.

The usual Sunday crowd of tourists now began to pour into the town, which took on a very festive air, with boyish porters, carrying luggage everywhere, and wearing short leather knee breeches, coats with a flower in the lapel, and rakish caps with a feather. Strolling through the lanes, for they are hardly streets, Viktor Flambeau entered an attractive souvenir shop to buy carved crucifixes and postcards from the young girl in charge.

"Have you a part in the Play?"

"I am Mary," modestly spoken, as she wrapped



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the cards quite as carefully as though that were her sole occupation. She was Marta Veit, who this year played the difficult rôle of Mary the Mother, the Blessed Virgin. And she, too, autographed a portrait, and posed without expecting or receiving any gratuity.

Later the little home of Guido Mayr, who played the part of Judas, was visited, and a conversation in German ensued, as Mayr does not speak English, but he is an intelligent man, a splendid actor, and an accomplished sculptor. To carve the Christus is his favorite avocation, and it is said that his chief regret is that he may never play that part.

All who were consulted seemed favorable to the plans for exhibiting in America. Anton Lang's work is pottery-making, in artistic designs; many of the villagers are wood-carvers; and there is much hand embroidery, textile weaving, and lace making, besides other native peasants arts, now highly refined, which are carried on in the years that lie between each ten-year season of the great play.

The "Passionspiele" was performed regularly twice each week this summer, from May to September, on Sundays and Wednesdays, but so great was the attendance that many were unable to obtain seats at the two regular performances, and so an additional production was given on Mondays and Thursdays for the overflow, at which, so it was reported, the hall was again filled each time.

As every one knows, the play is presented on a large stage open to the weather at the front, and

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sometimes rain or snow may make conditions very uncomfortable for the actors. Indeed, it was said that the man who rehearsed the part of "Thomas" contracted a cold which led to pneumonia and caused his death. His place was then given to Anton Mayr, a gifted player, who had suffered the loss of a leg in the war, but no one in the audience not aware of the fact would have guessed it.

The American group of seventeen were accommodated at the Pension Böld, on a little branch of the Mühlbach. Frau Böld was a Lang before her marriage, and had then an important part in the chorus. Her twin brother Johann Lang, a sculptor, was this season the "Chief Leader" of the Play. She promised her help for the proposed exhibition of Oberammergau handicrafts, which was later held in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore, and other cities.

The recent rumor that the Pope at Rome has forbidden the further performance of the Passion Play because the village has become so "commercialized" may be denied *in toto*, as it is learned from reliable Catholic sources that the Pontiff has not done so, nor has he any intention of doing it. The Papal Nuncio was sent from Rome this year for the second time in the history of the play, and his visit was a week later than that of the Flambeau party. Oberammergau is a Catholic town, in common with Munich and most of the Bavarian cities of southern Germany.

Early Sunday morning mass at six o'clock in the ancient church of the twelfth century is an event which Flambeau enjoyed, but he was unsuccessful in arous-

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ing the others in time to attend. A thousand people were present. Five priests officiated, and the music was very beautiful. The church has a new chime of bells this year, to replace the old ones which were taken to be melted for metal during the war.

To describe the play in detail would be a needless effort, as it is so very well known, but it may be said that the acting this year was exceptionally fine. The impersonators stood, walked, and played their parts with a "style" that does not seem to belong to simple village folk. It was reported that several have become members of the Munich Society of the Fine Arts.

The play, which begins at eight o'clock and continues to six in the evening, with an intermission of two hours for lunch, does not become tedious, for the great audience sits as though entranced. The Americans were doubtless many, but they seemed lost in the vast numbers of Germans in attendance this year. Peasants who had climbed over the mountains for a long way stood in the side aisles, probably with no charge for admission.

The language of the Play is German and the official text had been somewhat revised this year, as to certain former crudities, from the original drama as written a hundred years ago by Joseph Alois Daisenberger, then ecclesiastical counselor in Oberammergau. His version was a revision of the earlier play of 1634, acted in fulfillment of the well-known vow in 1633, that if the plague were removed from their midst the citizens would every ten years repre-

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sent the Passion of the World's Saviour "in grateful veneration of Him, and for edifying meditation," so we read in their official brochure. The disease was stayed and the vow was performed, and since 1680 it has been regularly continued every decade in spite of difficulties and hindrances.

The hall seats 4,000, and every seat was occupied. A large crowd also was standing. A chorus of more than forty men and women, in gala costumes, opened the play with two tableaux, "Adam and Eve Expelled from Paradise" and "The Adoration of the Cross," following which comes the "Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem," the Saviour riding the young ass and attended by an exulting throng with palms, singing praises. In the Temple the Saviour finds the money-changers, whom he upbraids for dishonoring the house of His Father, and He expels them with the whip of cords and sets free the caged doves, which in a white flock fly away to the neighboring woods. This scene gives the theme of the play, as the anger of the high priests and scribes is inflamed to the utmost, and they swear to take vengeance, as developed with the later scenes.

We see Jesus at Bethany, with His disciples, Mary Magdalen, Martha, and Lazarus. He takes leave of His Mother, the Virgin Mary, and goes with His disciples toward Jerusalem. Judas, who has been incensed at the scene of the Magdalen anointing the feet of Jesus with the precious ointment, now plots with the high priests, and agrees to betray his Master to them for thirty pieces of silver.

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The Bible text is closely followed, and the Last Supper is celebrated by the Saviour with His disciples. It is on this occasion that He washes their feet, a scene which is enacted with all the æsthetic grace that may be imagined. Each disciple removes his sandals, a few drops of water are poured over the feet by another disciple, the Saviour kneeling and wiping the feet of each in turn. Judas withdraws from the feast and plots with the priests, while we see Jesus with His disciples, and alone, in Gethsemane, when an Angel appears to Him.

He is betrayed. The soldiers at first are almost overcome by an Unseen Power, but Jesus makes no resistance and is led away, afterward to be arraigned before Caiaphas, Herod and Pilate, who is a grand actor and whose part includes the famous washing of his hands of the matter. The Saviour is condemned and crucified. He dies on the cross, is buried and rises again in accordance with Biblical accounts, and appears first to the Magdalen, afterward to His disciples, the Ascension being the closing scene.

Interspersed between the acts are tableaux of important subjects from the Old Testament, some of them being taken from the Apocrypha, and including such themes as these: "The Sons of Jacob Conspire Against Joseph," "The Departure of Tobias from His Home," "The Lamenting Bride in the Song of Solomon," "Vashti Rejected and Esther Chosen Queen," "The Manna in the Wilderness," "The Grapes Brought by the Spies from Canaan," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "Adam and Eve at Work,"



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"Joab Murders Amassa," "Micaiah the Prophet Receives a Blow on the Cheek for Telling Ahab the Truth," "The Innocent Naboth is Condemned to Death by False Witnesses," "Samson is Made Sport of by the Philistines," "Joseph Made Governor Over Egypt," "The Goat Sacrificed as a Sin Offering," "Isaac Bearing the Wood up Mount Moriah," "The Brazen Serpent," and the final tableau, "The Ascension."

The great yet simple folk who play the rôles have lived them first, for the Passionspiele is a part of their daily life, and that is why they act so well.

Everywhere in Oberammergau one feels a sense of high intelligence and a pious enthusiasm for life. It is somewhat the atmosphere of the Lake District of England, which is permeated by Wordsworth. It is pleasant to find that the German language is so musical in its rhythmic and impassioned flow, as spoken by these Oberammergauans. Even to those who know German only imperfectly, the sense is always entirely obvious, and of course many of the villagers speak English readily.

Through the town runs a cold mountain stream, in which trout may be discerned and the ducks often take a dip. Little shops are everywhere, and the place has a highly festive air just preceding and following each performance. The donkey on which Anton Lang rides in as the Christus entering Jerusalem is a pet of the Lang children and often is seen trotting them about the village. In the little churchyard wooden crosses mark the soldiers' graves, sixty-eight



MARTA VEIT, who played the rôle of Mary, the  
Mother of Christ.  
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GUIDO MAYR, who had the part of Judas. In his  
sculpture studio.  
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THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE, near the River Rhine, Germany.  
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of whom found resting places in foreign soil, and twelve more never returned.

It would be impossible in so brief a review to do justice to the Play or the sojourn at Oberammergau, except to say that it was in every way quite beyond expectation. A pleasant incident was a visit to the home of Director Johann Lang, who is a sculptor of marked ability. His home is a sort of museum, where he has on display a rare antique which he is very glad to have travelers see, but as yet too few know of its existence. It is a historic group of "Holy Night," made by the villagers long ago, a rare art object with many figures. It was intimated that he would like to sell this in America, as times are now so hard in his country. Frau Lang, his wife was very enthusiastic about the invitation to exhibit Oberammergau art in America, and promised her support for the plans. Director Lang and his twin sister, Frau Böld, who was the hostess of the Flambeau party, are the son and daughter of Sebastian Lang, who played so well his important part of Annas, while his brother, Andreas Lang, had again the rôle of Saint Peter, which he acted in 1910.

An incentive for the exhibition of Oberammergau arts in America was the part of peacemaker which the Passionists might play in bringing nations closer together. When later they came to the United States, this high purpose inspired the visit.

## CHAPTER XX

### ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF GERMANY: BERLIN, DRESDEN

The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine.  
—Lord Byron: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

WHEN the adventurous Flambeau leaped aboard the crowded railway carriage marked "Berlin," he knew that it might mean an all-night ride of standing in the train, for every compartment was "*besetzt*," occupied. "*Alles besetzt!*" was the answer everywhere. But he must get to Berlin, here was an express train, and time was precious.

His luggage he piled in the carriage passageway, and sat upon it, looking out of the window at the German landscape. Every other moment his fellow-passengers, a fat German Herr, a pretty Mädchen, or an American husband and wife, prosperous and satisfied, asked him to move a little to let them pass, for they did nothing but pace forth and back, up and down the passageway, or to the "*Speisewagen*" for dinner en route.

At eight o'clock the train crossed the Rhine and stopped a moment in Cologne, before proceeding by way of Düsseldorf toward Berlin, eleven hours away. The flowing Rhine, the long bridge, and the Cathed-



## ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF GERMANY

dral of Cologne, all revived old memories of other journeys before the war, when Germany seemed almost too prosperous, and officials were less considerate of American travelers than one now finds them. Recalled, too, were the cheerful music of earlier days, and the pleasant tales of fellow travelers, and their enthusiasm for the castled Rhine, the Drachenfels, the Mouse Tower, Frankfort, and "alt Heidelberg."

To-night was bright moonlight, and Flambeau had a good view of German scenery, whenever he was sufficiently awake to see it. For soon he had a seat in a compartment, with five other all-night travelers. They went and came at various stations along the way, shadowy forms, mysteriously emerging out of the night and departing at their destinations, but there were still six on arrival at Berlin, and some more were standing in the passageway. The German cars were over-crowded, and the only excuse was the oft-repeated complaint, "The French took our cars!"

Among the fellow passengers in the compartment there was a sweet German mother with her sturdy little son of eight years. They were returning together from a sojourn in the Alps, and the mother was anxious to make her baby comfortable for the night. She had him stretched out, occupying two day seat spaces, while she herself sat upright, as Europeans so frequently travel at night, avoiding the heavy expense of the sleeping car. A portly German gentleman entered the compartment and demanded the extra seat, which the mother at once gave up,

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crowding herself beside the boy. But the newcomer was affected. "*Sie sind eine Mutter!*" he said, tenderly, bending toward her in the darkness, and there was a bond of sympathy between them, although he did not refuse the seat.

The sun, which beamed "*Aufwiedersehn*" in Cologne, again greeted the travelers with "*Morgen*" in Hannover at 5 A.M. And promptly on time the Berlin Express rolled in, and a fellow passenger, a Norwegian, kindly summoned a porter for the American's bags.

To Berlin he had come a stranger, and yet when Flambeau looks now at the accumulation he gathered there of art reviews, scientific treatises, and charming pictures, besides visiting art galleries and business establishments, and making valuable new friends, he can scarcely believe his experiences were real. It seemed at first that he would have no place to stay, for he was turned away from half a dozen hotels, all full, his patient porter meanwhile carrying along his luggage from place to place.

Suddenly a happy thought struck the American.

"*Nicht ein Platz für ein Amerikaner von Washington!*"

"*O jawohl!*"

And presto! Flambeau was installed in the "Warschauerhof," very central, and the proprietor told him, later, that other Americans would be welcome there, because he himself has relatives in America, "South America," he said, "Florida!"

Here Flambeau took daily "Frühstück," as guests

## ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF GERMANY

were begged to do by a placard, and for lunch and dinner he went elsewhere. One day he patronized the "Weinhaus Rheingold," a famous restaurant, where the roast partridge, wine, and German beer were very good, but the old-time German hilarity and music were lacking, as everywhere else in Germany.

Yes, the Germans were sad. They seemed crushed. Berlin was a city in ruins, with ghosts stalking about. One could read the tragedy in hollow, pinched faces. Foreigners, Russians and others, filled the hotels, and thronged the principal streets, like "Unter den Linden." Comparatively few children were seen, and only once were German youngsters heard singing at their play. The countryside about Berlin was looking well, and the parks were lovely. But the old Prussian stronghold had lost its grandeur.

No more the splendid mounted policemen. Only a simple soldier officer at a street crossing. The military were not in evidence. On the trains, where once the guards were so formidable and overbearing before the war, they were now meek and polite. One could hardly fear an uprising of Germany in five years, nor in twenty-five. The people were serious and industrious, they worked even longer hours than formerly, and they were always industrious, as every one knows—but now the money went so little way, and they had regained as yet almost no commerce.

The artists, too, were at work again. In no other country did one find so many artists painting in the museums and galleries as in Berlin and Dresden. Some of them looked terribly starved, but they were

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hard at work. They were copying old masterpieces of other countries, not often their own, but Rubens, Rembrandt, Jordaens, the Dutch and Flemish mostly, for which there was evidently a demand, perhaps among their own people. The Germans were traveling in their native country more than previously, possibly because they were not so welcome in other lands, even if they had the money to go so far.

As soon as Flambeau had a room and breakfast at his hotel, he set out to find "Unter den Linden," the favorite promenade, and walked there to the magnificent Brandenburg Gate, a distance of a mile. The street is lined on either side with linden trees, and near it is the "*Tiergarten*," a beautiful park with many statues and monuments, including one to Goethe. As the American was sitting for a few moments in this park, awaiting a tram car, a German approached with a friend, and they invited him to visit the "*Rosengarten*" nearby. This Flambeau was unable to do because of an engagement, as he explained in halting German, when the polite citizen told his companion that the stranger was English, which Flambeau promptly denied, stating his nationality, and the two Germans became even more cordial, regretting again that he could not go to the "*Rosengarten*."

The Kaiser Friedrich Museum, with its famous picture gallery, was first on the program. A new catalogue had just been issued. Many visitors were strolling through the rooms. The German School, however, seemed not so strikingly represented here as one might expect, but there are several works of

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Martin Schongauer (1445-1491), and one or two by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528), besides others of less-known German painters. The Dutch and Flemish School, on the contrary, is well shown in Quentin Massys, Rubens, Rembrandt (by the celebrated "Man with the Golden Helmet"), Ruisdael, Paulus Potter (nothing so good as "The Young Bull" in The Hague), and others. Italian schools include Giotto, Masaccio, Fra Lippo Lippi, Tintoretto and Guardi, besides a noted Goya of the Spanish School. Special pictures here of wide interest are Murillo's "St. Anthony and the Infant Christ," Velasquez's "Portrait of Alessandro del Borro," Frans Hals' "Hille Bobbe" (of which we have in New York a replica), Titian's portrait of himself, and "Portrait of his Daughter Lavinia." The sculptures are also of importance and cover similar schools.

There is a new gallery in Berlin, the Crown Prince Palace, which offers some of the most interesting modern German painters, including the Cubist School. In this National Gallery, the "Kronprinz Palaz," one finds a good series of the mystical pictures of Arnold Böcklin, and several other less-known artists of real power. On the upper floor there are a number of rooms devoted to the weird and "mystical" Cubist school, which seems to have flourished in Germany even more than in France and America. These grotesques include fantastic portraits of men's faces, strange nudes, or even a "Madonna and Child," by Heckel, more peculiar than any "Primitive" ever known. They seemed to be taken quite seriously,



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however, by the many visitors, who studied the pictures carefully. One detected scarcely a smile of humor, and that only on some more or less uncultured face, in which the truly critical sense was not quite stifled by the modern passion for unique originality.

"The arts to-day are our only comfort in all we have suffered," so a new German friend, Dr. Drexler, told Flambeau in Berlin, adding that Germany is really benefiting now from an era of plain living and high thinking. Dr. Drexler, a friend of Baron von Thermann, formerly of the German Embassy in Washington, was of considerable assistance to the American in sending him to the Amerika-Institut, of which Dr. K. O. Bertling is director, a scientific foundation resembling our Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and reciprocating courtesies with it.

"This is not a police court!" exclaimed Dr. Bertling grandly, as he waved aside Flambeau's introductions, and accepted him without question. Dr. Bertling, who was in America during the war, was interned for his sympathies. He is a Harvard graduate, with many American friends and has a deep fondness for the United States.

The Amerika-Institut, of which he is director, is in the State Library Building in Berlin. It was founded in 1910-11 from money left for general educational purposes by the late Jacob Schiff, of New York City, and James Speyer, Esq. The aim is the promotion of scientific interests of America and Germany, to encourage research, exchange publications, and serve as intermediary in matters of copyright and transla-

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tion. Its library numbers 15,000 volumes, relating to economics, social, and political conditions in the United States.

Through an introduction from Edward A. Filene, Esq., of Boston, Flambeau met another valued acquaintance in Berlin, Mr. Roger M. C. Day, general manager of the Associated Merchandising Corporation, at Linden Strasse 114, S.W. This organization is one of the new efforts at bringing prosperity back to Germany, an association of merchants who are co-operating in an industrial development. Many American companies are represented in this business, which is giving employment to some thousands, with a steadily mounting pay roll.

The spirit of joy in work manifest among the employees of this modern concern was unusual in Berlin, for the north of Germany seemed anything but prosperous. It was different when one arrived in Dresden. Even the railway coaches from Berlin to Dresden were quite palatial when compared to those elsewhere in Germany.

Meantime Flambeau, determined to see the German people at closer range, tried the cinema in Berlin, the "Kino," they called it there. For about four cents American he obtained a good seat, paid 1 mark 50 for a program, and gave a further tip of 50 pfennig. Those light-weight tin 50-pfennig pieces! How little they were worth in purchasing value! Yet on them the Germans had inscribed a favorite motto, in a device of a sheaf of wheat:

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Sich regen  
Bringt Segen.

"To bestir oneself brings luck." Similar proverbs are observed in many places, perhaps on the table trays for beer mugs, often on wall inscriptions, sometimes quotations from the best authors, like Goethe.

The "Kino," where the American had hoped to find one of those sensational German films like "The Golem," which thrilled America when imported from Germany, proved instead to be not at all national, for one was immediately transported from a little German home to New York City, with a pretty Fraülein who was to study music in the "fascinating chaos of the Million City," so the program announced. There the girl met many adventures, she was spirited away from her lodgings, but her brother came just in time to save her, and a romance was included. The hall was filled; the audience paid close attention, but was not demonstrative. The evening was another Berlin impression of weariness, of trying to forget grief and pain.

In "The Chicago Tribune," of which he found a Berlin edition, like the Paris "Herald," Flambeau discovered a useful insert sheet devoted to "Sightseeing in Berlin," of considerable interest.

He also amused himself with German humorous magazines, like "*Lustige Blätter*," "*Fliegende Blätter*," and many others, in which the jokes were often surprising. As a German girl on the train had said, when lending such publications to a fellow traveler,

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"Don't be shocked. I have not read these. They are sometimes quite shocking."

"*Die Woche*" is a leading serious journal, which offers a fine weekly review of arts, industries, and general conditions. One of the illustrations in the number purchased was "Breakfast on the Terrace," by Wolfgang Born, a modern German artist. The original of this painting Flambeau had seen in the Gallery Flechtheim, opposite the "Weinhaus Rheingold," in Berlin, picturing father, mother and little daughter in a family group, the small girl busy with a picture book, strong modern German types.

It had been Flambeau's hope to offer an invitation to the German artists to visit America, as he had done in other countries, but he found everywhere such extremes of poverty in Germany that it appeared few might be able to avail themselves of the privilege, even if they wished to travel in America, which was by no means certain as yet. The revival of the arts, however, made it quite likely that they would do so in the near future. And so, promising himself to return to Berlin again very soon, Flambeau departed for Dresden, the capital of Saxony. There, affairs seemed decidedly active and up-to-date, although a certain seriousness pervaded the city, too, in spite of the definite atmosphere of success, and the inviting shops.

The picture galleries of Dresden rival any others in Europe. To discuss in a paragraph those wonderful paintings would be an impertinence. The Rubens Room is a blaze of color. The great attraction, how-

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ever, is "The Sistine Madonna," by Raphael, which is displayed in a separate apartment. There people went and came in silence, deeply affected by the grandeur and simplicity of this, the most famous picture in the world. The only ones who talked aloud were two American girls; they chattered endlessly about their likes and dislikes in the composition. Most of the other visitors were intelligent foreigners or native Germans, many of whom had no doubt traveled a long way for this great treat.

Other important canvases there are Correggio's "Holy Night"; the great Titian, "The Tribute Money"; the prototype of the "Meyer Madonna," by Holbein, the original of which is believed to be the one owned by Darmstadt; famous Rembrandts, portraits of himself and of his beloved Saskia, also of Hendrijcke Stoffels; Dürer's "Christ on the Cross," a celebrated work, and Liotard's familiar "Chocolate Girl," reproduced on the cocoa boxes.

Dresden has many beautiful churches, but more famous is the "*Schloss*," or Castle, an epitome of Saxon history. Here, as in Berlin, one might enjoy weeks of sightseeing. It was with regret that Flambeau once more bade farewell to another enchanting old city, and set out again to find new adventures.



## CHAPTER XXI

### RECONSTRUCTION IN GERMANY—NUREMBERG

*Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten*

*Dass ich so traurig bin. . . .*

—Heine: "Die Lorelei."

**I**F you have a wish, please, will you '*kl*ing' the bell. I will bring the tea swiftly. And, please, when you sleep, will you make the light out!"

Flambeau might have laughed at the painstaking English of his kind German host, if he had not suddenly remembered that probably his own labored "*Deutsch*" was even more picturesque. He had just arrived in Nuremberg, the quaint old-fashioned city where Albrecht Dürer was born, in one of the ancient red-tiled houses, with gambrel-roof effect. Flambeau had found that every hotel in Nuremberg was crowded to the doors. There was no room to be had, even at the "*Wittelsbach*," a rather grand place. But suddenly the clerk there took pity on the lone American, a taxi was called, and with a hotel porter and his luggage the traveler found himself flying to the opposite end of the city.

The porter explained in German on the way that there was at the house to which they were being driven a "*Frau Doktor*" who could speak English. It

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proved that the "*Frau Doktor*" spoke French, and not English, and she was not at home, also she was leaving next morning for Oberammergau, but the American was made royally welcome by the other members of the family, a mother and her son. He was given a suite of bedroom, sitting room, and bath, the price for which next day proved to be 200 Marks, or about 20 cents American, at the rate the American drew on his letter of credit in Nuremberg, more than 1,000 Marks to the dollar.

The mother of the family insisted that she liked the American's "*Deutsch*" because she could understand it, and she once had an Englishman staying there, whose German she never understood. And she inspected Flambeau's "*Corona*," on which he was writing, and said that he was "*fleissig*" (diligent), and that her "*Sohn*" was "*auch ein Student*," and learning to run the typewriter, and she called him, also, to watch the visitor's progress.

The "*kleines Diner*," which they served their new-comer that evening, consisted of a few small pieces of "*Schwarz Brot*," black bread, very dark in color, with a bit of sausage and a slice of smoked ham, followed by two bits of sweetened white bread for dessert, and a cup of tea with a little sugar like large grains of salt or sand, and without milk. Flambeau dared not ask for milk, since he thought probably they had none in the house. The poverty and privation of the average German family were extreme, as great now as Americans suffered at the height of the war.



PRINCE RUPERT OF BAVARIA AND THE CROWN  
PRINCESS, with their three lovely children.  
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"THE EMPEROR CHARLEMAGNE," by Albrecht  
Dürer. Nuremberg Museum, Germany.  
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THE "NÜRNBERG MADONNA," Museum of Nuremberg, Germany.  
Patroness of the City.  
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The Freitag family found an excellent courier, a neighbor, and next morning he and Flambeau set out to view the old city, with its Albrecht Dürer House, monument and house of Hans Sachs (the shoe-maker poet), the beautiful Frauen Kirche or Church of Our Lady, the St. Lawrence Kirche, the St. Sebaldus Kirche, the old restaurant of Bratwurstglöcklein (little bells, a chime), and the *Schloss* (Castle) and Tower, where the instruments of torture of Inquisition days are still preserved on exhibition, besides the Nuremberg Museum, with its 140 or more rooms. The guide advised against visiting the Museum as it would cost 50 Marks, but of course Flambeau had to see it, and at the rate of exchange that excessive charge was only five cents American, with a trifling addition of 10 Marks for the guide's admission, one cent more.

"But why are you in Germany always so kind to me, an American?" the foreigner asked.

"You see," explained his host, "your soldiers were so good to our boys in the war, they fed them so well. Our boys said the Americans gave them such good tinned meats, and even cakes. The French and English did not."

The British and French no doubt could not afford these luxuries, but our American policy certainly has won for us a warm place in the hearts of many Germans. This was not so absolutely true throughout Bavaria, where there is a sturdy independence, which does not always take kindly to the American traveler. In Nuremberg Flambeau saw a troupe of charming



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Bavarian country minstrels, whom he wished to photograph, but as soon as they understood his purpose, they made faces and all ran away.

"Do not mind," apologized his courier. "I think they are Czechoslovakians!" which last was absolute fiction.

His new companion expressed the belief that Bavaria would separate itself from the present Republic of Germany, call to the throne Prince Rupert and the Royal Family, and become a monarchy once more. For a Catholic country, as Southern Germany still remains in general, this would be a natural course in Europe. In Munich Flambeau heard the same opinion, and purchased photographs of Prince Rupert and the Crown Princess, with their lovely children.

However, the old love for the German Kaiser was by no means dead.

"He is a prisoner, just a prisoner in Holland!" the German cried out, adding that the Kaiser was not to blame for their misery, that he was badly advised, and that their military had held all in its power.

"My own son," he continued, "is now a cripple from the war. He can earn only 130 Marks a month. He has a wife and children, and I have to help him." This good man's "*Frau*" had a little restaurant and boarding house, on the outskirts of the city, too far away to pay well at present in spite of the crowded conditions of the hotels in general. Before the war she could have a servant to help her in the work of her small establishment. Now she must do it all herself.

The man had lived in England for many years pre-

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vious to the war, and he seemed fond of England and the British.

"The reparations asked are too much," he insisted. "We cannot pay, we have nothing. That is why Bavaria wishes to separate from the German Republic. But Saxony will remain with Prussia. Our labor troubles are great. With the Royal Family back, our working people will be better satisfied, even with small wages. The rates (taxes) are so high now that we cannot live."

The old house where Flambeau found himself a guest in Nuremberg had still an air of former magnificence in its heavy carved cabinets and plush furniture, besides some examples of sculpture like the nude Venus in plaster. Over his bed, which was quite magnificent in size and feather puffs, dangled a ribbon-bedecked Cupid, suggestive of weddings, which had very likely taken place in the little home during the war. There were photographs of officers with their brides, and one picture, adorned with a bit of myrtle pressed under the glass, showed a grass-grown grave, marked by a Cross.

The "Nürnberg Madonna," carved by Veit Stoss, is seen in pictures everywhere. The original, believed to have preserved the city from the plague in an early time, is carefully displayed in the Germanic Museum, which has a hundred and forty rooms, and the "exorbitant" admission price to "*Ausländeren*." Native Germans are admitted at a nominal charge.

In Munich Flambeau paid 100 Marks to see the Altepinakothek, and 50 Marks for the Neuepinako-

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· thek, where there is hardly an interesting picture, except Arnold Böcklin's masterpiece, "The Sport of the Waves," sea monsters and mermaids at play. In Dresden the great gallery is free to all, and in Berlin the charge was minimum, one or two Marks only.

Nuremberg was far more interesting than Munich which seemed devoid of art atmosphere. To many places in Nuremberg one must walk, as there are no cabs since the war, and the street car lines do not extend everywhere. Many people walk because the street car fares have risen to five, six, or seven Marks, according to distance. Taxis are almost prohibitive, owing to the expense of gasoline, which is nearly at American rates.

A city of fountains, Nuremberg might be called, each with its story: The Goose-Man Fountain, in the old goose market; the "*Schöne Brunnen*"; the "*Tugendbrunnen*," or Fountain of Virtue, a figure of Justice with weighing scales at the top, and below seven or eight cherub heralds, blowing streams of water from their trumpets, while again below stand symbolical historic figures, from whose breasts flow streams of water. It is the custom in Nuremberg, if the children ask their parents concerning their origin, to tell them that their mother found them in the "*Tugendbrunnen*," and send them there to look at it.

The old Thirteenth Century Clock, devised by a watchmaker, Peter Heus, is another interesting sight. Daily when the clock strikes twelve, the seven Electors, bowing, go thrice around the Emperor Charles.

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In Munich there is a similar clock on the Town Hall, in which, as the clock chimes eleven, every morning, merry dancing figures in bright colors appear and caper several times.

The Albrecht Dürer House the guide saved until the last, as he knew his visitor considered it of greatest interest. It is quaint and antique, with many associations of the artist, portraits of himself and his wife, autograph letters by him, reproductions of his works, and several originals, including many of his actual sketches. A favorite ceiling decoration, hanging from massive wooden beams, is an antiquated German cherub, a Cupid with bows and arrows, and with wings made of the spreading antlers of the deer.

One of the original Dürer drawings represents a half-nude figure of a man, who is pictured pointing to a spot on his left side above the abdomen. The story is told that one day the artist was feeling rather ill, and he drew this picture to send to his physician, to indicate the source of his ailment, and the sage doctor at once understood and dispatched medicine to cure him.

In the old St. Lawrence Church, there is an extraordinary life-size wood carving (the Rochus Altar it is called), representing the good Saint, who suffered from leg trouble, uncovering his infected limb to show the sore spot upon it to an Angel who stands before him.

The glory and crown of Nuremberg is its ancient "*Schloss*," or castle, the stronghold above the city.

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It is enclosed by encircling high walls of stone, and overlooks the country round about. To reach it is a climb, but well worth the trouble. There many political prisoners of early days were held and tortured, often to death, as the cruel instruments preserved here testify only too eloquently. The old "Iron Maid" is the most significant. Outwardly a figure of a woman, it opens on hinges and within are sharp spikes which pierced the eyes, the breast and the body until the poor victim inside was dead. Then a trap door opened beneath, and his body dropped into the river far below.

From the top the view is inspiring, but in the rooms along the climbing way are instruments of torture. Scolding wives had head and hands confined in stocks. Men who cheated at cards were exhibited in the marketplace on the pillory, for derision, covered with symbolic dice and cards. Every fault had its punishment, and crime was rife.

The Nürnbergers are fond of their city walls and the old "*Schloss*," and on Sunday afternoons it is their favorite promenade to walk around these walls, instead of going out to the country or to a park, as might be the custom in other German cities.

The love for music is still dominant in Germany, but the Germans are less gay than formerly. While at the "*Schloss*," Flambeau enjoyed an afternoon concert by the German soldier orchestra of Nürnberg; "*Aïda*" was played.

Nürnberg, or Nuremberg as we call it in America and England, is a manufacturing town with many



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factories. It should be prosperous, since everyone is occupied now with work, but the expenses are so high, with the falling Mark, that conditions are anything but hopeful. So great is the present cost of living in Germany that it has become the custom to avoid having children, when formerly a family of seven to ten would have been the parents' pride. Little milk is to be had, and that expensive, since the cattle were all butchered during the war, and new herds are not large, hence the mothers nurse their babies as long as they can.

Electrical articles, German toys, brushes, tram cars, electric cars, and tin and metal works are among the manufactures of Nürnberg. Some of the factories are large enough to employ ten or twelve thousand in a single shop, and they are all busy, which should indicate comparative prosperity.

The first German railway was built from Nürnberg to Führt in 1835. The city numbers nearly 500,000 inhabitants. Advertising in Nürnberg is rather interesting, one popular object being the "*Himmel Bett*," almost American in its persistence and ugliness, together with oak furniture, imitation and real.

Only two Catholic churches now remain in Nürnberg, which has many Lutheran churches. A monument to Peter Henlein, the inventor of the first pocket watch, represents the genius holding in his hand a model, round like an egg.

From Nürnberg to Munich is a four hours' ride by express, and on arrival there Flambeau once more

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found the hotels crowded and no room to be had, although he had telegraphed ahead, paying for his message 20 Marks, or the price of an American postage stamp, 2 cents. Stepping to the door of the hotel, which had failed to heed his telegram, Flambeau decided to "take a chance" by accepting a room with one of the unknown people waiting outside to invite unaccommodated travelers to share their houses. He found some one very glad to receive him, a German woman whose husband was an amateur artist. They spoke little or no English, but under their guidance Flambeau enjoyed a thoroughly interesting visit.

In Munich there are thirty-seven Catholic churches. The highest belfries are the two on the old Frauenkirche, a hard climb to the top, so the American found it. In another old church, named for Ludwig, is Cornelis' "Last Judgment," reported to be the largest canvas in the world, a reputation shared with Tintoretto's "Last Judgment" in Venice. In the great Frauenkirche is the catafalque of the Unknown Soldier of Bavaria. The casket was draped in black and surrounded by green palms and evergreens. The candles about it had been lighted, burned a bit, and blown out. In Germany and Austria the cost of candles has to be counted now.

Munich is fond of display monuments, fountains, palaces and buildings. The "Hunting Temple" is a recent one, a sort of shrine with a bronze deer inside, erected in 1907, and very ugly. A fondness for sculpture is evinced, but the works make little im-

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pression, since the style is not striking, although there are monuments apparently to every monarch, musician, and hero or heroine of the state.

In the Altepinakothek are the most noted paintings, Rubens, Rembrandt, Jordaens, Dürer, and a long line of the German School. After seeing the splendid gallery in Dresden the works of Munich hardly seem important. Lenbach's "Bismarck" is of interest to compare with ours in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Rubens' portrait of himself and Isabella Brandt, his first wife, also another of Helena Fourment, the second wife, are among the best.

The originals of Albrecht Dürer's famous four Apostles, "St. Peter and St. John," "St. Paul and St. Mark," are here; they were painted by the master for Nürnberg, the city of his birth. About a hundred years later they were sold to Munich, and inferior copies now mark their place in the Nürnberg Museum.

Art students, or artists, painting in the Munich galleries, were producing very poor copies, among the least interesting seen in Europe. Munich is, of course, a grand city for music, if not for the plastic arts. The theatres and opera houses are imposing buildings, but closed in the summer season. The people seemed more cheerful in Munich than elsewhere in Germany, and student groups, boy scouts or similar companies, tramped down the mountains, often singing merrily.

"Beauty parlors" on nearly every street cor-

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ner were a popular advertising feature, "*Institut für Moderne Schönheit Kultur*," but the sense of real beauty seemed strangely lacking in Munich, for all its storied fame.

## CHAPTER XXII

### CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A PROGRESSIVE COUNTRY

I have read, in some old marvelous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.  
—*Longfellow*: "The Beleaguered City."

WHEN Viktor Flambeau turned aside from his study of conditions in Germany for a glimpse of Prague, or Praha, it was perhaps more because of a sentimental interest than from a suspicion that he would find there one of the greatest of inspirations so far in his entire European travel.

But in one short week he gained so much that was new and fresh and encouraging to life, it would be impossible in a brief chapter to tell it all. And this benefit was by no means entirely because Flambeau chanced to be the guest of the Czechoslovak Minister, Honorable B. Stepanek, and his gracious sister, Miss Anna Stepankova, both very favorably known in Washington, D. C. They outdid themselves in courtesies, but everywhere one turned one found strangers interested in the United States, and anxious to make one's stay delightful.

A city councillor was his guide, Doctor Jindrich Maly. And he was introduced to Prague by Mr.



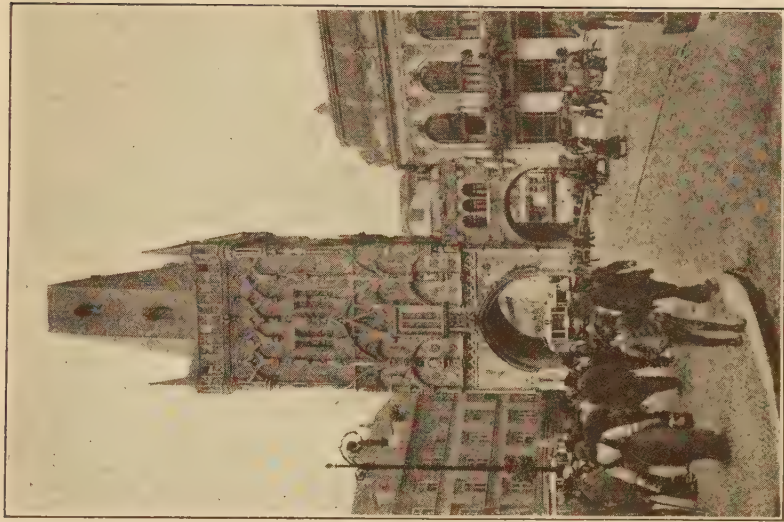
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Stanislav Spacek, Technical Counsellor to the Czechoslovak Legation at Washington. Mr. Jindrich Waldes, a successful manufacturer, a native of Prague but almost equally well known in America for his useful twentieth-century device, the "Kohinoor" snap fastener, sent his private car for Flambeau's use. Mr. Waldes was met through the introduction of Mr. Edward A. Filene, of Boston. Doctor and Madame Stangler, then of the Czechoslovak Legation in Washington, supplied many other introductions.

A great sculptor, Professor Bohumil Kafka, gave a special session in his studio, and agreed to undertake plans for an exhibition of Czechoslovak arts in Washington and other American cities. And by a strange coincidence, the traveler found that he had come all the way to Prague to met a noted man from his own city, Doctor William S. Abernethy, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Washington D. C., who chanced to be also a guest of Mr. Stepanek. Doctor Abernethy was accompanied by William T. Sheppard, an attorney of Lowell and Boston, and they had toured the Baltic States together, Poland, and Germany, lecturing, and were en route to Oberammergau and the Battlefields of France. While in Prague Doctor Abernethy spoke twice, through an interpreter, Doctor Prochazka, pastor of the Baptist Church of Prague, who translated with remarkable ease and accuracy. A telegram from President Masaryk was read, and the meeting sent a cable of greetings to the American President at the White



HONORABLE DOCTOR R. STEPANEK, Minister of  
Foreign Affairs, Prague, Czechoslovakia.  
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THE POWDER TOWER AND CITY SQUARE IN PRAGUE.  
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INTERIOR, ALBRECHT DÜRER HOUSE, Nuremberg, Germany.  
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THE IMPERIAL OPERA HOUSE, Burg Ring, Vienna, Austria.  
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## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

House, so keen was the enthusiasm for everything and everybody American.

Coming from Germany, where money was low and American dollars went far, one's first impression was of the grand prosperity of Czechoslovakia by contrast, and of the high cost of living. The value of the Czech crown mounted day by day, and in comparison with the depreciated German Mark or the Austrian crown it seemed almost a fortune, and was at the moment considered the strongest money of the Middle European nations.

Through Mr. Frederick Pearson, Secretary at the American Consulate in Prague, Flambeau obtained accommodations at the very crowded Blauer Stern Hotel, exceedingly popular with its double rates, a cheap and a dear dining room and café, both of them patronized by most guests. Mr. Pearson spoke with real enthusiasm of Prague, the extraordinary beauty of its architecture and setting, and the unusual atmospheric lights so constantly changing, and almost spectral in effect, the theme of Longfellow's "Be-leaguered City."

In the beautiful Town Hall, there are many historic associations, and an old Chapel dating from 1338. There to-day reposes the casket of the Unknown Soldier of Czechoslovakia, draped with the banners of the Republic, and adorned with memorial wreaths as in other countries. Czechoslovaks fought bravely and actively in the war, and suffered serious losses. This Chapel is a gem of Bohemian Gothic architecture. In the largest of the Council rooms



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adjoining, one may see Václav Brožík's immense canvases, "The Condemnation of John Huss," in 1415, and "The Election of George of Podebrad as King of Bohemia," in 1458, modern historical paintings.

It was in this room that Doctor Maly for many years had his seat as a City Councillor; he also filled other municipal offices, so that the mention of his name to-day is an "Open Sesame!" in Prague.

Outside, on the tower wall, an ancient astronomical clock, constructed in 1490, still tells the time correctly, and at the half past hours it shows the Twelve Apostles moving and bowing before our Lord, and the Cock above flaps his wings.

The picturesque John Huss Monument in the square here is of much interest to visitors, who daily place fresh wreaths before it. The great reformer is represented standing, offering his plea. It was unveiled in 1915 in commemoration of the five hundredth anniversary of his death at the stake in Constance. The style is not modern, but quite in keeping with the ancient city architecture, which is the Baroque, probably the finest of that type in Europe.

The Maria pred Tynem Church, opposite the Town Hall, is a splendid Baroque building, belonging to the fifteenth century. It was for two centuries the Hussite temple and stronghold, but has now become Roman Catholic. Here Flambeau met one of the priests, Father Cerny, who seemed pleased to know of his mission. The tomb of the famous Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahe, who died at Prague in 1601, is in this old Church.



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The Vltava River, called by Germans the Moldau, is spanned by ten bridges, of which the most famous is the Charles Bridge, which is adorned on either side by beautiful Baroque sculptures. These were carefully explained by Dr. Maly, as he and Flambeau crossed the great Bridge together at sunset one evening, just when many people were returning to their homes. One sculptured group, considered the loveliest among them all, is by Mathias Braun, and pictures the Saviour on the Cross, leaning down to embrace His Mother, with an arm which He has freed from the nails.

Thomas Campbell, in his "Pleasures of Hope," reminds us of this famous bridge:

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.

Above stands the great "Kremlin" of Prague, the Palace of Government, with its traditions. Near it on the same heights is the famous Gothic Cathedral of St. Vitus, the patron of Prague. There, amid historic surroundings, is a charming park and a view of the city. In a quaint old street near-by is the fabled home of the medieval alchemist who believed he had discovered the secret of transmuting all things into gold, hence it is called the Golden Street.

The University of Prague, claimed to be the second oldest in Europe, has about 25,000 students. There one may study with many advantages, and live, if one will, in a house in the Golden Street, not far away.

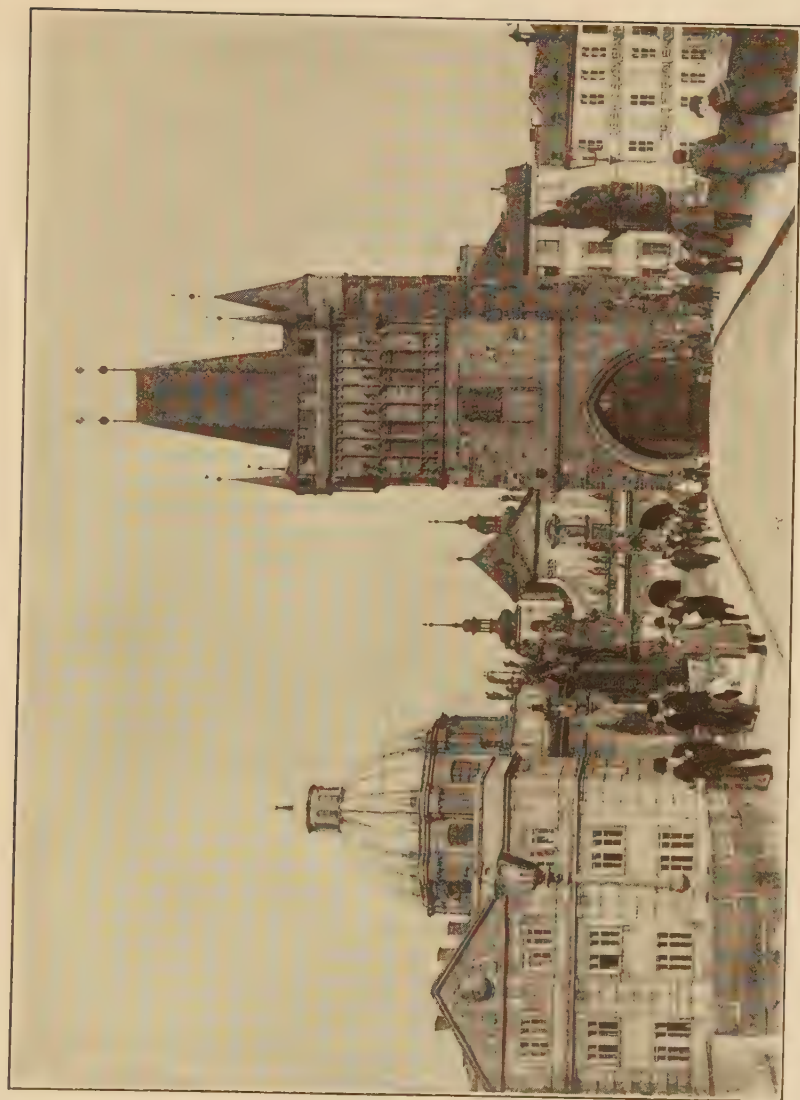
## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

The modern Czech school of painting is exceedingly vigorous, and at the same time harmonious and pleasing. There is nothing decadent or futuristic about its best work, but always the essence of beauty of form and brilliance of color. Many of the artists are already known in America, as Joseph Mánes, the leader; Max Swabinsky, perhaps the most famous to-day; T. F. Simon (pronounced She-mon), the etcher, claimed by Paris; Mikoláš Aleš, also a marvelous etcher; and Mucha, celebrated for murals.

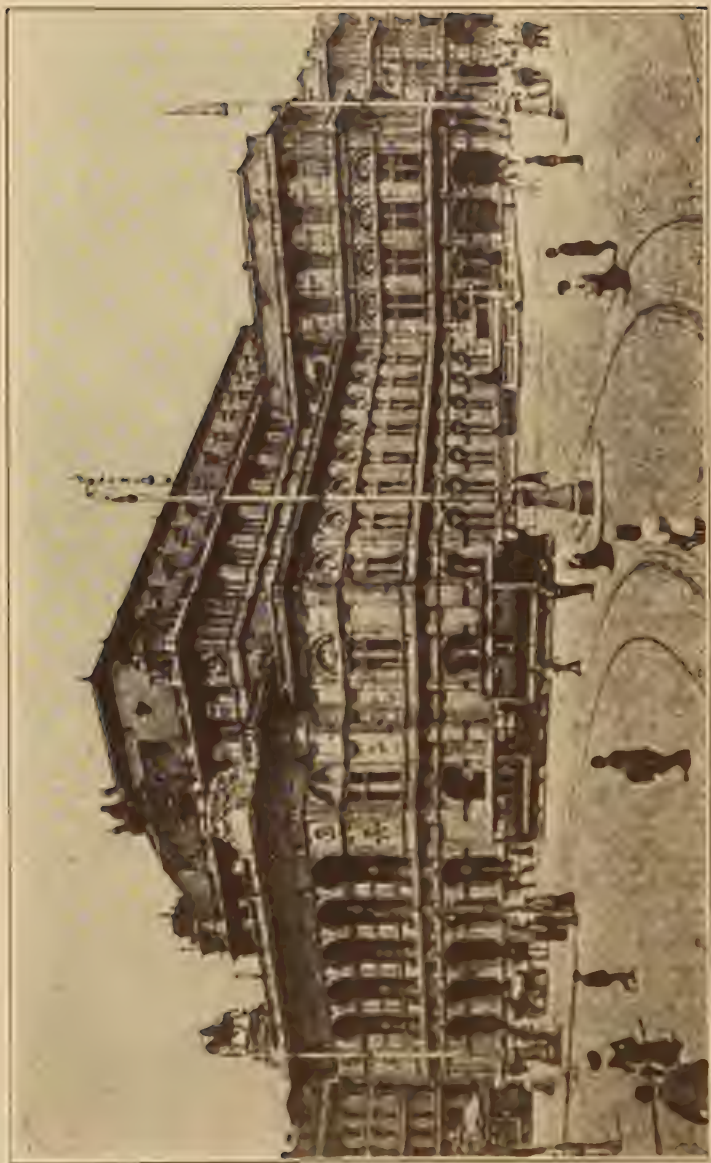
The school of sculpture also has famous names, such as Bohumil Kafka, whose studio the American visited, and Jan Stursa, who created the new monument in Prague to the fallen soldier, "Wounded," a heroic nude figure falling, with arms gracefully up-raised like wings.

Flambeau was not sure whether he visited all the museums and picture galleries of Prague. His friend, Mr. Spacek, accompanied him to see the modern exposition then in session near the Baumgarten, the historic frescoes of the Belvedere Building, the Ethnological Museum, with its ancient folk arts, and the Museum of Arts and Industries, featuring the best of Bohemian glass and other specialties.

Another interesting building was the Waldes Museum, a remarkable technical collection showing the history of dress fastenings—woman's progress in civilization it might almost be called,—assembled by the clever Mr. Waldes of "Kohinoor" snap fastener fame. Here was a surprising array of girdles,



THE OLD CHARLES BRIDGE AND TOWN TOWER IN PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.  
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A SCENE ON THE RINGSTRASSE, the principal city square and street in Vienna

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thongs, clasps, buckles, pins, buttons, ties, and other fastenings, down to the modern invention of the "Kohinoor" snap. One example, which Mr. Waldes wished to have but had failed to procure, was American Indian fasteners. Otherwise, his assemblage seemed complete.

Mr. Waldes is a generous patron of the arts, especially of modern artists, and has a large private collection of his own. On the day of Flambeau's visit at his home, Mr. Waldes was occupied with the sculptor, Professor Kafka, installing the artist's latest bronze, a striking nude, "Orfeus," with his lute, as the center of interest in his large garden, adjoining his residence in Prague.

While Flambeau drank coffee with Mr. and Mrs. Waldes, and their pretty children, the great financier was talking enthusiastically of the future of his country. Mr. Waldes has American offices in Garden City, Long Island. He speaks English perfectly, and has loaned some of his valuable Czechish murals to the Legation in Washington. His home in Prague is like a beautiful gallery.

Flambeau called upon the Minister of Education, who later sent him a package of literature so huge that it was a problem how to get it into the traveler's modest luggage, but it was quite too good to be left behind, and he brought it back to America. There were art monographs and color prints of folk costumes, done by Czechish artists, and other reviews which bespoke the national pride in progress.

The Prague "movies" occupied one evening, when



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in a very pretty cinema theatre, the "*Sans Souci*," Flambeau saw, not a rousing historical Czech drama, but instead a Lasky film of Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," done in the grand style by Czech artists.

Another event of his stay was a Sunday-night performance of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," in Czech, when, by special invitation of the playwright Karel Capek, Flambeau enjoyed the drama from the Director's private box, the house being sold out, even to standing room. Dr. Capek's new movie, "The Play of the Insects," was then on its way to America.

The director, Dr. Fuksa, of the Mestske Divaldo, or Town Theatre, explained in German to his visitor, that the British Minister to Prague was highly pleased with the Shakespeare performances here and wrote him a letter of congratulation. "Troilus and Cressida" is a Greek play little known in America and seldom given in England, but splendidly performed here. The Czech men are brave and handsome. The actors played with sturdy bare limbs, both men and women, in the Greek style, but there was nothing coarse or suggestive, only the culture of art in every movement, or speech.

The figure of woman among the Czechs is a different type from elsewhere in Europe, as Mr. Waldes later agreed with Flambeau when they were discussing the question. The roundness of the calf of the leg is more marked, as also the curves at the hips, yet there is a subtlety of refinement which cannot

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

be duplicated. By many it is considered the most beautiful in Europe. The faces are piquant, and the figure is strong, yet never gross, among the beauties.

One agreeable phase of Flambeau's stay in Prague was the ready help he received when lost among the winding streets. He had gone out one evening alone to see the Charles Bridge and the Vltava River at twilight, and coming back found himself hopelessly confused in the Jewish quarter. He stopped at a little shop to buy a few postcards and a photograph of President Masaryk, who is fond of Americans and married a Bostonian, an example followed by their son. Flambeau asked the shopkeeper to direct him to his hotel, when the little bookseller insisted upon accompanying the stranger, to whom he talked all the way in German. He said he liked Americans, and he refused a tip at the end, because he wanted to do this for America. His name was Zikmund Reach, at Skorepka 9, Praha 1. "Praha" is the Czech name for Prague.

Many Czechish artists called upon Flambeau, all anxious to exhibit in America. He regretted not having a fortune to dispense, because some of these young painters and sculptors were very poor. One of the latter, a mere boy, came in workman's blue jeans, the favorite blouse of a sculptor, and overalls. He had brought a bit of marble, in which he had carved a baby's face, a child awakening to life, emerging from the stone. It was his own infant, for he was already married, and a promising artist, according to Professor Kafka, who knew him well. The

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boy's girl wife had been a pupil of the Professor at his Art School in Prague.

Another caller was Professor F. Bakule, who has established in Prague, through American contributions and with the help of the Red Cross, a school for children crippled in some way, called the "*Bakule Druzina*," Bakule Group. Here music and the fine arts are taught. Professor Bakule has since toured America with his Bakule Chorus. A collection of the art productions of his students is on permanent exhibition at National Red Cross headquarters, in Washington, D. C.

Professor Bakule invites visiting Americans to call at his school, or to help in the good work by writing him, at Mozartova ul. 1234, Praha-Smichov, Czechoslovakia. Accompanying him as interpreter was a former American girl, Mrs. Rose H. Klima, who has married a Czech and is living in Prague.

Flambeau also met Mr. Artus Noval, an editor who has brought out charming editions of modern poets. He gave the visitor two of his book-plates as souvenirs.

The only word of Czechish which the traveler learned was "Vychod" (pronounced, Ve-h-h-hod), meaning entrance or exit, which is seen everywhere. However, he purchased a Czech dictionary, and a volume of lyrics by modern Czech poets, of whom there are hundreds, including a number of women. The book is illustrated with portraits, of which that of Miss Marysa B. Sarecka, who writes with a masculine pseudonym, is especially charming.

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Doctor Maly, now past his eightieth birthday, several years ago with Madame Maly translated into Czechish, John Habberton's "Helen's Babies." This book proved so popular that it is at present in its seventh edition.

"But the jokes?"

"Oh, we were just bringing up our own little boys," explained the former City Councillor, "and whenever it was impossible to translate the point of the joke, we substituted something of theirs." These two sons grew to manhood, and one, now distinguished as an engineer, is coming to America. The other, alas! returned from the war an invalid, only to pass away soon afterward.

Perhaps the most extravagant of Flambeau's little follies in Prague was sending home a cable of one word at a cost of eight dollars American.

He suddenly remembered that the group of friends he had left en route to Paris would be sailing home, arriving by this time, and he wished to cable them a short message, so he wrote the single word "Greetings," with the brief necessary address, eight words in all. The night porter at the hotel assured him it could not cost over \$2 or \$3 American. And so it should, had the traveler thought to write on it the word "Deferred," which however might have made it too late to catch his friends. Long, long afterward he learned that it was safely received, being handed to the party leader as they stepped ashore on the American pier.

Prague is a city of gardens and parks. On a Sun-

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day afternoon, Flambeau visited the Baumgarten, most beautiful of them all, and there he heard a good Czech orchestra, and also drank some excellent native Pilsner beer, which one seems to require so much more in traveling than when at home. With his Czechish friend he lunched another day at the popular restaurant of the new Municipal Building, the walls of which are decorated with handsome frescoes of historical subjects.

Another art patron whom he met, and whose son Gustav was setting out to visit America, was Mr. Karel Jan Rubes, of Prague, and still another was Dr. Leopold Katz, an advocate, with a choice assemblage of art works and historical data, including an autograph of Benjamin Franklin, in 1781, with the familiar quotation from Pope, "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

After so much hospitality in Prague, it was with real reluctance that Flambeau tore himself away, promising himself and his new friends to return soon, and to make an excursion next time to Carlsbad, or Karlovavary, as the Czechs prefer to call their fashionable watering place, and to visit Slovakia, where the primitive life and arts of the people are still unspoiled.



## CHAPTER XXIII

### VIENNA: REVIVAL OF FINE ARTS

My business in this state  
Made me a looker on here in Vienna.  
—*Shakespeare*: "Measure for Measure."

CONDITIONS in Vienna were better than Flambeau had expected, and worse! For a little more than ten dollars U. S. A. he became a millionaire, receiving on that day 75,000 Austrian Kronen to the dollar. But he paid for his taxi to the bank 30,000 Kronen, and when he left Vienna a few days later, in the midst of a new revolution there, his taxi driver then demanded and received 62,000 Kronen, besides his tip, for a few minutes' drive to the Danube steamer in the gray of early morning.

In Vienna there are palatial hotels, crowded with rich foreigners, Americans and others, but Flambeau wished to see one of the older and more typically Viennese places, so he said to the porter who carried his luggage from the station, in his broken German, "*Ein kleines, gutes Hotel, bitte!*" And the man understood him perfectly, and conducted him to the Wimburger, where they were most attentive to his wants, although they spoke no English and had no other American guests.

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A man harnessed to a small cart and driven through the streets like a beast—that was one of the sights noted. And again, a small barefooted boy similarly driven by an older one. Yet business was going on as usual, and only a certain mysterious sadness hanging over the city, a sort of desolation, told the stranger of the extreme poverty of Vienna, where a street car ride was 450 Kronen. However, the cars were well filled.

“The modern sack of Europe!” That is what it has been called, the thronging of rich strangers to these countries now so poverty-stricken. And indeed, Money itself has become the tyrant of the world. Men and nations are enslaved to a blind, unfeeling god of stone, and without knowing how to free themselves from the dictator.

“Austria is a rich country, but she cannot produce all that her people need. She has too many mountains,” so said Redacteur Ernst Fleischer, editor of the Vienna “*Neue Freie Presse*,” when Flambeau presented his introductions. He had a letter to Dr. Ernst Benedict, editor-in-chief of the same paper, from Edward A. Filene, of Boston.

“Our money is worth nothing here, and what would it be in America!” exclaimed another editor of the same staff, when the visitor invited him to the United States, which, however, he hoped to see at the first opportunity, if conditions improve.

Hungry-looking people, with gaunt faces and eyes that had wept, haunted the streets of Vienna, and everybody there seemed always in a sort of

## VIENNA: REVIVAL OF FINE ARTS

dream, a nightmare, from which one would like to awaken them. Things moved slowly in Vienna, and yet, in this one-time most brilliant capital of Europe, there was still a certain gayety, for the Austrian temperament is a volatile one, and rises and falls quickly. The men are perhaps the most distinguished-looking in Europe, but to-day sad lines of care were seen in their faces. They had suffered and struggled in vain. Yet by no means did they despair.

Vienna is, like Munich, a city of memorials and statues of past glory, where musical and literary associations are also strong. Monuments to Goethe and Schiller, to Beethoven, to Handel, Haydn, and many other composers may be seen, and their names are attached to popular streets and cafés.

The Ringstrasse encircles the principal square of the city, where stand palatial hotels and monumental buildings like the Opera, which give their names in turn to various sections, as Opera Ring, Burg Ring, "*und so weiter!*" streets radiating from this center like the avenues from our own Capitol Hill in Washington.

The lone American joined a sightseeing group on Sunday morning for an excursion to the "Schönbrunn Schloss," that grand palace or castle so closely associated with the Hapsburgs and Maria Theresa that one feels afterwards almost as though one had actually met them, since their portraits cover the walls, and their intimate furniture is everywhere. One sees the boudoir of Maria Theresa, and the bedroom of the son of Napoleon, the ill-fated "l'Aiglon,"

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who died at twenty-one of tuberculosis, in the very bed which one may still see there, with reminders of the old Emperor Franz Josef, and the later one, and early portraits of Marie Antoinette. In the beautiful garden at the rear, the fountains were playing to-day, in spite of the poverty of Vienna, and the trees were well trimmed and the flowers carefully trained. This is a favorite park, where many parents and children were to be seen on this Sunday morning.

In St. Stephen's Church in Vienna many, many people came to prostrate themselves before the Blessed Virgin, imploring her aid, and burning candles to Her that She might deliver their city from its seeming doom. These very candles often meant a considerable sacrifice, for candles were now so comparatively dear that many could afford them only under tragic circumstances like the present, and in some places, but not here, one might see half-burned candles; they had been blown out to save the second half for another occasion of need.

In the old Capuchin Church is the famous Chapel of the Hapsburgs in an underground crypt, to which Flambeau and a companion were admitted by a barefooted, brown-frocked monk, with a knotted cord for girdle. He walked with stately tread before them, and had a regal manner caught from long association with the Royalties of the one-time monarchy of Austria, grandest in Europe. Among the tombs he led his pilgrim visitors, pausing here and there with

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thoughtful mien to name the occupant and tell his or her story.

The grand Maria Theresa and her Royal Consort were entombed in a room where also were grouped about them the tombs of thirteen of their children; three more who doubtless died in early infancy were shown in another apartment, more distant. But of all there, the most pathetic to Flambeau was the casket of l'Aiglon, Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's only legitimate son, by his second consort, Marie Louise, who was interred opposite her son. The imposing tomb of the Emperor, the father of Marie Louise, was between these two. Some one, more sentimental than Flambeau, had left upon the tomb of l'Aiglon a bunch of violets, now half withered.

In another room their stately guide conducted them to the new catafalque of the late Emperor. And when Flambeau asked the monk if he believed the Hapsburgs would be restored to their throne, the loyal hermit answered with feeling, "I hope so!" And then, with the slow tread and dignified manner caught from the Emperor, he led them out once more, from the musty final vaults of unhappy monarchs to the clear sunshine and blue skies of an unhappy city in the throes of a new revolution.

The contrast of rich and poor in Vienna is marked. At the "Parisian," a popular vaudeville theatre to which the American dropped in of a Saturday evening he found standing room only. He paid 5,000 Kronen, merely for this admission, as there were no seats, and he gave an extra tip for his program.



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The audience sat at small tables, and ate or drank during the performance. The latter somewhat resembled the "Baroque" in plastic art; it had a leaning toward the grotesque. Very possibly a large number of the crowd there were visiting foreigners now resident in Vienna, but some of them must have been "*nouveaux riches*" Viennese as well. Clowns and acrobats were popular, also a Hawaiian singer with his ukulele. A pseudo-artist painted two landscape scenes in five minutes each on an easel upon the stage before the people, who applauded enthusiastically. There were the usual ballet dancers, among them a charming young girl in black togs, but not quite so "chic" as in Paris.

Museums and galleries were seldom open at that vacation season, it seemed, but for a small tip one might often gain admission. The Imperial Gallery, which Flambeau and an Austrian companion visited in this way, since it was closed to the general public, had excellent pictures, quite unknown to the world at large, the old masters, and a few of the modern Austrian artists. A lovely Raphael there brought forth a story from the curator. Only two months ago a man had stopped before this very picture, remained for two hours looking at the Madonna face, and then suddenly shot himself. He had been married but a few weeks, and was thought to be very happy. There was no explanation.

Blank spaces here and there on the walls were explained as having belonged to pictures taken away by the Italians at the close of the war.

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"We had not an hour's notice," the curator mourned, regretfully.

The Leichtenstein Gallery is a large private collection of paintings and other art treasures, selected with exceptional care. It belongs to the aged Prince Leichtenstein, now past eighty. He comes every Sunday afternoon to enjoy his treasures, but at other times in the morning it is often open to the public. On the Sunday afternoon when Flambeau called, the guards were expecting a visit from the Prince, and it was only by dint of coaxing, and tips of 2,000 Kronen and 10,000 Kronen to different officials, that he finally got admitted, promising to stay "*Nur fünf Minuten!*" Once inside, it was easy to lengthen the five minutes, hoping for a glimpse of the Prince, who, however, unfortunately did not put in an appearance.

The guard became so interested in showing the rare paintings, Rubens, Rembrandt, Raphael, Botticelli, and many other Italian and Flemish masters, including an unusual Sassoferrato "St. Maria," and several of Guido Reni's best, of which two latter artists the Prince seemed especially fond, that it was much more than five minutes before the American got away. He asked as to the art knowledge of the Prince.

"Oh yes, he knows every picture, and loves his collection very much," replied the guard, in German, adding that as the Prince has neither wife nor child, the collection will pass at his death to his brother, since it is a family heirloom.

At a private exhibition, the "*Verlag der Schönen Künste*" of Herr Arnold Bachwitz, a well-known

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connoisseur, Flambeau purchased a water color study of a blue-smocked German or Austrian with a big stein of beer, a man so deep in thought that he was forgetting his drink. The price seemed prohibitive, 88,000 Kronen, but this was only \$1.15 American.

Among the people in Vienna who called to see Flambeau were two who proved of great assistance to him. One was Miss Anna S. Levetus, an art critic and contributor to the "International Studio" and other publications, at present editor of a newspaper in Vienna, "Reconstruction," devoted to rebuilding the fallen fortunes of Austria and promoting its commercial relations. Miss Levetus is a gifted English girl, who has lived many years in Vienna. She gave a little dinner for the American stranger, and invited a Viennese publisher, Herr Richard Stein, who has recently published a sumptuous volume on the British painter Frank Brangwyn, written by Miss Levetus. Her delightful home was at Peter Jordanstrasse 27, in the XIX precinct of Vienna, near the beautiful "Turks' Park," as it is called, a locality once the camp of Turks during a previous war.

Another new friend was Mr. Arnold Houben, a young architect, just graduated from the Vienna Academy of Art, an honor that this boy, alone and unaided, had accomplished during the trying years that followed the war, which had strangely benefited Mr. Houben. Born an Austrian by his father's citizenship, but with an English mother, Mr. Houben had grown up in northern Russia, and was educated in an English private school for boys in China, but



HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT MASARYK, of Czechoslovakia.  
[Page 287]



FRITZ KREISLER, Austria's leading Violinist.  
[Page 293]



THE ARCHDUCHESS AUGUSTA, Consort of the popular  
Archduke Joseph, and their two sons. Budapest, Hungary.  
[Pages 307-8]



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when he became eighteen years of age during the war he was repatriated to Austria, where he had never lived before. He had been set adrift in Holland, and with little or no money, and not knowing how to speak German, he was compelled to find his way, through Germany, to Austria, of which country he was legally a citizen.

"I once hungered for three days in Germany," he told the sympathetic American. "Sometimes I slept in railway stations, but at last I worked my way to Vienna, which I have now learned to love very dearly."

Knowing almost no German, the official language of Vienna, young Houben, alone, without friends, and having no money except what he earned, in a time of great financial disturbance, followed his heart's desire and entered the Art Academy of Vienna, from which just three years later he graduated with distinction at barely twenty-one, and was then prepared to design original houses for working men, bungalows, and interior decoration of a highly unique and original character.

It occurred to Flambeau that this accomplished and resourceful young man, Houben, would be an agreeable companion, not only in Vienna but on a trip to Budapest, which was his next objective, so they laid their plans.

Many Viennese artists, painters, sculptors, and architects visited Flambeau, at his hotel, and their desire to exhibit in America was almost pathetic, especially as it was not possible to hold out much en-

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couragement as to the sale of works of art at present. Flambeau would like to have been a millionaire, able to have made them all happy by the purchase of a canvas or a sculpture. Under the circumstances, he could only ask them to have tea with him, when they all talked art with enthusiasm, just as though their city were not at the very moment in the throes of a new revolution.

The tea, rolls and butter, with which the party were served, were not very good. The milk was a queer compound, mostly water. But the wit made up for everything. The waiters lingered, very attentive, since, poor fellows, they hoped for tips afterward, which Flambeau did not forget to bestow. They seemed very large, but they were a mere trifle in pennies or dimes. The Austrian waiter is always addressed as "*Herr Ober*," Mr. Waiter. For about ten cents, Flambeau had his clothes pressed, while stopping at the Wimburger. His daily expenses were something like thirty-five cents for room and meals, many thousand Kronen of course.

Delicious fruit was sold on the streets of Vienna for a few pennies, so cheap that one would like to have bought it all and distributed it broadcast. Flambeau did offer a handful of it to the chambermaid at the hotel, and the smile with which she accepted the little gift showed that it was not amiss.

Suddenly conditions became even more serious in Vienna, a new revolution started, throngs of workless people tramped the streets, and harangued in the public square, the military were called out. It was

## VIENNA: REVIVAL OF FINE ARTS

forbidden to take photographs, although Flambeau hung about with his Kodak. Prices suddenly doubled, at the banks no money could be obtained, and the shops closed their shutters. The Viennese shopkeepers had not forgotten the last previous riot, when plate glass windows had been smashed.

The citizens seemed to take the new turn of affairs philosophically, to judge from the manner in which they continued their usual daily duties, the street cars remained running, and service at the hotels was as before. But the crowds became more boisterous, breaking windows and destroying property, and the banks had closed, so that no money, either Austrian or Hungarian, was to be had on letters of credit. The stock market in Vienna was simply stone dead. The Minister of Finance, quite desperate, had gone first for aid to Czechoslovakia, then to Berlin, and afterward to Italy. Whether he would be successful, was a question widely discussed.

There was nothing to be gained now by staying longer in Vienna. Flambeau and Mr. Houben decided to depart by the Danube boat for Budapest. They would have flown, for there is an excellent and inexpensive air service, but they were advised that the scenery would be far more interesting by the beautiful Danube. So, making an early start at 6 A.M., Flambeau had his parting glimpse of the suffering denizens, the real people who live in Vienna, men and women, many of them barefooted, hurrying through the streets to an anxious day of work, while he on a pleasure quest was sailing down the

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

Danube, with Mr. Houben and a crowd of wild Hungarians, who kept the atmosphere very cheerful all the way with songs, conjuring tricks, and music by an oboe-player, each of them collecting a contribution after every performance. Owing to the lowness of the exchequer, Flambeau and his companion got no supper on the boat, but later, in one of the most exclusive hotels of Budapest, they enjoyed a little Hungarian dinner.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### BUDAPEST: THE ARTS AND INDUSTRIES OF HUNGARY

Transylvanian popular arts are not exotical; they are a manifestation of the soul of the Hungarian People come into being under the influence of European civilization and based on its traditions.

—*Dr. Paul Petri.*

**H**UNGARY has suffered from the war. She has lost more than a third of her former territory. It was the decision of the Powers, they tell one, ruefully, in Budapest. The land is rich and fertile, and large herds of cattle, horses, and swine graze along the Danube on the Hungarian shores, besides flocks of ducks, geese, and wild crane, that stand or fly picturesquely.

Even more unique are the children, boys and girls, who herd the flocks. Flambeau and his companion, in their voyage down the Danube, saw four or five nude young girls, about thirteen years old, dancing a Hungarian folk dance on the shore, probably after a dip in the cool water, which is almost icy as it flows from the snow-capped mountains farther north. Lithe and graceful as fauns they danced, singing, and unconscious of themselves, while the river steamer hurried by. The only garment that they wore when clothed would be, perhaps, a slip of a dress, which



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they had thrown off for the swim. They were now drying and warming themselves with the dance, which was quite Greek in the effect of sylvan background.

Why Strauss named his Waltzes the "Blue Danube," except for poetic license, was a mystery to Flambeau. The Danube is a lovely light green, the reason being that the silt it carries from the mountains above is so pale a yellow that the sky reflects in it always a tint of green, never blue. And where it empties, at its delta, the silt makes it impossible for boats to navigate the river at all.

The trip by the day boat was long but interesting, thirteen hours going down, and two or three days if one were returning against the stream. The fare was about 30,000 Kronen each, or less than half a dollar, but this amount was slightly increased by breakfast, luncheon, and perhaps dinner on board, as it was nine o'clock in the evening before Budapest was reached. By the daily Air Service the time is but an hour and a half, at a cost of about \$2.50 or 170,000 Kronen just then, no doubt since raised. This air route continues to Bucharest and several other cities, is well operated, and no accidents had been reported during that season.

By the Danube one has fine scenery and historic associations. Beyond the island of Lobau, shortly after leaving Vienna, inland on the left bank lie the battlefields of Aspern, Essling, and Wagram. On the right bank, an hour and a half later, the Romanesque Basilica of St. John, belonging to the thirteenth century, towers above the river. Hainburg, a

## BUDAPEST: ARTS AND INDUSTRIES

little further on the right, has classic towers and battlements, and Theban, not far below, formed the old gateway to Hungary. The new treaties have pushed the Hungarian boundary farther southward to Pressburg, or Possony in Hungarian, with the Little Carpathians for background. Kings of Hungary were formerly crowned here, in the Gothic Cathedral of St. Martin, from 1204 to 1445. The next point of interest is Gran, the Cathedral of which rises from a hill 215 feet above the river; a half hour beyond, the left bank of the Danube also becomes Hungarian soil.

Watching his companions of the day boat, mostly native Hungarians, Flambeau found always something more distinctly foreign than he had yet met in Europe, in these sturdy, heavy-booted people, often with gay costumes, ready songs, and a rough cheerfulness bordering on the hilarious. Their language sounded quite new and unintelligible.

Which was Buda and which was Pest? Flambeau couldn't for the life of him remember, as they approached the beautiful city in the evening light. But he learned later that the right bank is Buda, or Ofen in the German, while the left bank is the old Hungarian city of Pest. The combined population is between 800,000 and a million, and Budapest is ranked among the most beautiful of European capitals, with its ancient Fortress and Royal Palace crowning the hill above the Danube.

The proper language now in Budapest is Hungarian, a tongue entirely different from German

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which is the language of Vienna. There is, however, some German still spoken there, as a part of the population is German. The nearest approach to a newspaper intelligible to the American was the leading German daily, the "Pester Lloyd," whose editor, Dr. Theodore Friedrich, was of assistance to him, as was also Dr. Legrady, editor of the best known Hungarian journal, the "Pesti Hirlap."

A progressive spirit was very evident in Hungarian affairs, to judge from Budapest, and there was everywhere a keen awakening of art interest. The Hungarians were not mourning their losses, like some other countries.

At the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Flambeau presented the card of Hon. Charles Winters, counselor of the Hungarian Legation at Washington. Mr. Egon de Cindric and later Dr. Thuranszky Laszlo, who is an author and editor of note, welcomed their visitor and gave him much useful information about the country. Next day they sent him an array of instructive pamphlets and illustrated art reviews big enough to start a library, and all of them so valuable that nothing could be left behind. Many of these publications were in English. They expressed the revival of the arts and industries.

Mr. Winters himself, being just then in Budapest and learning of Flambeau's arrival, lost no time in calling, and invited him to the home of his charming sister, Mrs. Aurel von Eisner, who is an art connoisseur and collector. Her residence was on the fashionable Ferencz Jozsef Rakpart 27, along the

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Danube, which was spanned near there by a magnificent bridge. Her husband, the Hon. Herr von Eisner, was very gracious to the American stranger, to whom he explained the historic heights above the Danube, as viewed from their balcony. Mr. Winters reminded Flambeau that an art colony of more than two hundred and fifty Hungarian artists, actors, musicians and painters may be found in New York. One of them, Halmi, divides his time between his own country and America, to which he was just then returning. Another noted portrait painter of Budapest was Karlovsky, a friend of Herr and Madame von Eisner, though now absent from the city.

The great poet of Hungary, Petöfi Sandor, was commemorated by a new monument, recently unveiled, not far from the von Eisner residence.

The Director of the Museum of Fine Arts of Budapest, Herr Elek von Petrovics, also welcomed Flambeau in a tour of the gallery. There are in the collection many valuable examples of all the great schools, besides a long line of Hungarian painters, of whom Munkácsy is the best known in America. In this museum they have the artist's original sketch for his famous picture in the Metropolitan Gallery, New York, "Christ before Pilate." The museum guards expressed very genuine pleasure when the American visitor assured them that their preliminary sketch is even better in its lifelikeness than the noted finished canvas in the Metropolitan.

The government of Hungary, as everybody knows, is rather extraordinary, having fallen into the con-

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trol of a very strong man, the Regent who acts for the absent young Crown Prince, who would nominally be the King. There is an exceedingly popular family of royal birth, still resident in Budapest, the Archduke Joseph and his consort the Archduchess, who was by birth a Bavarian princess. They have two daughters and two sons, the latter now well grown and, like their sisters, very handsome. Photographs of these charming people were on sale in Budapest, and they are great favorites with the Hungarians, the Archduke being a successful business man, the proprietor of large estates.

Conditions in Budapest seemed on the whole excellent, and everything here "moved." This was true of the street car service, which was one of the best that the American had yet found in Europe. Great improvement had quite recently been made in Budapest. The cars ran often and quickly, and there is an excellent Underground, which made it a real pleasure to go about, even when the weather was showery. Horses, too, were not scarce, in this grazing country, so cab fares were very trifling.

The people seemed primitive in some ways. At the fashionable hotel where Flambeau found quarters at reasonable rates, one might see a barefooted maid sweeping the corridors at any hour, and in the streets there were many barefooted women. At the same time, the height of fashionable grace prevailed among the bourgeois in Budapest, where, as in Vienna, for example, it was the correct thing for a gentleman in



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farewell to kiss a lady's hand; this was also the greeting on arrival, when calling, or at an introduction.

Flambeau felt very much a foreigner in Budapest, but he was well taken care of. He had a palatial hotel, by accident rather than choice, for the city was crowded on his arrival. He was accompanied by his accomplished friend, Mr. Houben, who spoke German but not Hungarian, so he employed also an interpreter, that nothing might be lost.

One of their pleasant experiences was a real Hungarian luncheon at the Virag ferencz Restaurant, Regi posta ulcza, in Budapest, with all the proper native courses in food and drink. It is a famous Bohemian café, not at all expensive, and as their interpreter afterward told them, it was bound to be a good place for food, because the waiters themselves patronized it, and they know the right things to eat! Another equally successful meal was at the Szarka Imre Restaurant, Folerezcy Sandor. Hungarian cooking includes with everything a generous supply of paprika, which is also to be seen on the tables with the salt. The latter is used as an extra with bread and butter, both in Budapest and Vienna. "*Thée mit Rum*" (tea with rum) was everywhere a preferred drink even at breakfast.

A waiters' strike occurred while Flambeau was in Budapest, but in those smaller restaurants the family of the proprietor often did most of the work at any time, so there was no difficulty in service. Many of the larger restaurants were compelled to close. These places would later take back their striking employees,

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the American was told, dismissing only perhaps some one or two who had been troublesome before. The question was one of tips, since the head waiters seemed to be getting all the tips, because they present the bills to the customers; on the bill is charged an extra 10 per cent for service, which is supposed to go to all the waiters, but often is not really so distributed. The tipping question was far from being settled.

The American and his companion enjoyed the "Movies" in a real Hungarian "Kino" one evening, and found the local taste decidedly "flamboyant." The pictures were varied, three different plays being given. The films were run very rapidly, and with hardly a line of explanation. The Hungarian audience seemed the keenest and quickest in Europe for catching the story. The plots were simple, verging on the grotesque.

The first film was of a mimic bull fight, with a Spanish toreador; the entire composition was a comedy, and the bull employed was quite evidently a well-trained pet. The second was also a farcical Hungarian grotesque. And then who should suddenly flash on the screen but "Fatty" Arbuckle, large as life, in a seashore bathing play, of much his usual character. It was evidently very pleasing to the Budapest audience. In Vienna Flambeau had seen "Mary Pickford" being featured in her popular "Poor Little Slavey Girl," or drudge, as "*Ammarrilly, das kleine Wäscher-mädel*."

It was a disappointment not to find the Hungarian

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Opera in season, though gay Hungarian music was heard at the "movies," and from numerous hotel orchestras. The Hungarian musicians are said to be "gypsies," but not the native wandering gypsies. These are known as copper and tin smiths, and are said often to become very rich in their wandering life.

The mid-European notion of America and American women is a bit absurd, as possibly our opinions of Europeans are also in many particulars. It was from an illustrated newspaper in Vienna or Budapest that Flambeau culled this gem, illustrated with a photographic reproduction: "A new sport of American ladies: Miss Helen Gill seated on the back of her pet tortoise, feeds the animal with bananas." The imagined vagaries of an American society girl.

In nearly every country of Europe, so it seemed to the American, they were still taking up collections for war orphans, wounded soldiers, education of impoverished students, or other philanthropic purposes. In Budapest, for a trifling contribution, he received a set of attractive postcards, with designs in the style of native folk arts. The Ministry also sent him several delightful art publications, featuring the native costumes and country architecture. "The Truth about the Trianon Conference" was the title of several large volumes, setting forth Hungary's unfortunate losses.

"Peasant Arts of Hungary" were shown the preceding season at the Brooklyn Museum, N. Y., when Mr. Stewart Culin, an authority, lectured on the subject. Poster designs by young pupils of the Hun-

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garian Art Schools revealed ability in advance of similar work in American schools, though this may not seem strange since the Hungarians have a peculiarly rich heritage of Oriental art influences, from Persia and India. Their favorite "Turkey red" was brought to them by the Turks. Peasant costumes are now much revived in Hungary, where there is a decided tendency, as in Czechoslovakia, to emphasize the original national character. These arts have become popular in America also, thanks to their introduction since the war.

The shops in Budapest are alluring. Flambeau made several purchases, which he afterward came near regretting at the Customs, crossing Czechoslovakia, since a heavy tax is laid on anything imported from Hungary like native embroidery or lingerie. Each country is to-day maintaining an expensive police force to guard its native industries.

Many Hungarian artists called upon Flambeau, and offered to help him in his quest, for he had extended here also an invitation for the artists to exhibit in America. They wished very much to visit the United States, and some of them, in fact, had already done so. One had a son in Washington, in a legation there. Another visitor was Herr Feher Kalman, whose wife was Ritta Boeman, a brilliant Hungarian painter of the new school, while Herr Kalman is a scholar and writer. He presented the American with an interesting brochure in Hungarian, setting forth a new and original interpretation of Gothic Cathedral motives, a discovery valuable to the Church,

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although Herr Kalman is not Catholic. Ritta Boeman has exhibited already in California and many other places, including London, where she received a medal.

One of the artists brought with her a young and charming Hungarian girl as interpreter, and the latter improved the opportunity to ask Flambeau to find for her an American correspondent, a gentleman, please, to help her English.

On his last evening in Budapest Flambeau visited the favorite art organization, the noted "Feszek Club," not unlike our National Arts Club in New York. Unfortunately the artists were many of them out of town, but he was cordially received by the manager.

How to get away from Budapest, where he was becoming so much at home with all this pleasant entertaining, became a problem, as also what kind of money to take en route. Flambeau ended by being compelled to stick to Hungarian Kronen, which was all he could get at the banks, and on which there is always a loss. Mr. Houben, his agreeable companion, set out for Vienna, and Flambeau once more embarked alone on new adventures.



## CHAPTER XXV

### ROUMANIA AND ITS GAY CAPITAL, BUCHAREST

Look at those Roumanian shepherds, strangers to the world,  
Beside their flocks, guarded by their dogs,  
Leading a gentle life in mysterious nature,  
With horn in hand, flute at their lips. . . .

—*Alecsandri*: "Old Roumanian Ballad."

VERY suddenly Flambeau made up his mind to fly to Bucharest. True, he could have gone by the Danube, but that was slower and more tedious, and besides, since Roumania was not in his schedule the visit must be sandwiched in rather neatly. He knew very little about Roumania, or its gay capital, which has been called the "Paris of the Orient." But he remembered certain letters of introduction from friends in Washington at the Legation, where the popular Prince Bibesco was Minister, and he decided to take a chance.

The flying proved less eventful than he had supposed, although it was a journey of several hours. They arrived without mishap and made a quiet landing at the hangar in Bucharest; his luggage was picked up by a "hamal," or porter, and he was on his way to the Athenee Palace, the favorite hotel. Once settled there, he presented his letters, and soon found himself in the care of a wealthy young Rou-



HONORABLE DIMITRI DEM DIMANCESCO, Chancellor of  
the Roumanian Legation, Washington, D. C.  
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THE SCHÖNBRUNN "SCHLOSS," or Palace, and Gardens, Vienna.  
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THE BEAUTIFUL PALACE OF MOGOSOIA, ancestral Château of Prince Bibesco  
and recently restored by the Prince and Princess.  
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manian, Signor Dimancesco, who had a new American car; this he had received from the States only a day or two before, and he gladly placed it at Flambeau's disposal, also accompanying him on his tours. The arrangement proved most fortunate, as the youthful aristocrat from the Legation in Washington explained many matters and interpreted Roumanian history, which became absorbingly interesting.

Roumania has come more recently to the fore as a buffer state politically, but it has had a long and honorable history for two thousand years. Until the past century this country was regarded as a pastoral, farming land of shepherds. The Emperor Trajan, in order to pacify the natives of that portion of Europe between the Danube and the Black Sea, selected special legions, and sent them to conquer the Dacia of that period, the Roumania of to-day. Innumerable traces of Roman fortresses and roads still attest the imprint of Roman civilization, but deeper still is the human impression, for many a Roumanian peasant has the profile of his ancestor, a Roman emperor, and speaks to-day the purest of Romance languages.

The Roumanians have played their part, and for centuries have been the break-water where barbaric invasions, Mussulman conquests, have failed. Continuously, even under temporary foreign domination, the Roumanians have retained their ethnic personality. The Greater Roumania of to-day, with 17,000,000 inhabitants, is one of the richest countries in the world. The valley of the Danube is unsurpassed

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for agriculture, while the Carpathian mountains are filled with mineral wealth, gold, iron, copper, and other stores. Geographically well situated, with access to the Danube and the sea, Roumania has attracted foreign capital since the World War. Merchants and business men from France, Great Britain, Italy, Germany, and even America, have invested funds here, anticipating a rapid development. Rich in petroleum, salt, silver, lead, quicksilver, manganese, coal, besides the minerals already named, and building materials, marbles, clays, and sands, it is predicted that little Roumania could supply Europe for centuries.

Along Calea Victoriei, the main shopping street of Bucharest, lingering with his new friend, Flambeau saw beautiful Roumanian women, in the latest gowns of Paris, promenading, and exchanging glances with dashing Roumanians, some of them still wearing fearful mustaches or beards.

Bucharest is about the size of the American capital, and it has a State University, with 6,000 students. It is a fortified city, well laid out with parks and boulevards, and there are more than a hundred and twenty churches. At the crossings of the principal streets, monuments are erected to Roumanian national heroes. A noted American Roumanian sculptor, George Julian Zolnay, is represented by a war memorial in his native city, a replica of which was commissioned for America. It occupies one of these squares.

"The City of Gardens" is another name given to



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Bucharest, because of the beauty of the gardens surrounding the fine houses.

In the afternoon, the new Roumanian friend conducted Flambeau to the Royal Palace on the main boulevard; he explained that the present King prefers to live at the Castle which he built while he was Crown Prince, in a suburb at Cotroceni. Driving down the long, wide boulevard, through an avenue of old trees, the two arrived at the palace, after crossing a natural park near the hill where the beloved Queen Marie resides. Unfortunately, she was not there, but the visitors were admitted, and although Flambeau had seen many another royal palace, he left this one with a strong sense of enchantment. Queen Marie herself designed the arrangement and decorations of the rooms, which are adorned with Byzantine mosaics, beautiful paintings, and brightly-colored carpets.

On the return drive, Flambeau saw the Medical College, a school noted throughout Eastern Europe, whence many students come for the M.D. degree.

The Soseaua Kiseleff, or "Bois de Boulogne" of Bucharest, was chosen as the show place for an evening drive, through the park where rich Roumanians have erected stately residences. The young Crown Prince Carol, who joined the group here lately, built a simple house in Roumanian style, merely white-washed. He lives there with his beautiful wife, Princess Elena.

Although by this time weary, Flambeau and his companion finished the day in a garden café where a

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gypsy band played gay Roumanian tunes to an assembly of native families who make the evening there a daily or nightly habit.

The War Museum on a commanding hill of the lovely Parcul Carol was the objective next morning, followed by a visit to the various art galleries. But to understand Roumanian art and architecture one must have a background of that of Persia, Turkey, and Armenia. The old Ægean civilization embraced Roumania. The Archæological Museum of Bucharest is full of fragments of statues and monuments from ancient Tomi, which is the Constanza of to-day, the remote place of exile of the Latin poet Ovid. The Dacians or ancestors of the Roumanians were known much earlier to the Romans. In eighteen hundred years the Dacian dress has changed little. The Roumanian peasant still wears his shirt outside, and his trousers are still tight and clinging.

In the third century, the Goths became the new masters of Dacia, as it passed out of Roman hands. Gothic golden ornaments have survived. After the Goths came Huns, Slavs, and other semi-savage tribes of the Middle Ages. The religious paintings of twelfth century monks of Mt. Athos are to-day the model as inspired by Panselinus of Saloniki, whose rules govern the painting of the ikons or religious images now in every Roumanian church and home. They have the quaint charm of a medieval manuscript.

Although Roumania is a Latin country, it was Christianized by Constantinople, and in the course

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of centuries was submitted to a Catholic influence from that capital. The Roumanian churches and palaces of the sovereigns contain remarkable historic art treasures.

In modern painting, also, the Roumanians excel. Grigoresco is the greatest figure of their school, and although he studied among the French Barbizon painters, yet he retains his Roumanian character. He portrays landscapes and peasant life, and has a host of followers, Verona, Vermont, Bancila and others. The Roumanian art temper is lively in subject but subdued in color.

John Georgesco is the greatest of modern sculptors, but many other names might be mentioned. French, Italian, and to some extent, German influence, may be observed in modern Roumanian painting and sculpture, yet there is in these truly national artists a distinctive character and atmosphere.

The Royal Art Gallery is the Pinacoteca Ateneului, with a large collection of the best of native artists, to which every year new additions are made in painting and sculpture. Two collectors have donated two other art museums, known as "Simu" and "Kalindero," after the donors. These include works by foreign masters as well as those of Roumania. The Aman Museum contains productions of the artist for whom it was named, a contemporary of Grigoresco. He painted the native life of old baronial times.

The Ethnographic Museum scarcely does justice to the peasant arts, which, to be seen at their best, must be studied under native conditions in the coun-

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try districts. So deeply does the Roumanian care for art that he will never hang on his walls a print, no matter how expensive, if he can possibly afford an original canvas. Since he cannot compete with the American millionaire in collecting old masters, he gathers modern Roumanian works, a very good example for the American to follow with his own native art.

The Roumanian theatre is well developed, and the acting as nearly perfect as may be imagined. On the second evening the new friends attended a play, and although Flambeau understood not a word of Roumanian he had little difficulty in following the plot, so fine was the interpretation.

On the third day, the resourceful young Roumanian invited the American for an excursion to the country to see the peasants in their homes. The trip was a revelation of the beauty and color which belong to the life of these eastern European peasants. In the first small village in which they stopped, the old priest, who is naturally the most important person in a Roumanian community, accompanied them to the church, of early construction. The Roumanian peasant's house he usually builds himself, and furnishes it with handmade objects of his own and his wife's construction.

The peasants' costumes are surpassingly brilliant and varied, the accessories being richly embroidered in silk, gold, and silver thread, in the same styles as those worn nearly two thousand years ago by the Dacian women of Roman time. Antique bodices,

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studded with beads, were adorned with embroidered collars and long necklaces of beads. Woven bonnets were also elaborately embroidered. Silver coins were frequently employed for decorative purposes. An apron, of wool or silk and gold thread, completes the dress.

The embroideries were fascinatingly varied, some of them inspired by Byzantine *motifs*. Table linens and curtains, handwoven silks from silkworms grown by the peasants, spun and dyed by them, rare draperies of pure gold thread, and cushions such as are used in the peasant homes were all to be noted among the peasant productions.

Flambeau had met Prince Bibesco in Washington, as also the charming Princess Bibesco, who, as everyone remembers, is the daughter of former Premier Asquith of England, and inherits literary talent from her mother. The Prince is no less an artist and connoisseur. Besides writing, he enjoys making pottery of pleasing shape and color, some of which has been exhibited in America. It was, therefore, of special interest to learn in Roumania his family history, and to visit there his ancestral castle, the beautiful palace of Mogosoaia, restored by the present owners, Prince and Princess Bibesco.

In every school in Roumania, the little boys and girls learn a very popular poem, lamenting the martyrdom of "Constantin Brancovan," the noble lord and Christian prince who died for his faith, a victim of the Turks in the seventeenth century. This brave "Prince of the Holy Roman Empire," as created by



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the imperial court in Vienna, inspired the jealousy of the Sultan of Constantinople, who feared the Christian prince and betrayed him, making him and his four sons captive. He brought them all to Constantinople for trial. The choice of renouncing the Christian faith was offered him, but he answered, heroically, "Better to die a Christian than become a Moslem." Then his children were beheaded before him, after which he himself shared the same fate.

All but one, the youngest, who was an infant and was saved by his loyal nurse, who sacrificed her own child that her Prince might live, perished. This son, whose life was thus preserved, became the ancestor of the present Bibesco family, the name of Brancovan being transmitted by the last of the Brancovans, a girl, to one of her sons by her marriage with the reigning Prince George Bibesco.

The beautiful palace of Mogosoaia, which was the home of the famous ancestor, Constantin Brancovan, who is still the popular idol, remained uninhabited for more than two hundred years. Quite lately the present owners, the popular Prince and Princess Bibesco of to-day, have undertaken its restoration, with the advice of Venetian architects. Thus they have given back to Roumania the lovely old mansion, remarkable for its carved stone balconies and elegant columns. Its pale brick walls remind one of those in Ravenna. Besides, it has all the associations of the romantic past. Its architectural interest may even be compared with the Alhambra in Spain, for the inside rooms are of Arabic form. The immense vaults be-



INTERIOR OF A ROUMANIAN PEASANT HOME. This model was made and is now owned by Prince Bibesco, who is an artist in handicrafts and pottery making.  
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HIS EXCELLENCY, PRINCE BIBESCO, Minister of Roumania  
at Washington, D. C.  
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PRINCESS BIBESCO, wife of the Minister of Roumania and  
daughter of former Premier and Margot Asquith  
of England.  
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neath the palace, with massive Roman arches and pillars, are to be converted into hot-weather salons, for the summers are not mild in Roumania.

The ancient church, belonging to the palace of Prince Bibesco, is but a stone's throw from the castle; it is another architectural jewel, completely decorated with frescoes. On the walls one may still observe, in almost perfect preservation, the portraits of the ill-fated Prince, his wife and children. The eyes of all the sons were pierced by sharp weapons of the Turkish soldiers.

The park is another charming feature of the estate, and was restored by a former owner, Prince Nicholas Bibesco, who married the daughter of the Duc d'Elchenges of France, a descendant of Marshal Ney. The magnificent avenue of elms, in the straight French style, leads from the palace gates, and offers a pleasing, grateful shade. The winters of Roumania are often unusually cold, when the fierce winds from the Russian steppes sweep over the country, while the summer heat rises above 100 degrees Fahrenheit, owing to geographic conditions.

With great regret Flambeau now bade adieu to his Roumanian friend in Bucharest, as the latter was unable to join the traveler in a journey to Sinaia, called the pearl of the Carpathian mountains, and the summer residence of the King and Queen. By good luck, however, Flambeau met on the train another Roumanian, who was a returned graduate of Columbia and only too happy to be of assistance.

Sinaia, at a high altitude in the mountains, has

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been selected by Roumanian society as an all-the-year-round resort, where one comes in summer to escape the hot days in Bucharest, and in winter for bob-sleighing and skiing. Besides its natural beauty and fine residences, Sinaia has three important attractions: the monastery, once the summer residence of the beloved Carmen Sylva, former Queen of Roumania; the Castle of Pelesh, built by her consort, King Carol, as a summer palace; and the Castle Peleshor, where Queen Marie makes her home whenever she prefers the mountains for a rest.

The monastery is typical of Roumanian architecture, but a bit of its charm has been brushed away by modern restoration. King Carol's Castle, a stately house on a lone slope, is somewhat over-decorated but has a fine art collection. As no member of the Royal Family was at the time in Sinaia, the American's new companion gained permission for a visit. Queen Marie's Castle, or rather, Swiss chalet, they found more to their taste, however, as it is, like her palace in Bucharest, another house of dreams.

From Sinaia, Flambeau again deviated from his schedule, and boarded a through train for the Black Sea. In the early morning Campina was passed, the center of Roumanian oil fields. Against the horizon, oil derricks by the thousand were rising. Constanza, a port on the Black Sea, Flambeau found a shipping point for oil and wheat, and also a rather famous salt-water resort, a rival of Sinaia in popularity. As Flambeau embarked, a Roumanian student bade him farewell, "*La revedere,*" the Roumanian "*Au revoir!*"



## CHAPTER XXVI

### MODERN GREECE, AND ANCIENT CUSTOMS

The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.  
—*Lord Byron*: "Don Juan."

THERE is probably no country in Europe other than Greece where such a wealth of lore and fancy still governs the daily life of the people," Madame Tsamados, wife of the Minister of Greece, was saying to Flambeau. They had met, quite by chance, and as both were from Washington, she had invited him to join her party. Madame Tsamados was returning to her native land in the interests of the organization, "Relief for Fatherless Children of Greece," of which she was honorary chairman.

In a very acute way Greece has suffered, perhaps even more than other European countries, from the war and its train of events, and even more pressing at that moment, was the problem of thousands of refugees crowding Greek shores after the Smyrna catastrophe. Madame Tsamados was bringing back with her, not only the financial means which had been collected for her country in America, but accompany-

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ing her were members of the "American Friends of Greece," anxious to study conditions at first hand and offer to the struggling Greeks a message of encouragement from across the sea. These earnest people were many of them faithful students of the glorious history of Greece, familiar with her matchless ruins, the Parthenon at Athens and the mythology of Crete, but it was not of ancient grandeur that they talked to-day. Instead, Madame Tsamados was giving them a picture of the modern Greeks, and of their literary heritage from the past.

Madame Tsamados, who was entertaining her travel companions with this wealth of Greek lore, belongs on her father's side to one of the oldest Serbian families, going back to the Crusaders and even earlier, while her mother was Greek. Her Serbian ancestors fought at the famous battle of Kossovo, the family being represented by a father with twelve sons, of whom eleven were killed in the war, and the remaining one became the founder of her line. She was practically born into the diplomatic service, so to say, for her father was minister of education in Constantinople, where she was educated in an English school, which in part explains her facility as a linguist. Her interest and enthusiasm win everywhere the most cordial support for her beloved country, the matchless land which Byron dreamed "might still be free."

"The Greek peasant is very superstitious," said Madame Tsamados. "He has inherited from his forefathers their Pagan form of belief. In the villages, peasants still believe in the nereids or water-

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nymphs, supposed to be universally malevolent. The natives claim to have seen them by moonlight on the surface of the sea, by rivers and fountains, in caverns, woods, and in the mountains. Old peasant women assure one that at night they appear and dance gracefully, and that the unlucky person by whom they are seen as he crosses a river is doomed to speedy death unless a priest counteract the evil influence by words of Scripture. So proverbial is the nereid's beauty that a lover compares his sweetheart's charms to those of a water-nymph."

Nereids sometimes steal newborn children and substitute their own. That is why the house-door is tightly closed for many days after a child is born, and why Greek mothers never leave their babies to the care of older brothers or sisters, but take them out when they go to the fields, and sling them in little leather hammocks to a tree.

Against the "evil eye," amulets must be worn, corals, bits of blue glass, small charms or bracelets. Children are especially in danger of the "evil eye," and one must, on no account, refer to the beauty or vigor of a very young child. To do so might excite the envy of the gods. Fumigation with dry branches of olive trees may serve to avert the danger. How great it is may be estimated by the crackling of the burning leaves.

A rainbow arched over a cemetery is the height of ill-luck, for it forebodes the approach of an epidemic.

So unlucky is Friday thought to be that it is called "Tuesday" throughout Greece except in Thessaly

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and Macedonia; there Saturday is considered inauspicious.

A whirlwind in the village, where peasants see dead leaves circling with the dust, will cause them to bow their heads and whisper, "Milk and honey be in thy path," the necessary offering to propitiate the deities of the storm.

Marriage in the Greek village or country is still a matter of contract and arrangement, rather than inclination, although in the cities the modern girl is beginning to do her own choosing. In the rural districts, the young man makes his choice, secures the approval of his future bride's parents, and a date for the betrothal ceremony is at once fixed. Until then the young people scarcely meet.

On the appointed day, in the presence of the parents of both, the girl is presented by her friends to her fiancé, who leads her to the priest. The latter blesses them, and rings are exchanged, plain gold bands, without stones, worn on the fourth finger of the right hand of the engaged, and on the left hand after the wedding ceremony. The lovers scarcely meet again until the wedding day.

Wedding gifts of lambs and sheep, adorned with ribbons, are customary. The banquet on the bridal eve is an important event, prolonged all night in the home of the bridegroom. At daybreak the young man is escorted by his friends to fetch his bride. Should he belong to another village, he enters the town of his fiancée on horseback, and the young

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men of the bride's village must try to dismount him, as a test of valor.

Bridal songs accompany the dressing of the bride by her girl friends. One of these nuptial ditties is this:

I leave a farewell for my village,  
a farewell for my kin,  
And I leave for my mother three  
phials of bitter savour;  
From one she will drink at morning,  
from the second one at noon,  
But the bitterest one of all, the third,  
she will taste on holidays.

The priest heads the wedding procession, followed by the best man with the bridegroom, and afterward the bride with her girl friends. The two families and their guests bring up the rear.

The marriage ceremony includes the usual Christian vows and prayers, but in addition a few survivals of earlier customs. The bride and bridegroom drink wine from the same glass, three sips alternately, and led by the priest they walk around the altar, holding each other by the hand, to symbolize their walk together in life.

Improvised songs are customary among the guests after the ceremony. Rice and cotton seeds are thrown over the young couple as they depart for the bridegroom's cottage, where the mother stands waiting at the door with a glass of honey and water, from which the bride must drink, that the words of her lips may become sweet as honey. With the remainder the lin-



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tel of the door is smeared, while some one breaks a pomegranate on the threshold, to symbolize prosperity.

Family ties are strong, and divorce is unknown in the villages. Family honor requires that sons shall not marry until all the daughters are disposed of, the latter marrying in the order of seniority. The younger sister may not even become engaged while her elder sister remains single.

The parents and brothers provide dowries for the girls, and if the father be dead the brother will undertake by his labor to obtain the "dot" for his sister with exemplary devotion.

Upon the birth of a child, the gods must be propitiated, and the grandmother or nurse places under the pillow a black-handled knife, a gold coin, and a copy of the Gospel, significant of the gifts that life should bring, courage, wealth and piety if a boy. For a girl, they must put under her pillow a necklace or brooch, a gold coin and the Gospel.

The eldest member of the family takes the child on one arm, immediately after its birth, and in the other hand carrying a censer, incenses the ikon or sacred images throughout the house, not forgetting the cradle. The baby is then restored to the mother, who from that moment takes exclusive care of the infant.

The cradle folk songs of Greece are proverbially beautiful, and popular among all classes. Madame Tsamados recalls being put to sleep by them herself, and her mother was also soothed by these lullabies when a baby.

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Nani, Nani, my pretty child,  
My little girl, my darling one;  
Now go to sleep, my baby fair,  
And I will give you presents rare.

Cairo shall send my baby rice,  
And Alexandria sugar spice;  
Constantinople, it shall be  
Your pleasure-home for summers three.

Three villages with meadows wide,  
And monasteries three beside.  
The villages and fields a place  
Shall be for you to sport and race,  
The little monasteries, they  
Shall be a spot where you shall pray.

For a boy, the cradle song may be thus:

Sleep, carry off my son, o'er whom  
Three sentinels do watch;  
Three sentinels, three warders brave,  
Three men you cannot match,  
Three guards: the sun upon the hills;  
The eagle in the plain;  
And Boreas, whose chilly blasts  
Do hurry o'er the main.

The sun sank down into the west,  
The eagle fell asleep;  
Chill Boreas to his mother sped  
Across the briny deep.

My son, where were you yesterday,  
Where on the former night?  
Or with the moon, or with the stars,  
Did you contend in fight?

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Or with Orion did you strive,  
Though him I deem a friend?

Nor with the storm, nor with the moon,  
Did I in strife contend;  
Nor with Orion did I fight,  
Whom for your friend I hold,  
But guarded in a silver cot  
A child as bright as gold.

The Greek national colors are deep blue and white. Due to the heroic part Greece has played in reconstruction work since the Great War, new interest has recently awakened in everything modern about this most famous small country, to which the scholars have so long devoted absorbed attention.

Humor characterizes some of the folklore songs, as in this favorite:

Girl of Samos, when are you coming back to Samos?  
When you will come back I will throw flowers on the sea;  
I will scatter roses on the sand for you.

Girl of Samos, girl of Samos, with your big, black, beautiful eyes,  
You have bewitched me and torn my heart to pieces.  
Girl of Samos, if you are not true to me,  
I will wish you to marry a thousand times and yet die a widow,  
Girl of Samos, if you are not true to me!

The "Tavern and Drinking Songs" show a similar wit:

I drink, drink, until I get drunk,  
And I do not care if the world condemns me,  
For I want to drown my sorrow;  
I saw somebody else kissing you yesterday night.

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Oh, your words to me were lies  
And your kisses were lying, too—  
I drink, and drink, and my bank account grows low,  
But who cares? I will drink until I get drunk!

The songs of the fisherfolk along the shores and islands of Greece have a very real pathos that amounts to tragedy, as in the "Island of Hydra":

O Sea, deep sea,  
Will you always take away from us  
The flower of our youths?  
Have we not paid enough of tribute to you?

O Sea, by the tears we shed,  
Yet we love you, O Sea, O deep sea,  
And although you are so cruel to us,  
We cannot live without you,  
Not even for a moment,  
O Sea, deep sea!

Even more beautiful are the love songs and serenades of this land, where it is still the custom for the young man to go at night with his mandolin or guitar, and sing under the window of his beloved, who will sometimes answer in the same way his indirectly spoken love.

I am coming under your window  
To sing you this song, Beloved!  
Open your window, and come and join me  
In the silent night.

For life is ours, and joy and happiness,  
In this calm beautiful Athenian night.  
When dawn shall come,  
It will find us in each other's arms.

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Regardless of time, reckless of pain,  
Come and join me in the night,  
O my Beloved!

The "Song of the Shepherdess" mourns the lost lover, and the chorus imitates the mountain echo while the girl is singing.

I am the shepherdess,  
The well-known and beloved shepherdess.  
For kingdom I have the mountains,  
And for subjects my sheep.

But, oh, my heart is heavy,  
For I have lost my shepherd.  
I sing, I dance, I laugh,  
But my heart mourns,  
For my beloved, lost shepherd.

The "Song of Chios," from the island of that name, reminds us that the natives there are known as the merriest of Greece:

Down to the river go the young girls,  
To wash their clothes;  
And their tongues chatter as fast  
As their hands go.

Came the wind and blew up the skirt  
Of one of them.  
It showed her fine white legs,  
And all the others laughed at her.



## CHAPTER XXVII

### POLAND: THE ROMANCE OF A NEW REPUBLIC

Kosciusko bids you on,  
Sobieski cries, 'Awake!'

—*Polish War Song.*

**P**ROSZCHA, panna! 'Tak, tak, tak! Dobsha, dobsha, dobsha!' Please, sir (or madam)! Yes, yes, yes! Good, good, good!

That was the way it sounded to Flambeau, who had now arrived in Poland, which he found a strong and vigorous new country, like a younger brother or sister republic of our own, across the sea. He had set out alone on a long and difficult journey through middle Europe, to Cracow, a charming and picturesque city, an old-time capital of Poland. He had anticipated something novel in the conditions to be found and the adventures of the trip, but it proved far beyond his expectations.

Everywhere the Europeans were extremely cordial to this lone American traveler, and all that afternoon he had traveled with a business man, from Breslau, who had just made 3,000,000 Marks by an accidental exchange of money in Roumania.

"Every business in Europe is now a speculation," explained the stranger. "I went down to Bucharest

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to buy goods, but the market changed suddenly so that I saw we could make more money by the exchange of the Roumanian *Lei* than in buying the goods, so I sold my money and came home. It simply shows what an accident success is to-day. It's a gamble."

The gentleman from Breslau deserved his good luck. He had suffered from the war. At its outbreak he was in London with a thriving business; being an alien, he was given only two hours to get out of the country.

But he was lucky again, because later he found the prettiest Polish-Silesian girl, and married her, and now they have two children. As a captain in the war, the stranger had many hazardous experiences, but he was fortunate in owning a remarkable little sorrel pony that always found its way home with him at night. He was sent on difficult missions, every day to a new place, and coming back in the darkness he lost all trace of where he was, but he gave the reins to the horse which knew the right way home every time with an almost incredible intelligence. After the war this horse died from the overstrain upon it. Beguiling the afternoon with stories, the travelers at length became aware that darkness had descended, and there were no lights in the third-class compartment, in which they were frugally traveling to-day.

"You better always have a piece of candle with you," the stranger said to Flambeau, who thus provided himself at the next opportunity, and found it a useful precaution in these still unsettled eastern

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European countries. The friends parted at the next railway junction, the one on his way to Breslau, and the other once more to go through the Customs, for the fourth time that same day, since now he was entering Poland.

A tall Polish gentleman, almost as distinguished-looking as Paderewski, stepped up to Flambeau in the passage-way, as he boarded a second-class car this time, and reassured him, "If you have difficulties with the conductor, then call me, please!" He spoke English. They are all like that, the men in Poland, the most gallant in Europe, so anxious for this American stranger that he should have no trouble in traveling through their beautiful country.

"The train is due to arrive in Cracow not before 1.30," the Polish stranger spoke again. 1.30 A.M., past midnight, in a far foreign land, where no friends were awaiting him, thought Flambeau.

And the stranger was right. It was nearly two o'clock A.M. when the belated train pulled in, and another gentleman, this time from Cracow, undertook to guide Flambeau to his hotel. But alas! the hotel refused him a place, claimed his telegram had not been received; they were full, the door was closed, and Flambeau was on the wrong side. Two more hotels with the same story. Then back to the station restaurant for hot tea, and a pause to consider what to do next.

Probably you've seen a railway station at night, in a foreign land, crowded with the homeless of all classes and descriptions. Flambeau never had before,

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and the sight was such a shock that he shuddered to think that for nearly ten years now, since the outbreak of war, these homeless every night had been crowding railway stations and any other available place just for a spot to lie on the hard floor and sleep.

Old, old women, wrapped in ragged clothes, asleep in a corner, half hidden. Soldier boys, dropped here and there, everywhere, sometimes on a window ledge. Drunken bums, all asleep. Every vacant space was occupied. Flambeau observed carefully that railway station in Cracow, at 2.30 A.M. and later.

In the restaurant, where the tea was very good, hundreds of people were coming and going, sitting at the tables, napping there, remaining as long as they liked, many with heads dropped on the hard boards sound asleep. A handsome, tall young Polish officer threw himself into a chair opposite Flambeau, flung on the table his sword, and silver-trimmed cap, his gloves, his heavy coat, and without ordering any food he fell asleep like a child. An hour later, as the daylight at 4.30 A.M. was beginning to brighten, Flambeau stole away and left him there still asleep.

Cracow, or in the Polish, Krakowie, is the élite city of Poland. Situated in the south, it had once somewhat the character of Vienna, but no longer now. For the past few years, German has been taboo. If you can't speak Polish, then speak French, please. However, they accepted the American, and his queer "*Deutsch*" and queerer French, and he found in Cra-

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cow some of the most charming acquaintances of the entire trip.

The first was Redaktor Professor Franciszech Janczyk, editor of "Wianki," a new leading Art review of south Poland, inaugurated by Mr. Janczyk, a professor in the University, in 1919, just at the close of hostilities, one of the bravest and most successful efforts imaginable. He invested in it money with which he had hoped to come to America. The editor's brother was a painter.

"But I have not painted for two years," the latter confessed to the sympathetic Flambeau. "Because I haven't sold a picture." This was due to the present poverty of Poland, not because the pictures were not good, nor because the Poles do not love art, for they adore it.

It was by the advice of Dr. Karol Liszniewski, of the Polish Legation at Washington, that Flambeau had stopped in Cracow, a city famous in the history of Poland, since it was formerly the capital before Warsaw became the present capital. In Cracow is the ancient citadel, the "*Schloss*," or Castle of the King, which rivals in grandeur all others in Europe. But the Austrians, in the recent war, despoiled this treasure of Cracow, as they retreated in defeat, and now the citizens are restoring it by private subscription. Many rich and successful Polish Americans have contributed, whose names one may read on a list in the castle.

The most famous of the chapels at the Château Royal was adorned with a golden roof, which the citi-



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zens were adroit enough to cover with black, so that it passed unnoticed in the sack of the city by the Austrians, while in Warsaw the golden roof of the Russian Cathedral was despoiled by the Germans in their invasion there. As soon as hostilities were definitely concluded, the Cracovites uncovered their golden roof, which shines to-day in full splendor.

The tapestries here, Arras and Flemish, form one of the finest collections in Europe, and illustrate Biblical scenes, like the story of Noah and the Ark, with quaint and beautiful realism. In the royal chapel there is the tomb of Adam Mickiewicz, the famous Polish poet, who died an exile in Paris for his political associations. But the Polish people love their poet deeply to-day, attested by fresh flowers strewn on the tomb, which is reached by the descent of a flight of stairs below. In the City Square near, there is a monument to Mickiewicz, also garlanded with wreaths. Warsaw, too, honors Mickiewicz by a monument. Another Polish poet, Slowacki, is fittingly famous, but seems less known in his own land.

The view from this Château Royal is pleasing, as one gazes over the city of Cracow to the green hills and pastures beyond. In the long ride later to Warsaw one becomes very fond of these stretching green and fertile fields, with cattle and geese, goats and swine, besides barefooted peasants, mostly women and boys, working at the harvesting.

Jan Matejko, the great Polish painter, is represented in the Museum des Beaux Arts of Cracow, by his masterpiece, "Hold Pruski," Surrender of Prus-

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sia, a famous battle scene, to appreciate which one must know something of Polish history. In this spirited composition every face is a portrait, and the men, horses, and glittering armor and bright uniforms are almost too realistic. But the Poles love realism. They are idealists, too, however, and every man in Poland is imbued with chivalry. At least, so it seemed to the observant Flambeau.

Even on the street, the farewell to a lady is the kiss on the hand, with a low bow. And the Polish people seem affectionate in their family life and personal associations. Flambeau saw two men in the Cracow railway station take leave of each other by kissing on the cheek, French fashion. He saw also agreeable demonstrations among Polish families with whom he later traveled from Cracow to Warsaw.

The Polish love of color is well understood by their great modern painter, Kossak, who visited America, and of whom they are all very proud. Kossak is well known in America, and one may see examples of his art, painted for the Red Cross relief work, now in the Red Cross Museum in Washington. Of the two Kossaks, father and son, it was the latter who toured the States, but the Poles usually claim the father as an even greater painter. Both depict horses with exceptional ability, which is true also of Matejko, the earlier artist. The Polish modern school is strong and beautiful, and does not show the vagaries of Cubism and the Futurists.

Cracow is centered in a pretty Park, well cared for and gay with flowers and fountains. The Poles

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love blossoms, and they may be bought almost anywhere along the street for a few cents. In Warsaw, for only six or seven cents American, Flambeau purchased for a Polish lady whom he had met a bouquet of fresh sweet peas that would doubtless have cost at least a dollar in New York or Washington. About this Cracow park are grouped many interesting churches and the city buildings, including the ancient market. There one may see old-fashioned peasant costumes, now strongly revived since the war. Children's toys, carved by the peasants, may be bought here, besides walking sticks, and other articles, fascinating in form and color. In the market place outside it is pleasant to watch the sturdy peasants, men and women, coming in the early morning, with their little carts of vegetables, carrots or fruit, carefully washed or brushed, ready for sale. Flambeau strolled there at 5 A.M. on the morning of his arrival, trying to locate a hotel.

Soldiers are numerous in Cracow, as there is a large city guard, and every morning a promenade, with military band. The traveler heard a few strains of a Sousa march, as he later leaned from his window at the Hotel pod Rosa (Under the Rose) to watch the procession of soldiers passing by.

The silver notes of a bugle, sounding the hours, day and night, proclaim that all is well. And never has one heard a call so musical as this, never chimes sweeter than this bugle, which at every hour rings out over the city.

The beautiful "Marienkirche" is the special pride

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of Cracow, with rich treasures in painting and sculpture, and one of the most artistic of ceilings in any middle European church, besides two romantic spires, one with a royal crown. Legends of great interest are associated with this favorite church.

The University of Cracow is an old and famous one in middle Europe, to which many students come from other countries. Beautiful streets surround it, bordered by rare examples of antique architecture of great refinement and solidity.

Although Flambeau came a stranger to Cracow, so cordial are the Polish people to all Americans that when he left a few days later he felt that he had many friends there. One to whom he was indebted was a Polish American, Mr. Frank Kimball (for so he had changed his Polish name) of Rochester, N. Y., who chanced to be visiting his native land at the same time, and but for whose timely introduction at the bank in Cracow, Flambeau might have been much inconvenienced by delay.

In Poland, as in other countries, the banks to-day are all prosperous. Many are rebuilding, enlarging their properties. The bankers look like the richest people in Europe, although one may meet also prosperous business men.

Another chance acquaintance was Monsieur Bolestaw Klejnowski, an art collector and connoisseur with a large group of old masters of different schools. He valued his collection at several millions, and spoke enthusiastically of it in French. He was cosmopolitan and fond of Paris. He gave a little private sup-

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per for Flambeau at the Hotel Polski, of which he was proprietor, a much more fashionable place than the more modest Hotel pod Rosa where Flambeau was staying.

Among his large collection M. Klejnowski prized most a glistening canvas, "Portrait of Madame Doni," which he believed to be a genuine Raphael, a studio replica. It was certainly a brilliant work, and the jewels worn by the lady actually glittered. Other pictures were "The Empress Maria Theresa," by Hagelans, of the Viennese school, portraying the great ruler garbed as a man; a reputable Giorgione of the "Sacrifice of Isaac," and several of the Flemish school, one of which was the "Death of Holofernes," by the school of Rubens; "The King of Rome," Napoleon's son, in Polish costume, by Game-lin; besides Murillos and works from the school of Rembrandt, an "Ecce Homo" from the school of Michelangelo, and allegorical and symbolic subjects.

The Polish temperament is a highly æsthetic one, as witness Chopin, Paderewski, and a dozen others, besides warriors like Kosciusko, Pulaski, and Sobieski. There is, however, a practical side to Polish character, which makes the Poles excellent business men.

In the Cracow Museum of Fine Arts, visited by Flambeau in company with Mr. Frank Kimball, his Polish American acquaintance, are interesting sculptures by Theodore Rygier, a bronze of the astronomer Copernicus, another celebrated Polish figure, commemorated in many ways, and in Warsaw by a favor-



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ite monument. The modern Polish School of Sculpture was shown at its best in a symbolic study of the poet Mickiewicz, representing him as a youth in death mourned by nymphs, by Wacław Szymanowski, a quite different type from the more realistic monuments to Mickiewicz of the earlier day, including the noted one in the public square in Warsaw. In Vilna, too, where Flambeau later stopped for a day or two, he found the longest street in the town named Ulica Adama Mickiewicz.

An interesting and important difference between the art of Poland and that of America, as pointed out by a Polish diplomat at Washington, is that in America we try to begin our art teaching with the topmost class, while in Poland art is inherent in the national character.

We Americans as a whole have not the keen passion for natural art expression which pervades the Polish nation. The gay red silk kerchief head-dresses of the market women in Cracow are a humble example, like the hand-carved wooden toys for children, the flutes, pop-guns, and climbing stocks with a touch of etched decoration, besides other playthings and handmade objects for sale in the same city market. Later in Warsaw, in a large "fabrik," or factory, Flambeau saw children at work making such toys and decorating them with true Polish art designs.

The invitation to Polish artists to exhibit in America was given here as in other countries, and ardent interest was evinced. In the Bohemian restaurant of Karl Hmurski, at No. 45 Ulica Flojanska, the

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famous "Cukiwunir Lwowska," plans for such exhibitions were discussed over "Schnaps," which Flambeau tasted there for the first time, with some other beverage of a rare vintage reported to be the best in Poland. Monsieur Hmurski, the proprietor, lived several years in America, and spoke English well, often adding notes of gay humor to the conversation.

"Ham and eggs," he cried, playfully. "Come back a little later, and we will have some real American ham and eggs. And you must meet my wife. She speaks English."

The walls of this restaurant are a true modern picture gallery, for here many a penniless painter has left a canvas to pay for his dinner, some of them today very famous Polish artists indeed. The "Cukiwunir Lwowska" is the fashionable musical, literary, theatre and art center of Cracow, so that Flambeau was doubly entertained in watching at the same time the charming people, intellectual men and handsome women, who thronged here for parties of their own at other tables.

But perfect experiences are always too brief, and early the next morning, waking to the bugle's silver call, Flambeau started once more on a new jaunt, into the heart of Poland, to Warsaw, the capital of this new mid-European republic. He rode all day in a first-class compartment, with a Polish family, the head of whom was much interested in the traveler's mission. This "*pater familias*" confided that he had been very successful in his "*fabrik*," and that his family was also a great satisfaction; each of his four

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daughters was differently gifted, so he explained, one an artist, another a musician, a third a singer, and the fourth too pretty to do anything practical. But he had one keen regret, he had no son! "*Und mein Bruder hat auch kein Sohn!*"

It was strange, he added, that his daughters were so talented, as "*Mein Weib hat keine Talente!*" Flambeau suggested that the girls might resemble their father, "*veilleicht.*" And the fond parent repeated with emphasis "*Vielleicht!*"

In Warsaw Flambeau was destined to meet many new friends, see tragic reminders of the struggle and triumph of a new nation, and incidentally, to endure the most trying experience of his entire journey, the mysterious loss of his passport and letter of credit.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### WARSAW, POLAND'S CAPITAL; VILNA, ON THE RUSSIAN BORDER

What man dare, I dare!

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear.

—*Shakespeare*: "Macbeth."

**D**O not go into Russia!" counseled Mr. Leopold Kotnowski, vice-president of the Polish-American Chamber of Commerce in Warsaw, as he and Flambeau sat chatting. "It is very unsafe there!"

"You are very rich, the Bolsheviks will rob you," insisted another Polish friend. Rich enough to be robbed! Flambeau could not even imagine such a thing. But he suddenly realized that he was almost at the gates of Russia, that here in Poland, which had been the battleground of the contending forces, Russian and German, during the four years' war, and finally still later the scene of the Bolshevik invasion, these Polish people had suffered so deeply that they meant what they said. So he promised to consider carefully, and meanwhile he found so much to enjoy in Warsaw that he was in no hurry to exchange it for a possible Soviet prison.

When he arrived in Warsaw, the new capital of

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liberated Poland, Flambeau took a "droshky," and directed the driver to find him a hotel. Easier said than done! Twelve times he was refused, for every hotel was full to overflowing. But at length, at a smart little place on the *Novy Swiat*, or Fifth Avenue of Warsaw, a vacant room was found. At least, it wasn't vacant, but if Flambeau would wait half an hour, it would then be vacated. It was on the sixth floor, and the lift ran only up, and very seldom. Flambeau must often climb the five flights, but gladly he accepted the room, and promised the porter "*Sehr gut Trinkgeld*."

"*Sechs Tausend Marks!*" smiled his droshky driver, and the weary Flambeau paid it, yet he felt sure it was exorbitant. He even asked the driver if he should add a tip, but the man gasped at the American's gullibility, and shook his head, sheepishly. Five hundred Polish Marks, or about six cents American, at the rate then, was the usual charge for a short drive, and probably 2,000 or at most 3,000 Marks would have been a liberal fare for the half-hour trip from station to hotel.

"Six dollars American, that is my price," explained the Polish courier, summoned by the hotel to pilot the stranger about the intricate city of Warsaw. It was an enormous sum, according to the exchange, but these few instances were the exception, not the rule. Otherwise Flambeau found only sincere kindness and generosity in Warsaw, and also in Vilna, which he visited later, an interesting old city in the north of Poland, on the very borders of Russia and Lithuania.



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In fact, it was amazing to the American that a nation which had suffered as the Poles must have done could maintain so perfectly its morale, its national character, its thorough enjoyment of life, for that was what he found in Poland, a splendid appreciation of living, of freedom, of progress. There was no complaining, though great poverty and many beggars, but never importunate ones. And the stranger made more friends in Poland during his visit than in any other country of Europe, although he had scores everywhere else. The Government and the artists he found also more keen than in any other land for an art exchange and commercial reciprocity with America.

His first call in Warsaw was to the "Kurjer Warszawski," or leading newspaper, where he presented his introductions to the editor, Monsieur Jozef Ring, who received him with a gracious welcome, and gave him timely assistance in his plans.

At the moment the buoyant Flambeau little guessed that the very next evening at the same hour he would be frantically besieging the advertising office of this newspaper to insert a card offering a liberal reward for his lost passport and letters of credit. He had sometimes wondered what happens to people who lose their passports, but now he knows, and he doesn't care to try it again.

Flambeau's second visit was to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs where, thanks to introductions from the Polish Legation in Washington, he was courteously received by M. Joseph de Targowski, minister plenipotentiary, who spoke English perfectly, and stated

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that Poland would very gladly participate in an American exhibition of her arts.

An invitation from Mr. Felix Stojanowski, a famous manufacturer of children's toys, to visit his "*fabrik*" (factory), which is called "Lud-Pol," was the next novel experience. Mr. Stojanowski sent his charming sister as guide, to conduct Flambeau to 92 Leszno Strasse, for it is not easy to find one's way in a new city, so they set off together in a droshky. Mr. Kotnowski, vice-president of the Polish American Chamber of Commerce and Industry, met them at "Lud-Pol's." He is a good friend of our Mr. Herbert Hoover, whose name always brings grateful smiles in Poland. Another new acquaintance was Mrs. Janina Orynz, an editor of the beautiful art review, "Krokwie," a leading modern Polish publication.

The children employed at "Lud-Pol's" were orphans, deprived by the war of their homes and parents, and here they found shelter and a delightful occupation, as they worked at raffia weaving, or the handpainting of toys for children of other lands. The Polish toys are said to be the most artistic and most ingeniously carved of all. There were animals and dolls, decorations for Christmas trees, and useful boxes and receptacles. The children sang the Polish national song in honor of the American visitor, a plaintive melody of great beauty.

Flambeau admired a lively-looking plaster cock, in full vari-colored plumage, and the generous proprietor immediately presented it to his guest, who was

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loath to accept any gift. The kind host, however, sent it with a boxful of other art objects, unwarily praised, to his hotel, and it was kept with the proviso that it would be later exhibited at home. There was a lifelike puppy-dog, almost too good for a plaything, and, in attractive colorings, examples of design and polished inlay work of real elegance.

The Polish children and young people employed here were themselves more interesting than the lovely articles they produced under the direction of older artists. They were not restricted in any way, but were free to move about, and often left their work, showing joy and freedom of action. The American was reminded of a long-previous visit to the workshops of Elbert Hubbard at East Aurora, where he had marked a similar spirit of harmony and good cheer.

At the Ministry of Fine Arts, Flambeau was welcomed by M. Wladyslaw Waydyrw, assistant director. In the Museum of Fine Arts he saw, besides the regular exhibition, a special temporary display, from which he purchased a picture, a beautiful nocturne of the Vistula River at evening, with red-tiled roofs of old peasant cottages along the shore, painted by a Polish woman artist, Stefanja Auleytner, who has a studio in Warsaw. He also agreed to take two sketches in oil by a young art student, only eighteen years of age, a soldier, who had served already three years in the Polish army, in which he had enlisted at barely fifteen, pretending to be older. He is large

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and strong for his age. One day he had not come home from school as usual.

"It is well," said his mother, "our son has gone in the army." But seven months went by, and no word from the boy. His mother began to worry. The father reported to the government.

"You have taken my son. He is only fifteen."

A search was made. The boy was located. He was in active service, and had been in Russia. But he was sent home in charge of two gendarmes.

"What for you treat me like a thief? I have not stole anything!" That is what he said to his parents, so the proud father told Flambeau. And this boy wished to be an artist. So the traveler purchased two of his sketches, brilliant in color, in the style of Kossak, the great modern Polish painter, whom, of course, the younger generation adore.

It was shortly afterwards, on his way to the ticket office to engage his reservation from Warsaw a few days in advance, that Flambeau missed his passport and letter of credit. Where were they? He did not know. They had simply disappeared, swallowed up in the Unknown of Warsaw, a city reported to be full of thieves and pickpockets, but not so by any manner of means, from personal experience there. Then came a frantic search to follow every possible clue to the missing indispensables, for without them how could one proceed on one's journey? How could one go to Latvia? How could one get into Russia?

The lost articles were not to be found, and it seemed in the next few days that every visitor knew of Flam-

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

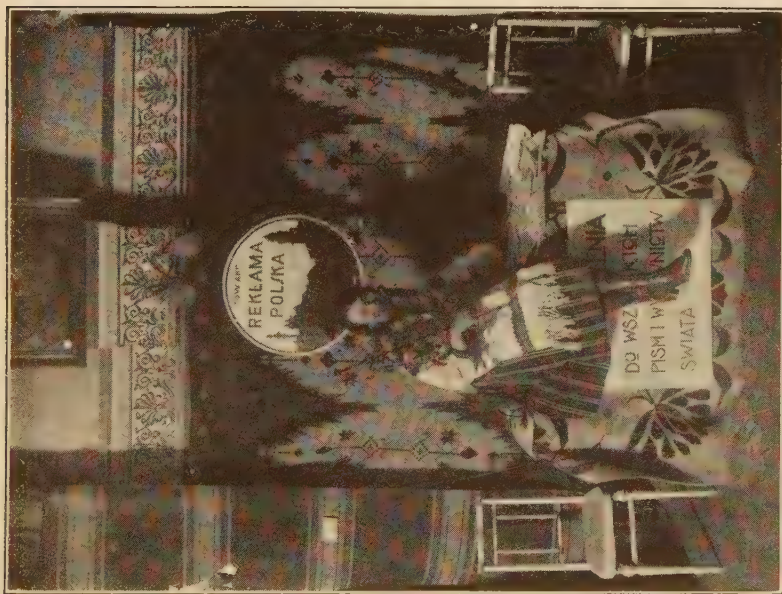
beau's plight, for the citizens of Warsaw must read very carefully their favorite "Kurjer Warszawski," even the advertising, because they all came and sympathized. They assured him the passport had been stolen, that it often happened nowadays, and there was not the least chance of its return, that he had merely been unfortunate. Some one had shadowed him, and in an unguarded moment, it had been taken without his observation. And since the photographs and letters of credit accompanied the passport, no doubt this unknown thief would quickly withdraw all the money available, and escape from the country, perhaps go to America on the well-visaed passport.

Charming people called to see Flambeau, invited him to luncheon, to their studios, and for sightseeing excursions in Warsaw. It would have been a gala visit, but for the cloud hanging over him. However, he accepted the invitations, one by one. He lunched with Madame Felicyjia Czajkowska, a Polish painter of landscapes and still life, who had studied in Warsaw and Paris, and was now ambitious to visit America. Her agent, an agreeable young man, was a Russian refugee who had sampled Russian prison life. He shook his head over Flambeau's proposed trip to Russia. He explained to Madame, who spoke little English, although she was most agreeable in French or German. The agent, it seemed, spoke all languages.

"But take a German visa on your passport, and also wear a Red Cross badge," they advised the adventurous American.

One of her pretty sketches of a sunset scene near





"MERRY CHRISTMAS," a Polish Exhibition of Children's  
Arts and Toys at "Lud-Pol Fabrik," Warsaw.  
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MR. FELIX STOJANOWSKI, Proprietor of "Lud-Pol's,"  
a famous toy emporium and orphanage,  
in Warsaw, Poland.  
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A GLIMPSE OF THE ROYAL PALACE AND PARK, Warsaw, Poland.  
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POLISH DOLLS, made and exhibited at the "Lud-Pol Fabrik," Warsaw, Poland.  
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Warsaw Madame Czajkowska presented to Flambeau as a souvenir. Her luncheon included Russian tea, with "citrone," lemon of course, and sugar, although that was hard to get in Poland and very expensive. A "sugar line" formed every morning near Flambeau's hotel. Then the famous "Cakes," a pastry for which Poland may be even more noted than Paris, very well made, a specialty of Warsaw, which has perhaps more of these sweetmeat shops than of any others.

At the studio of the brilliant Polish woman painter, Mlle. Blanca Mercère, rue Hoza 59, Flambeau found the artist herself, and saw her splendid canvases, nudes painted in style. Mlle. Mercère is Polish by birth, but her father was French, and she studied many years in Paris. She wished now to visit America, but how to meet the expense since the exchange was so unfavorable. She was on the staff of the Warsaw Art Academy, being noted as a portrait painter, and especially so of children. One of her war compositions was of a dying soldier, tracing on the wall in blood the words, "*Pour France et Pologn—*," used as war propaganda. She was decorated by the Government for her war services, and has since occupied herself in reviving Polish native industries, especially in bright-colored textiles.

Again, in the studio of the noted Polish sculptor, Mlle. Doria Dernasowicz, in the Faub. de Cracovie Str. 30, Flambeau was lucky enough to meet the charming Countess Ladislas Lamoyska, who is widely acquainted in America, where she has many friends.

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"Yes, I knew they had bought the house for the new Polish Ministry on Sixteenth Street in Washington," she smiled, referring to the Polish Legation, a striking building on the most fashionable street of the American capital. "We have also purchased a similar house in Belgium," she added. She gave the visitor her autograph, and expressed interest in his mission. Mlle. Dernatowicz showed her sculptures, which are exceedingly popular character studies, often sold in small reproductions.

Jozef Pilsudski, the Socialist leader of Poland, was much spoken of, but Flambeau failed to meet him, as he was then out of town. Of another famous politician of the opposite party, a Liberal, Dmowski, also very popular, he had a glimpse on the street.

The University of Warsaw is only one of the noted institutions of higher education in Poland. Lwoff and Lemberg have others equally famous.

The Poles are devout Catholics. At the old Church of St. John, in Warsaw, one might see peasants kneeling on the cold pavement in front of the doorway, in token of their humility. Gradually they would enter the church on their knees, and, pausing frequently to pray, would make their way slowly to the altar.

A comparison of notices in both Polish and Russian showed the two languages not radically different. Certainly the Polish sounded the strangest of any speech Flambeau had yet heard, and he regretted that he could not find a key for the peculiar "Z-sh-sh, Z-sh-sh," which seemed to be its basis.



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He included a "Moving picture" theatre in his program, visiting the "Kino-Pan" one evening. There a long and beautifully played film appeared to have been adapted from America, certainly it was not Polish, though an imaginative production, with good features. It was a Monday evening, which meant as usual a small attendance, but he was told that the Cinema is very popular in Warsaw.

The shops of the Polish capital are fascinating, almost Parisian in up-to-date style and novelty, but Flambeau's lost passport and letters of credit weighed so heavily upon his mind that he had not the heart for shopping.

He did not know then what a pleasant visit he would have later in Vilna, one of Poland's oldest cities near the northern boundary. He did not have leisure, however, to see all who called in Warsaw, one of whom was Monsieur Z. Kalinowski, a Polish architect who had visited America, and was there associated with Mr. E. Bouton, a Baltimore architect. M. Kalinowski was just now engaged upon a monument, "Poland to America," in collaboration with the sculptor, M. Dunikowski. He was also reviving fifteenth century architecture, for which Poland is famous.

At length Flambeau had exhausted all sources of information as to his lost passport, he had consulted the police, the head tram office, the newspapers, and other possible means. He now went to the American Consulate where the vice-consul, Mr. Walter J. Pawlak, one of the busiest men Flambeau had ever met,



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ordered that a temporary passport be issued. The office was besieged with a long line of waiting applicants, eager for visas to go to America, or other assistance.

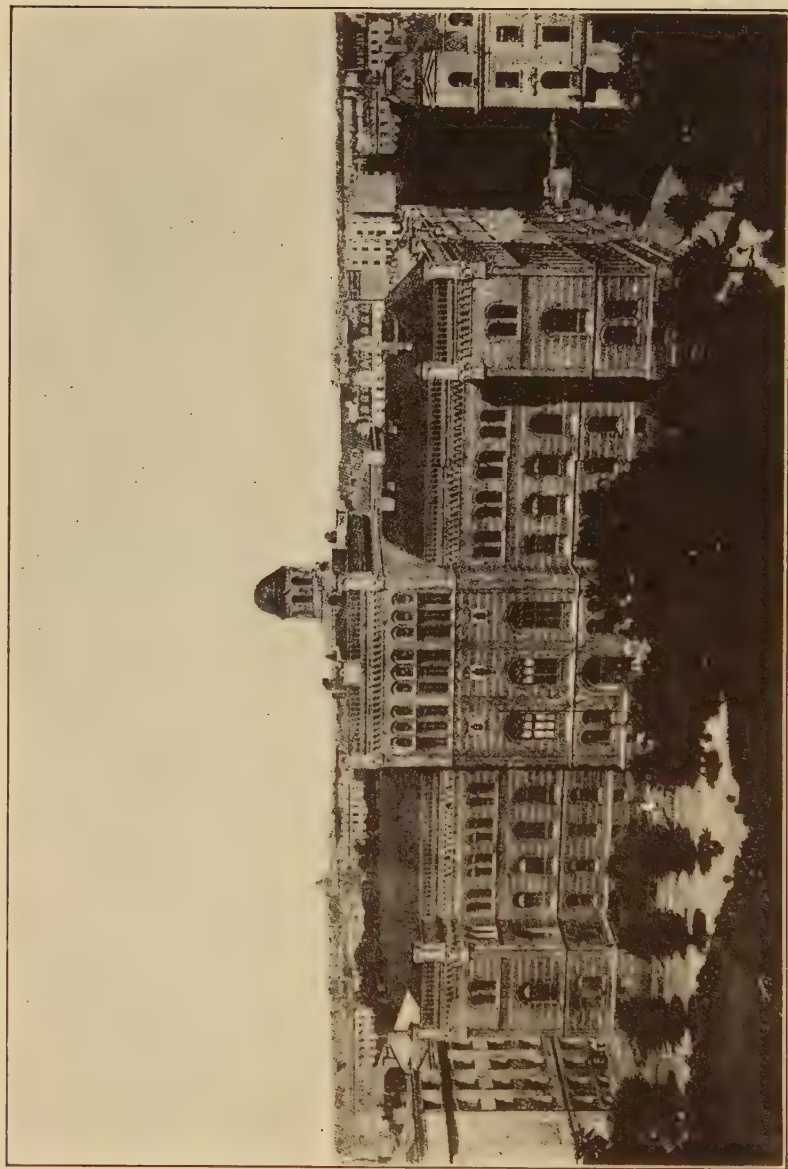
Stanislaw Markiewicz, the office chief, was in the midst of writing out the new passport for Flambeau, who was asking Markiewicz if the Russian prisons are as bad as they say, for he had been a political prisoner in one of them for twenty months during the war. Markiewicz came rather naturally by his propensity for politics, because his mother was the celebrated Countess Markiewicz, noted in the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland, where his father, known as Jim Larkin, was famous in the Labor movement. These are types one meets here and there, throughout Europe to-day.

Just then the door of the Consulate opened, a breathless boy entered, and flung a package on the table before the astonished Flambeau, gasping out, "Are those your lost papers?" And there they were, missing passport, letters of credit, extra photos, all as before, nothing missing, although they had been gone for several days.

Stanislaw Ezeciniski was a boy scout of Warsaw. He had picked up the bundle in the street near the hotel, accidentally dropped there by the innocent Flambeau in his haste to board a tram car. Stanislaw and his father had studied the contents, and learned from the newspaper of the loss. He refused absolutely to accept any reward, until he saw that it was the only way in which the grateful traveler could



A POLISH MARKET PLACE. In Vilna, on the Russian Border. Copyright by the Photographer  
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THE UNIVERSITY OF RIGA, Latvia. More than five thousand students are enrolled.  
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## WARSAW, POLAND'S CAPITAL

express his feelings at the moment. The big bill of 10,000 Polish Marks, which the sturdy and patriotic boy scout hesitated to take, was really but little over \$1.00 American, at the rate of exchange then prevailing. Everybody at the Consulate, men, women, and children, lost Russian refugees, all forgot their own worries to congratulate the lucky American, and to praise the Boy Scout movement, which had saved the reputation of Warsaw that day.

Flambeau departed a day or two later, proceeding northward from Warsaw by railway, first class, which was not very luxurious, en route to Riga, the capital of Latvia. He was not intending to stop over in Vilna, but would change there. It was an all-night ride in a day coach, and his companions were some very agreeable Polish people, General Kazimierz Zawinza, who was director of Public Works in Poland, and M. and Mme. Swizkowski. They interested themselves in Flambeau, and advised him by all means to stop at Vilna to see its quaint architecture. On board the train they found and introduced to him a professor of architecture of the University of Vilna, Professor Juljusz Klos. On arrival at Vilna he promised to call for Flambeau later in the day.

The hotel which the traveling companions had decided was the right place for the American to stay was, alas! full, but at two o'clock (it was then 8 A.M.) he might have a room if he would wait. He would, so he went out for breakfast at a next-door restaurant, and then to study the town.

Three modern churches (not very modern) he



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visited. He gave a few Polish Marks to beggars, some of the most appealing of whom he found in Vilna. Then he decided to have a regular Polish luncheon by himself, of various comestibles in a delicatessen "Restauracy," not forgetting Poland's best, known here as "Biwo" (pronounced "Bee-vah").

He returned to the hotel, where, though it was not yet quite twelve, they luckily had the room vacant for him. It was not at all palatial, scarcely comfortable, but he was glad of any shelter. Soon his new friend, Professor Klos, arrived, and with him Madame Professor Retinger, the American wife of the young professor of Chemistry at the University of Vilna. It was while a student at Chicago University that Professor Retinger met and later married the fascinating daughter of one of his medical associates, who was also of Polish descent. Later his Government recalled him to Poland to help in the reconstruction of the University of Vilna, and with him he brought his bride, a stranger in the land of her father's parentage. She was heartily welcomed by the Poles, and has made a warm place for herself. She had occupied herself with Red Cross work, in building up a movement for better sanitation in Vilna. The old town is so pretty, as it is, that Flambeau couldn't help hoping that the reform might not strike too deep, and remove the picturesque dirt which now enhances it.

Professor Klos and Madame Retinger took Flambeau for a droshky excursion about the ancient streets, and to visit the Cathedral, an interesting medieval revival of Greek influence. The interior was



## WARSAW, POLAND'S CAPITAL

especially impressive, with important decorations, including frescoes of the Twelve Apostles, painted by an early noted Polish painter, a native of Vilna, which has produced many artists.

Later a real party was assembled in the humble American's honor at the best restaurant in Vilna, the Hotel St. George, where came Professor Retinger and Professor Ferdinand Ruszcyc, Rector of the University and Dean of the Faculty of Fine Arts, besides of course Mrs. Retinger and Professor Klos.

Professor Ruszcyc is a first-class Polish artist, who designed the new insignia of Poland, an eagle and shield composition. He was chosen to make the drawings on the bread cards, during the famine in Poland, when bread was portioned out to each citizen, who must present one of these tickets. They contained pictures of the great Polish heroes, calculated to inspire patriotism. Flambeau later saw many examples of Professor Ruszcyc's paintings, in a call at his Department of Fine Arts at the University, where in rooms well adapted to such pursuits the artistic Polish students find the right atmosphere, under the inspiration of Professor Ruszcyc, whose works have been published in many journals in Poland and abroad.

Professor Retinger's department of Chemistry was also visited, and he explained his great ambition, to create a suitable medical foundation at the University of Vilna. This is particularly needed because of the present unsanitary condition of the town and the necessity for hygienic teaching. Poland has in all only

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7,000 physicians to 30,000,000 population, so Flambeau learned, while Chicago has 14,000 physicians to 3,760,000 population. The Professor begged Flambeau to make his aims known, and to invite those interested, no matter where, to share with him this good work, addressing him, Professor Juljusz Retinger, at the University of Vilna, Poland.

In the home of the Retingers, in Vilna, Flambeau also found himself a guest, and he noted there a delightful Polish atmosphere. Everything was artistic in character and composition, simplicity and elegance combined. Madame Retinger was a gracious hostess. It was most reluctantly that the traveler bade them good-bye next morning, when, at an early hour, he boarded the train, en route to Riga, and fresh adventures at the Gates of Russia.

## CHAPTER XXIX

IN RIGA, LATVIA; AT RUSSIA'S GATES

The beloved sun was sinking swiftly,  
I was left in the shadows;  
I had no dear mother of my own  
To bear me into the bright sunlight.

—Latvian Folk Song (Translated by Dr. Charles L. Seya).

**S**WEIKI!" "Sweiki!" "Sweiki!" Mr. Secretary Salnais of Latvia, and Madame Salnais, were drinking a toast to the United States. Flambeau, arrived in Riga, was responding to Latvia, just then the newest of nations recognized by America. They sat with tiny glasses of "Kymmēl," the most precious nectar in the world, from its delectable flavor.

"Prosit!" They were at the "Strand," the fashionable seaside of Riga, at the Hotel Buldurei; there at an outdoor table they were eating steamed "weji," the small river lobsters for which Riga is famous. In the garden blossomed numerous flowers, and above them bent a "piladsis," with its scarlet berries, or, as we might call it, a Jerusalem cherry tree.

Only the night before had Flambeau landed in Riga at the witching hour of twelve, after many experiences in coming through Lithuania with only American money which the officials there seemed

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never to have seen before at the frontiers, where tickets must be bought (good reason why more Americans should travel that way!). Already he found himself adopted in Riga, and almost as much at home as he might have felt in his native city, thanks to introductions from his kind friend, the Minister of Latvia, Dr. Charles Louis Seya, Latvia's first official representative at Washington.

The "Weji," which are eaten in Latvia only in the months "without an R," were very good, and not one was left in the large pot when the little dinner was over. Then came a delightful motor drive back to Riga by moonlight, across a military bridge that wobbled, though it was safe, and past the fine new bridge, just completed, one of the marvels of construction so rapidly increasing in Riga, the capital of Latvia.

"Yes, I was an exile in Siberia," Madame Salnais was telling the American. "I was sentenced for life there, while my husband was sentenced for life here. It was because I spoke at a political meeting, and they arrested my husband with one of the placards in his pocket.

"My little son, then but a baby, I did not see until he was fifteen, and another little one, born to me in prison, died because I could not take him with me to Siberia. I had to leave him when he was only three months old. It was too cold to take him. One had only the clothing they gave one to go to Siberia," and she sighed deeply.

"I escaped at last. It was not very difficult if one had money. I hired a man and a droshky, and drove

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away from the village as far as I could go. Then I became a teacher, and I made many friends in the town where I had come. But after a while the secret police learned from my home letters where I was, and they came searching for me.

"They even came to the house where I was staying. I eluded them, however, although I sat that evening in a box at the theatre with the chief of police, who did not recognize me. And that very night I left the home I had there as teacher to the children of the governor general of the village. Then I made my way to Vienna, later to Paris, and afterward to America. I was in Boston three years as a student at Simmons College."

So it was all quite true about the old régime in Russia. Flambeau had always before taken the stories "with a grain of salt," but here were actual, sensible persons, charming, gracious, cultivated people, who had been political exiles. Their happy home had been destroyed, and it was only years later that they had met again in America, to renew their life together.

Even then, once more, on their return to Russia in 1918, when they came, hoping to aid in the reconstruction, they were compelled to enter by the Siberian frontier. That was ordered closed just after they arrived, so once again they were for two years prisoners, but at length, in 1920, they reached Riga in time to assist in leading the revolution here, bringing to Latvia its independence.

And to-day they were still such youthful and suc-



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cessful looking people that one would never have imagined their lives had known such tragic intervals. They had now great joy in the birth of their nation, Latvia, spiritual offspring of their sufferings.

"When I returned here, a few years ago," added Madame Salnais, "and saw our soldiers in their ragged uniforms, left over from the Russians, and I realized what they had done, my heart cried out for them and I wanted to do all I could for Latvia." Madame Salnais is an extremely busy and capable young woman, a Latvian journalist of note.

The visit in Riga was one of the most successful of the entire European tour. The people there receive Americans with, figuratively, open arms. Riga is a really fascinating city, in its parks reminding one of Paris or Washington, and in its quaint streets and earnest citizens, like Boston. In fact, there is an almost Anglo-Saxon strain in these vigorous folk of the new land Latvia. Their language, too, has something akin to the Anglo-Saxon. It is quite different from Russian or Polish.

In Riga one may find several churches of note, including the imposing Russian church. Farther south these buildings are usually open for visitors, but here, as in some other northern European countries, it is not the custom to open them except for Sundays.

The Central Park of Riga forms the nucleus about which the city seems to cluster, or rather to spread out, for it is by no means a small capital. The climate is especially agreeable, combining as it does the sea air with the country so near at hand. Attractive



MADAME MILDA SALNAIS, wife of the Secretary. She was  
exiled for life to Siberia by the old Russian  
régime, but escaped.  
[Page 364]



MR. SECRETARY SALNAIS, of the Latvian Ministry, Riga.  
He was condemned to life imprisonment under  
the old Russian régime.  
[Page 363-4]



THE HONORABLE DOCTOR CHARLES LOUIS SEYA, Latvian  
Minister at Washington, D. C.  
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HIS EXCELLENCY, THE HONORABLE Z. A. MEIEROVICS,  
Prime Minister of Latvia and Minister of  
Foreign Affairs, Riga.  
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## IN RIGA, LATVIA; AT RUSSIA'S GATES

villas may be had for a mere song at the "Strand," an ideal summer resort.

"You should have been in Riga a week sooner," that was what they told Flambeau. "The British fleet of men-of-war was here, and we had a grand celebration."

"Come in June next time," they urged. "We have a 'Song Fest' then, with 3,000 singers from all over the world, and many, many people. There are concerts for three days."

"Oh, but it was a grand day when Latvia was recognized by the United States, the greatest nation in the world. That is what you are to-day, of course, the greatest nation in the world," they said.

All of them wished to come to America. But the "dollar" to-day prevented. On the street, in the cafés, one might often hear, as in other European countries like Poland, the words "America," "Washington," "the dollar," "Hoover." Flambeau would like to have listened in to many of these discussions, but the native tongue was unintelligible at first.

The Latvians, like the Poles, were great tea drinkers. They gave many parties for the American. The "Kucken," or sweet cakes, rivaled those of Poland. The tea was served usually in the same way, boiling hot, in glass tumblers, which stand in a metal frame in a saucer. With the tea one takes lemon and sugar. Milk would spoil it entirely.

Almost everyone in Riga knows four or five languages. Latvian, which he always speaks by preference; German, which he also speaks fluently,

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the language of business; French, the language of society; Russian, now eschewed, but well known; and English, which they tell one they speak "*Ein bisschen!*" They "studied it in the schools, but have forgotten now."

The Dom Kirche is a marvel of Gothic architecture, crowned by a cock atop of a tall spire. A smaller cock tops the Peterskirche, and a third may be descried among the spires of Riga, a popular emblem. The Saint Gertrude's Church has a lovely modern fresco, "Jesus Blessing the Children," by Jan Rozental, the greatest of Latvian masters, lately deceased. Madame Rozental presented the American a lithograph copy. In its symbolism this composition has a trace of pre-Raphaelite influence.

Rozental's paintings, many of them fairy fantasies of an idealist in color, may be seen in the Rozental home, others in the Modern Museum. Many more are in foreign galleries, some of which even Madame Rozental has never seen. Still others are in private ownership. Up to 1915 or later Rozental was painting in his most brilliant style. The tragedy of the war then seemed to cast its shadow over his sensitive temperament. Madame Rozental, who was a Finnish opera singer, had sung in all the large cities of Europe before her marriage to the artist. She was the model for his most beautiful themes, as one may readily see. In her home to-day, she maintained exhibitions of the folk arts of Latvia, ceramics and weaving, which have been strongly revived. Her children show musical and artistic ability, es-



## IN RIGA, LATVIA; AT RUSSIA'S GATES

pecially a son, who seems destined to follow his father's brilliant career. They presented Flambeau with several gifts, hand-decorated plates and vases of the peasant arts, and the boy gave him a scarf pin with the design of the new Latvian flag, in red and white bars.

The University of Riga has more than 5,000 students, and compares favorably with American universities. Many of the poorer pupils have employment elsewhere in the mornings, but study in the afternoon and evening at Riga University. New departments were being organized, and great interest was shown in the library, which will be a large one. The medical department was especially progressive.

Among the professors, Flambeau was fortunate in his friends. Professor and Madame Kundzin were parents of the former secretary of the Latvian legation in Washington, Mr. Arvid Kundzin. They had a party, with coffee and cakes, one afternoon for the visitor, and there he met many charming people. Miss Kundzin, the secretary's sister, accompanied the American and acted as his interpreter, for she spoke English perfectly. Professor and Madame Felsberg called to see him, both speaking English.

The two museums of fine arts in Riga preserve interesting paintings and sculpture, not only Latvian but representative of other schools, although the American was assured that many of their best had been taken by the Russians or the Germans to grace much larger galleries. Herr Wilhelm Purwitz, the leading contemporary painter and director of the art

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

academy, was head of the older museum, in which a series of his own splendid canvases were well displayed. Of his work there were no photographs. "Everything was destroyed in the war," he explained.

Herr Burkards Dzenis, the noted Latvian sculptor, was director of the Modern Museum. He was one of the first to model in the native granite, in which he has produced some remarkable busts. One of these, "The Courlander," represents an old woman of the Latvian province of Courland, of which many humorous tales are told. One of the folk songs, celebrating Courland, was among the collection translated by Dr. Charles Louis Seya, while first representing Latvia at Washington.

Blow, dear wind, drive my boat,  
Drive me down to Courland.

The mother of the girls in Courland  
Promised me her little daughter.

She promised me, but did not give her,  
For she called me a big little drunkard.

She called me a big little drunkard,  
A reckless driver of fast horses.

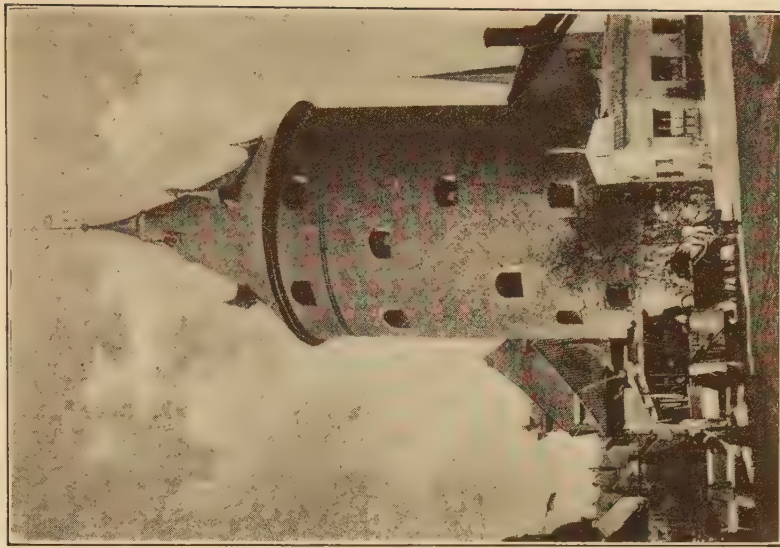
Which tavern did I drink dry?  
Which horse did I run to death?

Did I not pay for my own drinks?  
Did I not run my own horse?

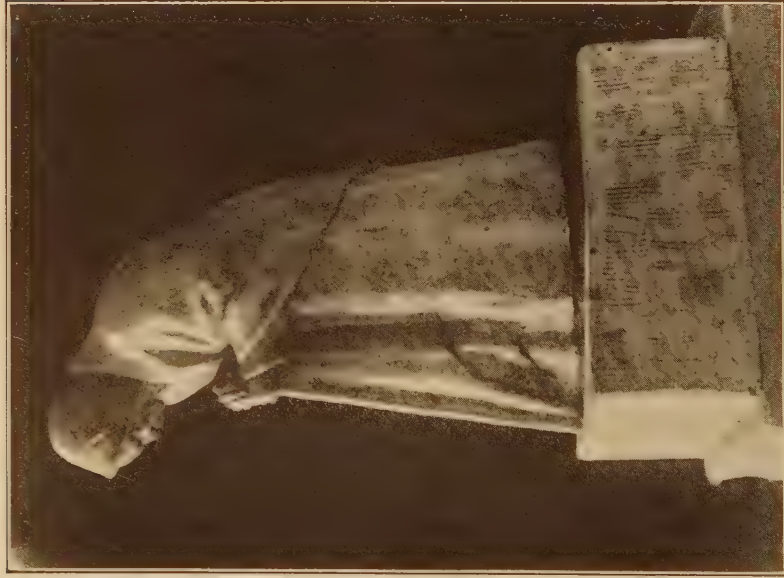
Worthy mistress of the tavern,  
Send me some beer on credit.



JAN ROZENTAL, the leading Latvian painter, a splendid colorist and fantasist.  
[Page 368]



THE FAMOUS OLD POWDER "TURM," or Tower, in Riga, Latvia.  
[Page 366]



"THE COURLANDER," granite sculpture by Herr Burkards  
Dzenis. Copyright by the Artist.  
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"COUNTRY LABORERS," by S. Vidbergs, expressionist  
artist of the new modern school of Latvia.  
Copyright by the Artist  
[Page 371]



## IN RIGA, LATVIA; AT RUSSIA'S GATES

The autumn will come, I shall marry,  
I will ask you to be among the guests.

Then we shall celebrate the wedding,  
Drink and make merry three days.

In the Modern Museum there were many of Rozental's fine paintings, full of life and color, portraits, landscapes, and fantasies, of which other examples were in the Rozental home. Beautiful murals, executed by Rozental about fifteen years ago, adorn the exterior of a hall in Riga. Their colors have withstood quite perfectly the changing weather of the seasons.

Artists of the extremely modern school came to call upon the American. Herr Roman Souta, president of the expressionist school of Riga, was one of these, and Herr S. Vidbergs, an illustrator and follower of Aubrey Beardsley, with exquisite compositions in black and white. Mlle. M. Doré, a young Russian painter, who had recently come from Moscow, was not enthusiastic about Soviet conditions.

"The artists there are doing nothing," said Mlle. Doré. "They can't get any colors." Others told different stories. Some said the former czar's palace had been made a home for indigent artists, who might live as they liked there, and work or not, as they pleased.

How to get into Russia! That was all the time the question uppermost in Flambeau's mind, and he went every morning to the Russian embassy, negotiating for his visa. He had already his passport,



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signed by Secretary Hughes, giving him permission to enter Russia; but he needed a Russian visa. One excuse after another was made. They must have an answer from Moscow. The American prepaid the telegram there and back. Then the telegraph wire had broken down. Again, next day, still no answer.

Herr Mirsky, the smiling but indifferent clerk at the Russian office, could give no explanation. They had no objection to Flambeau's going, but they must have an answer from Moscow. Things move slowly in a disorganized country. A week slipped by. The American had thought it might be hard to get out of Russia, but he had not dreamed it would be so difficult getting in. All over Europe he had journeyed, and everywhere the people had been his friends, offering him most kindly welcome to their countries. It was only here that he found a barred gate.

"Do not get arrested more than three times in Russia," his Latvian friend in Washington had laughed, when giving him introductions. "Twenty would be too many!" It now looked almost as if he might not get there, unless he had a German visa and could fly from Berlin to Moscow. Still he persisted in Riga, and his friends there encouraged him.

"You must go with us in the diplomatic car," smiled pretty Fraülein Christine Backman, who is conducting a large mercantile business of her father's, making regular trips into Russia and back. "Otherwise, traveling in the ordinary cars, you might get a louse!" And she laughed. "But the seats are hard,

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sometimes third-class compartments. You should take a bed with you for the nights. Frau Rozental will lend you a mattress." They were all so anxious in Riga to help Flambeau to go on his mission. And meanwhile the days slipped by.

At the summer theatre of Riga a Latvian company was playing Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," and in the National Opera House the season was just opening with "Aïda." Many cinemas were in operation. The Latvians are great lovers of sports, as well as of the arts and education. Sailing is a favorite pastime.

There were few beggars in Riga, but there were some. They sized up the American.

"*Sind Sie reich?*" anxiously asked an old woman, who had wandered into a restaurant where Flambeau was eating a modest meal.

"*Nein, nein, sehr arm,*" was his reply. "*Schreibere sind immer arm,*" and she understood that he was a journalist, and poor. But they had some tea together, with "*weiss Brot,*" and she wrote her autograph for him.

"*Sie sind Amerikan!*" queried an attractive young woman, and then she told the stranger a hard-luck tale of rent to pay. He tendered a very modest twenty-five rubles, yet it seemed to satisfy completely. The rate of exchange at the moment was 253 rubles to the American dollar, but the Latvian money was rapidly rising in value. In Russia, so Flambeau learned, one might at that time obtain for twelve to twenty-five cents American a million Rus-

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sian rubles. For a dollar one might become a multimillionaire.

"Is it true that in some parts of Russia, along the Volga, where they are starving, the people are eating one another?" was asked of a teacher who came from one of the poorest Russian districts.

"It is true," she replied, "but we do not speak of it, or think of it, because it makes us insane."

"Intelligence is not necessary!" That was what the Soviet leaders told their people, so some one else reported to Flambeau.

"In Moscow the newspapers are publishing that in London thousands of people are dying of hunger daily," a reliable journalist assured the American, adding that the news in Russia is absolutely under the control of the Soviet. "They say to their people, when they complain of hunger, 'Well, you are free. You now have your freedom, and that is much.'"

The air of mystery and suspicion which pervaded the Russian Embassy of Riga was not reassuring. They occupied an artistic old mansion as their headquarters. The employees strutted about very grandly.

"Some people get their visas for Russia in two minutes, some in a week, and some never," observed a secretary at the Latvian ministry.

"Intelligence is not necessary," was Flambeau's silent comment. But he was to change his poor impression sooner than he expected, and meantime he lost no opportunity to enjoy Riga. Professor Ian A. Ozolin, head of the English department at the

## IN RIGA, LATVIA; AT RUSSIA'S GATES

University, persuaded Flambeau to lecture one evening on "The Most Modern Aspects of Art and Literature in America." The title was their choice. The wandering American had almost forgotten everything at home, and he spent a fruitless day in trying to recall the name of the author of "Main Street." The evening of his talk conflicted with the opening of grand opera, but a flattering number actually were willing to forego "Aïda" in order to hear something about America, and (out of compliment to the United States) many came who could not understand English.

Flambeau was also persuaded to speak before the "W.C.T.U." of Latvia, Esthonia and Finland, which was holding a large anti-alcohol congress just at that time. He apologized for divided principles. In vain, beer or no beer, he must speak on "Prohibition in America," even if only for five minutes.

So he consented, and good Frau Doktor Trygg Helenius, the leader from Finland, was happy in her triumph. She was a remarkable woman of great ability, with the enthusiasm of another Susan B. Anthony.

"Finland voted for prohibition twelve days before America," the Frau Doktor recalled, joyfully, and she gave Flambeau a handsome souvenir of Finland, a hand-carved knife, with a leather sheath, another memento of his wonderful journey. She was among the guests at the home of Professor and Madame Kundzin.

And still the Russian Embassy delayed with his

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

visa, though they encouraged him to expect it. At length, Flambeau decided to wait no longer. If he got his visa next day, he would go to Russia from Riga. If not, he would leave for Berlin by train. Perhaps, after all, there was nothing much to see in Russia. Reports were conflicting.

"You must be very careful all the time," urged Mr. Charles H. Heisler, vice-consul at the American consulate of Riga. "An army officer who came out of Russia the other day had his coat cut by some one who reached up under and took everything he had."

"I will be your guide," promised Miss Backman. "They will let you go. It is only when one has been in there, and come back, and wants to go again, that they are suspicious."

"Take food with you. Of course, you won't get anything on the train, the thirty-six hours you are going there," explained Capt. John C. Miller, of the "A.A.A." American Relief Administration, Hoover's office. Their mission had been feeding 10,000,000 people, including 6,000,000 adults, all in Russia. In Latvia, also, in 1919, they fed 40,000 children, but conditions now were vastly improved, and the relief work here was discontinued.

"Get a loaf of bread," he advised. "Probably you might like some ham."

"Sausage," laughed Flambeau. "And fruit."

"Yes, fruit," agreed Captain Miller. "And you can telegraph ahead to our office. Probably they might put you up," and he gave several familiar names.



## IN RIGA, LATVIA; AT RUSSIA'S GATES

The telegram from Moscow did not come, however, and he did not receive the visa, so Flambeau decided to slip out of Riga quietly at 11:20 P.M. that night. But they were all at the station (more crowded than any other he had ever seen, for Latvia needed very much a new railway station at this important center) to bid him adieu, and to present him, the lone American, each with a little gift. The choicest of Latvian flowers, fruit, or some souvenir: Madame Rozental, her son and daughter; Herr Purwitz, Miss Kundzin and her sister and brother; Frau Paegle, the director of folk arts; besides two leading representatives of the Blue Ribbon Society, workers for prohibition in Latvia, of the Second Latvian Anti-Alcohol Congress, President G. Kempels, and Professor V. Ernits. One future day, in Washington, Flambeau welcomed these two latter in his home studio. And now the train was pulling out, and the American was leaning from the window for a last glimpse of those kind faces.

"Sweiki, Sweiki, little Latvia, bigger than Belgium! You have before you a grand future."

## CHAPTER XXX

SOVIET RUSSIA; ART AMONG THE BOLSHEVIKS

*PROLETARII vsekh stran' soedinyaites!"*  
"Workers of the World, Unite!" That is the slogan of Soviet Russia.

Will the present proletariat Russian government stand? In America everybody had told Flambeau No. In Europe the unanimous opinion was, Yes. It may modify itself, become more conservative, more coöperative, but it's here to stay, the latest evolution in the history of governments.

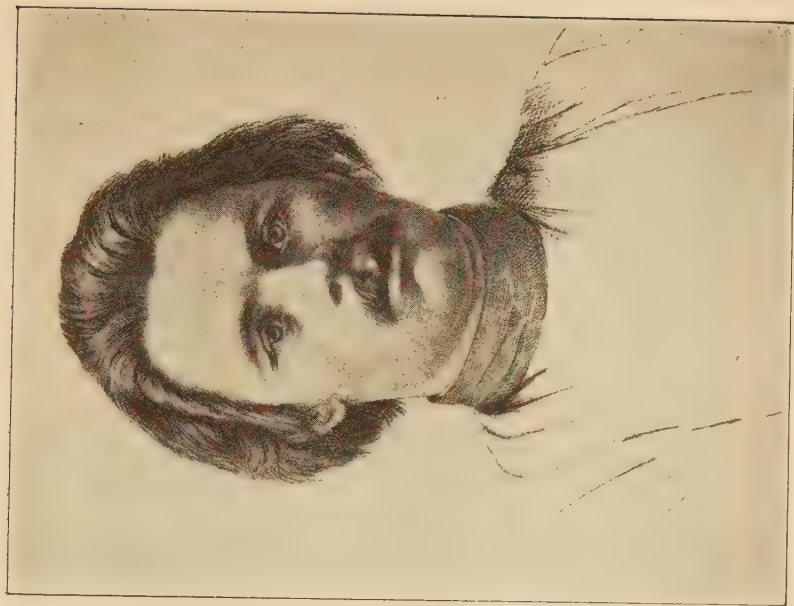
Perhaps the easiest way to enter Russia to-day is by airplane, flying from Berlin to Moscow. If on an educational mission, one telegraphs to Comrade Lunacharsky, People's Commissar for Public Instruction, at Moscow, of course, the capital of Soviet Russland. Meanwhile one gets one's American passport visaed for Poland, and when the "O.K." comes from Lunacharsky in a day or two, one has no difficulty to obtain a Russian visa from the Soviet Embassy at Berlin.

It takes twelve hours to fly, costs about twenty-five dollars, and one may have twelve kilograms of luggage.

"That means," said Captain Paxton Hibben, Sec-



Mlle. M. Doré, a young Russian painter,  
and refugee.  
[Pages 371 and 390]



MAXIM GORKI, famous patriot and most noted of living  
Russian literati.  
[Page 378]



HIS EXCELLENCY GEORG W. TSCHITSCHERIN, Soviet  
Commissar of Foreign Affairs, Moscow.  
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retary of the Russian Red Cross Relief, to Flambeau, with whom he was now en route from Moscow to Berlin, returning from an extended tour in Russia, "That means that I took only one suit of clothes, and I'd be ashamed to show you the back of these trousers."

Flambeau liked him all the better for it, especially when Captain Hibben added that he had felt quite "seedy" among the smart executives who were dashing about Moscow in their up-to-the-minute motor cars. For Moscow is actually becoming a modern capital to-day, with all the blaze of wealth that one associates with a brilliant and successful government. In the city itself there is little to tell one immediately the sad story of famine widespread throughout Russia. With the invitation of the Soviet Government to capitalists to take over a portion of the national industries in the form of leaseholds, private and foreign capital at once gravitated to Moscow, with very definite and interesting effect.

Business men throughout Europe took advantage of this opportunity, not only to benefit themselves very directly by such investments, but also of necessity to benefit Russia, and while of course the Social-Democratic and Independent press of Germany did not hesitate to claim that the workers are exploited by this new capitalist power, the Soviets are not disappointed with results. American business men, too, were not slow to avail themselves of these privileges, as Flambeau had learned directly from some of them whom he met en route to Moscow.



## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

But what had been the immediate effect upon Art of the Soviet régime? Were the artists themselves better off to-day than under tsarism? Yes, and No. They answered both ways.

The Russian Soviet's greatest living painter, Philip Andreyitch Malyavin, is called the successor of the great Russian artist, Verestchaguine. He has had a romantic personal history, and the style of his art is decidedly futuristic.

Malyavin's painting is undoubtedly expressionistic, yet it has a far saner quality than much that we have associated with that most modern school, as Flambeau judged from portraits by the master, who was just then engaged on a large canvas of a typical Russian peasant of the Volga region, which he intended to present to the United States Congress, in recognition of the gratitude of the Russian people for the vote of \$20,000,000 for Russian famine relief.

"Malyavin was born a peasant in the Volga valley," said Captain Hibben, who knows the painter personally and believes in his mission to the United States, since the Russian Red Cross in America, of which Hibben is Secretary, is made the sole agent of the Narkompros (People's Commissariat for Education) for booking all theatrical, musical and artistic talent in Russia not already bound by outstanding contracts, for appearances in the United States or Canada. Malyavin exhibited in Germany, for the first time abroad since the Revolution, and from Germany he planned to come direct to the United

## SOVIET RUSSIA

States. The most interesting thing about his work is perhaps the fact that his first efforts were in the direction of conventional religious art, a far cry to his present achievements. Early in life he began to make sketches and drawings on barn doors and walls, with what pigments he could produce out of lamp-black and clay. His father had no sympathy with his artistic aspirations, however, and insisted on his being a farmer.

"Young Malyavin had never seen a painting in his life at this time," continued Captain Hibben, "except some ikons, copies of olden ikons of no particular artistic merit, in the village church. About the time that young Malyavin reached the age of sixteen, however, a new ikon was brought to the village church from Mount Athos, in Greece, whose monasteries have been for a thousand years the cradle of Russian religious art.

"It was of course not a new conception—ikons in the Russian church are all copies of the older, more sacred pictures—but it was well executed by a real artist, and it influenced Malyavin anew to be a painter. Unaware that there was any other art than the religious, he determined to be a monk so that he might pursue his passion for painting, and ran away from home and made his way to Mount Athos. Here he registered as a candidate for a religious order and on being asked his trade, boldly replied that he was an artist.

"He was promptly given some restorative work on an ancient altar screen to do and furnished real

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

paints for the first time in his life. Malyavin did very good work at restoration, but when subsequently assigned an entire chapel to decorate on his own, he failed completely and was forced to admit to the Father Superior that he had had no training at all and that he had embraced religion solely to get artistic training. The Father Superior immediately secured Malyavin's release from his vows, and the Church paid his expenses to Petrograd where through the influence of the Father Superior he was placed under the protection of a wealthy patron of art and enabled to study.

"Malyavin made such astonishing progress that he was sent to Rome; there his picture 'The Storm' brought him fame and the beginnings of fortune. His paintings were at once bought by Morosoff, the 'cotton king' of Russia, whose private gallery the Soviets have transformed into a public art gallery. And there Malyavin's canvases still hang, among those of Degas, Monet, Cezanne and Daubigny.

"Prince Paul Sherbatoff was also one of the earlier purchasers of Malyavin's work, but when Sherbatoff fled after the Revolution he hid the Malyavin canvases away where not even the artist himself can find them. In Venice hangs Malyavin's composition, 'The Laugh,' and his work is generally well known throughout Europe. He is a colorist of rare power, confining himself almost entirely to figures, usually Russian peasants, among whom he was born."

In America, too, the work of Malyavin is by no

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means unknown, for it was long ago discussed and illustrated in "The International Studio," of November 15, 1913.

The Morosoff Gallery in the Pretchistenka, it may be added, is now much frequented by the Russian public, who are fond of the nineteenth century French painters and sculptors so well represented there. The mural decorations of the entrance hall and stairway were designed for Morosoff by Bonnard, while the great reception room of the house was entirely done by Maurice Denis. Besides the very modern pictures of Matisse and Chagall, there are two by Degas, "After the Bath" and a characteristic "Dancers"; two of Monet's best-known are here, "Paris Boulevards" and "London Fog"; Paul Cezanne is represented by eighteen canvases, and Paul Gauguin has an entire room of his Tahitian pictures. Other French artists are Albert Marquet and Auguste Renoir, and there are two sculptures by Rodin. One of the interesting features of the new régime is the meticulous care with which the Nar-kompros (the People's Commissariat of Education) has provided each room with a list of the pictures and statues, a life of the artist with an appreciation of his standing and the character of his work.

To-day it is no news to learn that the Soviets are friends of Art, rumors to the contrary. It was of course pure myth, the story of the Cossacks' boots that defamed the Rembrandts of the Hermitage at Petrograd, and of the old woman who wiped her pots and pans with a Watteau canvas. In truth, it

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is almost touching, so Lunacharsky says, to observe the care with which the Soviets are preserving, not merely the modern, vivid French art, but the academic, the historic, the works of all schools, which had been long the pride of Russia in the galleries of Petrograd and Moscow. The Revolution did destroy, it is true, a few official atrocities, statues of Alexanders II and III, which could perhaps be well spared, the one from the esplanade of the Kremlin, the other from before the Church of the Redeemer at Moscow.

But on the other hand, it preserved even the tsarist portraits when they offered an artistic character, like Flaconet's "Peter the Great" and "Nicholas I" which at Petrograd ornament the two squares on either side of the Cathedral of Saint Isaac. When in doubt, the Revolutionaries sometimes boxed up a statue, pending the decision as to its fate, as in the case of Prince Troubetzkoy's monument of "Alexander III" before the Nicholas Railway station.

Results might have been less satisfactory, however, but for the timely intervention of Lunacharsky, in an almost pathetic letter of protest, addressed to the workers, peasants and soldiers, during the Revolution.

"The populace of workers," he wrote, "is now the absolute master of the country. Beyond the natural riches, it has inherited enormous cultural riches: edifices of great beauty, museums, libraries. All that is now the property of the people, and will aid the poor and their children to become new men. . . .



## SOVIET RUSSIA

"It is particularly terrible, in these days of violent lust, of destructive war, to be Commissaire of Public Instruction. Only the hope of the victory of Socialism, the source of a new superior culture, brings us any comfort. Upon me weighs the responsibility of the protection of the artistic riches of the people.

"I entreat you, comrades, give me your support, help me. Preserve for yourselves and your descendants the beauty of our land.

"Very soon even the most ignorant, who have been kept so long in ignorance, will awaken and will comprehend how much Art is a source of joy, of strength and of wisdom."

It was an eloquent plea, and it was heeded. Comrade Lunacharsky is one of the people, so simple in appearance, so careless in dress, that one might at first think him a very ordinary person. He was exiled under the old régime, but now, called by the Soviet Government to his present position of power, he does not find it necessary to put on airs.

Instead of being diminished in number, the museums are multiplied in Russia to-day. Every city claims to have its own. There were thirty-one under the old régime. Now there are more than a hundred. They have centralized whatever contained anything of value in the bourgeois homes, the palaces of the nobility.

"The comrades are so afraid of losing something," said Lunacharsky, "that they preserve everything, without any criticism. Oh, we shall have a pretty time of it!"

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

At Moscow, there is the Tretyakov gallery, the old collection of so-called "modern" Russian painting, with all its Verestchaguines, its Reypins, and the historic academic works. The public visits this gallery religiously every Sunday. Besides the Morosoff Gallery at Moscow, another new one is that of Shchukin, who had accumulated a somewhat similar collection, with very beautiful portraits by Korovine and Golovine, besides an array of the French contemporary school that would surprise a Frenchman, three thousand kilometres from Paris. Nothing has been changed in these galleries.

The churches of the Kremlin, which they are at present restoring, like those of Yaroslav, possess as in the past treasures of the highest value to the enthusiast, and these collections may be viewed only when the visitor is accompanied, as in the case of so many other similarly valuable displays in Europe. The same is true of the exhibition of thrones and crowns of the Czars, where often the visitor is admitted under the conduct of a guard whose own clothing is in sorry contrast to the brilliant display of the glittering diamonds representing the splendor of the old régime.

At Petrograd, the Alexander III Museum of Russian Painting remains in its former state. The Hermitage has been fully reorganized, following the return of the art treasures, which were so hastily transferred to Moscow when Petrograd was threatened with invasion. The Græco-Roman and Egyptian and other rooms have been thoroughly restored.



THE NEW SOVIET "LIVING CHURCH" IN RUSSIA TO-DAY.  
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A QUARTER-MILLION RUSSIAN RUBLES IN THE NEW CURRENCY.  
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RUSSIAN PEASANTS IN THE FAMINE REGION NEAR THE VOLGA.  
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The Hermitage is increased in proportions by a considerable addition from the Winter Palace, and there is a new "Museum of the Revolution." The collections have been enlarged by a quantity of objects found in various residences, and also others which their former owners have voluntarily deposited here.

Comrade Trotsky himself evinced a deep interest in the progress of this work, at least it may be reliably stated that he has given his full approval, for it was his wife, Comrade Nathalie Trotsky herself, who directed the restoration and rearrangement of the collections. New discoveries were made, for example, a Watteau "Madonna," hanging in the chamber of a maid in one of the imperial residences. More than ten thousand visit the galleries of the Hermitage each month, including many groups of students, who listen to the explanations of their masters. Education is an important factor of the Soviet régime.

Except in Yaroslav, no art monuments have been seriously damaged in Russia. There was no destruction to compare with Rheims, and other ravaged cities of France and Belgium. In Petrograd, where they opened to the public in 1918 the palaces of Tsarskoye Selo, Pavlovsk, Gatchina and Peterhof, during two or three days each week, immense crowds flocked to see them. More than eight thousand persons came on Sunday at Tsarskoye, and in order to save the floors, the directors had slippers made out of old matting, large enough to fit over any size shoe. Both the soldiers and the public accepted these willingly,



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and they nearly stampeded one man who at first refused to put them on.

The visitors are always imbued with respect for the surroundings, and there have been no cases of vandalism. They need only to be reminded that they must not touch objects or furnishings, and they comply. Often such exclamations are heard as these: "That's the way they lived," or: "I can see that their life must have been a snap here!" But they also ask many intelligent questions, and excursions are often arranged for Teachers' Congresses, Art History courses, and other organizations.

The Russian Revolution shows itself quite distinct from the character of the French Revolution in an important particular: that is, the tolerant attitude toward the clergy. The churches remain open and have retained all their ancient splendor, and the priests continue their functions in rich vestments. The objects of worship are preserved in a nation that to-day could no doubt barter with foreign countries many of these religious and art treasures.

The directors of the museums, and the general personnel, continue almost unchanged. In Moscow, at the Tretyakov Museum, devoted to Russian painting, the first historian of Russian art, the painter Igor Grabar, is in charge of the whole museum. At the Hermitage Museum in Petrograd, Count Tolstoy, who managed the museum under Tsarism, has been replaced by Troinitsky, the custodian of Ceramics and Goldsmith work. The painter Alexandre Benois has also been added to the staff of the Her-

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mitage. Unrecognized under the tsarist régime, Benois now becomes the head of the section of painting. Count Zubov, who founded an Institute for the History of Art in 1911, remains at the head of his "Socialist" Institute.

The owners of collections in Russia have not been driven from their homes, but have stayed as custodians of their collections on condition that they make them accessible to the public at regular intervals. They have, however, been limited to a smaller number of dwelling rooms.

The population of Petrograd has decreased more than one-half, and the Hermitage Gallery is now open only twice a week, instead of six times as before the war, yet the number of visitors is ten thousand a month, a larger relative number, since previously for the six days a week or three times as many as now, the attendance was eighteen thousand per month.

What is the Soviet theory of art? may be asked. Lunacharsky has answered this question. "Futurism," he says, "is the continuation of the bourgeois art with certain revolutionary attitudes. The proletariat will also continue the art of the past (but apart from the sane culture and perhaps directly from the Renaissance), and it will bear art forward, farther and higher than all the futurists and in a direction entirely different."

And what is this idealistic direction? As yet, we can hardly say, even whether it is a constructive one. As Jacques Mesnil points out, it was not until thirty

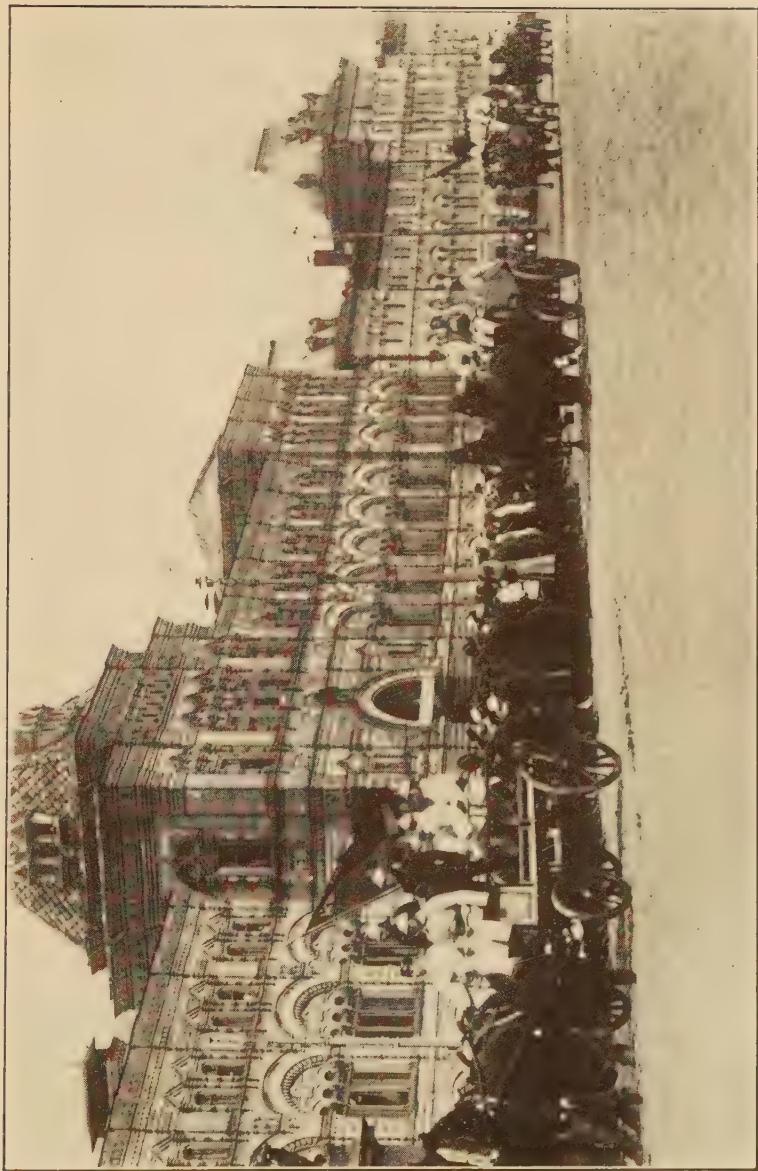
## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

years after the French Revolution that its effect was directly expressed in a new art, the Romantic School. One must not be too hasty in judging the Soviets.

It is true that the Russian artists are not by any means all satisfied with present conditions. Far from it. Many of them are no doubt starving. So are the artists of all countries to-day, because in this commercial age the "Dollar" rules, in Europe as in America. One charming Russian painter, Mlle. Doré, told Flambeau of the privations she had endured in Russia until at length she had lost faith in the Soviets, and had escaped to Riga, in Latvia. She longed to come to America. Her paintings were carefully executed floral studies in decorative character.

Industrial art, however, is reviving in Russia. The new designs for linoleums and materials of everyday use are hopeful signs in their beauty of conception and execution.

The money of Russia depreciated until the Government by a novel scheme sought to restore it. A new system of notation was adopted, moving the decimal point to the left; thus 25 Rubles in the present currency represents 250,000 of the old, a quarter of a million. And the Government printed no more of its old-time paper money, but established a new metal coinage, the gold Ruble, and this, with the improving industrial conditions, may go far toward restoring Russia's commercial credit. Of the sincerity of the Soviet leader, Comrade Trotsky, in his idealism, his friends remain convinced, in spite of



THE KREMLIN, with a Russian Fireguard in the Red Square, Moscow.  
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SOVIET SOLDIERS WITH THE RED FLAG, MOSCOW.  
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## SOVIET RUSSIA

the fact that unfriendly propaganda portrayed Trotsky as a tyrant, who had reduced his people to such a state of poverty that he had them in his power, a condition which he and his associates were falsely reported to enjoy.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### A NIGHT RIDE; ARRESTED ON THE BORDER

Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; to the Germans that of—the air!

—*Jean Paul Richter.*

UNGUELTIG!" That is a word Flambeau wishes he may never see again. It is stamped right across the German visa of his American passport, and makes what he had thought a gilt-edge visa from Baron von Thermann of the German Embassy at Washington of no value any more in Deutschland. Just when he thought his fine pass was all "O.K.," Flambeau found it was quite "N.G."

"Wear your old clothes in Germany," the Baron had said, when he gave the visa.

And Flambeau had answered, "I haven't any others."

And to-day his clothes looked older than ever, his shoes more patched, for now he was on the return lap of his long journey, and was headed west, toward home. But it's a long, long way from Russia, and he was on the express from Moscow to Berlin. That is, they call it an express. But until you get into Germany, the train moves slowly because the engines have only wood to burn.

## A NIGHT RIDE

Another all-night ride in a day coach, first class to be sure, but nobody slept a wink until three o'clock A.M., for the railway guard occupied the compartment, and sat by the window, well armed, going over the passports of all the travelers on the train. Then an all day rail trip of varied experiences until one arrives at what is said to be the hardest "*Grenze*" in Europe to pass—Eydtkuhnen!

Flambeau had been warned of how travelers fared who had not the right visa in these border countries near Russia, perfectly innocent people, mothers with children; they were simply put off the train, no matter where, and left to shift for themselves. Fellow passengers had seen it happen. And on their own passports, too, defective visas had been discovered, but they had escaped arrest or being left behind by a very simple but apparently effective expedient.

"I slipped him a ten-shilling note," confided a suave European to the American. He looked like a prosperous retired gentleman.

But the confident American had no fears of Eydtkuhnen for himself. He had been in too many countries already, and three times in Germany before. So, with a light heart, he had his luggage once more at the Customs.

"What makes your bags so heavy?" asked the officer suspiciously, and Flambeau had answered, in German, "Papers from the Ministry of Education," and with a wise nod, the officials let him pass. An obliging porter had bought his first-class ticket to Berlin. He had changed all his money from Rubles

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

to Marks, and he stood waiting, in the biggest crowd he had ever seen at a "*Grenze*," for his passport to be returned.

"Your turn will be next," whispered the suave gentleman, as he received his own, and edged his way out to the puffing train, where the kindly porter had already settled Flambeau's bags in the rack of the first-class compartment. And then something happened.

His friends were all on board. There was Captain Paxton Hibben, secretary of the Russian Red Cross and the Near East Relief, and equally interesting and important, there was Clara Zetkin, a noted German Socialist, who was just returning from Moscow to Berlin.

Clara Zetkin had sent an invitation to Flambeau by Captain Hibben to come a little later, after dinner, to her compartment on the train, and they would talk of experiences in Russia. What a fine story it would make!

Then there was the suave fellow passenger who, although he spoke no English, was an agreeable companion, and he, too, had planned for Flambeau's evening entertainment. Still another was an American doctor from Washington, who was now on his way to Vienna for a medical congress, and he had bespoken a later chat.

But Flambeau didn't go that day to Berlin. Instead, he spent the night quite unpleasantly. For suddenly he heard his name called in the crowd, and he was quickly taken into custody and found himself shut up in a little room with several irate officials.

## A NIGHT RIDE

His attentive porter barely grasped the situation in time to hurl the bags off the train through a window just as the express started, and Captain Hibben, Miss Clara Zetkin, the suave traveler, the fellow American, and all the adventures one might have enjoyed with them vanished in the darkness toward Berlin. And the lost Flambeau never saw nor heard of one of those people from that day to this, though later on he tried in vain to find them in Berlin, and by letter elsewhere.

The "*Pass Kontrolle*" of Eydtkuhnen was pointing at the terrible word "*Ungültig!*" and telling Flambeau in German that he must return to Kovno, in Lithuania, a half day's journey away. There was a train that night at 11 o'clock. It didn't matter whether Flambeau knew what was wrong or not. They did not know themselves. They simply knew that he was not permitted to go through Germany any more. And why, or where, or when his pass was voided for Germany neither they nor the bewildered American could explain.

Long afterward, in a letter, the *Pass Kontrolle*, whose name was Karl Otto, answering his curious questions after he was safely out of the country, told Flambeau that a line had been drawn through "*Für Durchreise in Deutschland!*" and so, apparently, the visa had never been good for much, but he had got by with it. And he also discovered later on that the essential word "Germany" had been omitted from the face of the passport, when made out for him at Washington, perhaps by his own over-



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sight. Next time he safeguarded this possibility by obtaining a passport good for travel "in all countries."

Yet until that unlucky day at Eydtkuhnen, Germany had offered Flambeau everywhere a welcoming hand. A glance at his guards convinced the prisoner of the futility of resistance now, and also of bribery, could he have afforded such extravagance. So he apologized, in his broken *Deutsch*, now very broken, indeed, as he ruefully recalled the fair evening he had lost, and he said that he felt sure it was as disagreeable for them as for him, arresting him in this fashion.

Presto! the stern German officer had melted in a moment, was all regret, though full of dignity. Instead of going back to Kovno, would not Flambeau go to a very good hotel for the night, and perhaps in the morning, perhaps of course, they might by telephone adjust the matter?" "*Aber ich kann nicht garantiren!*" he added, with caution, as he personally conducted his captive to the hotel, taking the precaution to retain the faulty passport, however.

A wretched night awaited the unlucky Flambeau, for much had hung upon that final visit to Berlin, an interview to be arranged by Captain Hibben with Spiro, the great modernist in German art. And then those ideal companions en route, what must they think of him, for he had no chance to tell them of his fate!

Some day in the future he might meet them again, especially the physician from Washington, on his re-

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turn home. The doctor had told him that he waited six weeks in Riga for a visa to enter Russia, but failing to obtain it, he had thought to return to Berlin, and thence to go to Vienna, for the medical congress. However, the American minister at Vienna had asked all Americans in Europe to refrain from coming just then, during the financial crisis.

The hotel regarded the arrested American with such suspicion that, being without a passport, he was not permitted to take his luggage away in the morning. He discovered at breakfast time that the clocks were here an hour behind those of the day before in Poland and Russia, for Eydtkuhnen was running on Berlin time, which is that of all western Europe. So it was a weary wait for "*Frühstück*," but at last the night porter of the little hotel brought it, only two slices of black bread, which he had buttered himself for the traveler, a cup of tea, something not much like milk, and a little coarse sugar.

Then came the obliging "*Pass Kontrolle*" chief, who took Flambeau into custody again and conducted him to the "*Kommissar*" of the village, a big man in a little room, with a loaded gun in the corner. The official looked sternly at his innocent captive and ordered him back to Kovno. He was about to proceed to the railway station to return there, when the pass chief intervened. He pleaded eloquently, threw up his hands, and after a long, long argument, much persuasion, and endless telephoning to Kovno, a payment of \$2.50 for a transit visa, and some extra charges, which evidently seemed to them enormous,

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but did not quite break the American, he was sent back to the station to await the 4 P.M. train, a whole day lost before he could proceed to Berlin.

The method of telephoning on the long distance wire was entertaining, as they spelled out the name by words, one letter after another: "*Fenster, Landgraf, Ausgang, Mädchen, Bahnhof*"—and all the rest of "Flambeau" the same way.

It was strange how many people seemed to know that Flambeau had been arrested. They came and sympathized with him as he took his Berlin express at last, some five hours later, first class, with a compartment all to himself. He traveled at the rate of 1,050 German Marks for an all-night ride in a flying train that ate up the miles as though in America, less than 75 cents American, at the rate that day, for a journey that would cost perhaps twenty dollars at home.

A little German newspaper boy spotted Flambeau and brought him a worn copy of "The Saturday Evening Post," of only a few weeks before, for which he asked and received some 250 German Marks, or 15 cents American. And Flambeau had great fun reading the advice from home as to how to deal with German matters, which seemed under discussion in that number. One editorial advised that the German people should not be so extravagant and then they could pay the war debt more quickly. How Flambeau would have liked to have that writer over there with him in Germany for a few days to study conditions at first hand! For, in the first place, the German

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people never were extravagant, but always noted for frugality, and in the second, they couldn't be extravagant now if they wished to do so. The only extravagant persons he had seen in Germany and Austria were foreigners, mostly Americans.

But there was a very excellent article in the same number on Colonel Roosevelt and members of his family, and Flambeau decided to mail back "The Saturday Evening Post," with some German publications, to the *Pass Kontrolle* who had been so very kind and at the same time so unflinching in the execution of his duty.

In the margin Flambeau wrote a little note about the Roosevelt article, in German, that "*Unser Präsident Roosevelt war sehr gut Freund von Ihrer deutschen Kaiser!*" And one day, a good while afterward, there came an answer from the *Pass Kontrolle*, and he wrote: "I am glad that you remembered our poor Kaiser!" The letter was in very beautiful German script, and it was interesting. The young chief wrote that he was new on the job at Eydtkuhn, and was most anxious not to do anything that could give his superiors cause for complaint; that he was poor, but he had never accepted a bribe, although many in such positions often received large fees for letting people by with defective passes.

He stated further that he was glad he did not often have such a disagreeable duty as that of arresting Flambeau. And he mentioned that he came from German Silesia and that his dear old parents were still living there. Flambeau thought such a type of

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character would make a splendid United States citizen, so he sent a couple of American books back to the young man and begged him to learn English, with a view of coming some day to the United States.

The reply was slower this time, but the *Pass Kontrolle* wrote at length: "How could I come to the United States? My entire salary for a whole month is barely \$3 American." He said also that if his country should become involved in further war, possibly on its eastern front, he should feel that his life belonged to Germany, and he would go down in the general conflagration.

The professor of German at George Washington University, Dr. Schönfeldt, was interested in the incident, because once, years before, when he was American consul in Russia, he, too, was arrested at Eydtkuhnen Grenze, or very near there, and he seemed to think that Flambeau got more fun out of the experience than he had.

But, turning to the German magazines, which he had bought en route to Berlin, Flambeau found some entertaining reading. "*Amerika in 6 Wochen*" was a caption of the North German Lloyd office in Bremen for the United States steamship lines, urging Germans in a tour of six weeks to "give themselves a royal time, to learn to know America, the land and its beauty; to visit its large States, its industrial centers, schools, libraries and universities, and secure friendship with the American people."

Then there was a lovely joke on "America With-



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out Alcohol," an automobilist driving up to a palm-bedecked hotel, an expectant waiter with pencil and pad, and in the car a lady also.

The gentleman (desperately): "For heaven's sake, have you any gasoline?"

The waiter (writing down): "Sure; and what does the lady drink?"

Flambeau's all-night ride was very comfortable this time, because he had the compartment quite to himself. No "extravagant" Germans were traveling first class, as he was that day, so he simply stretched out on the leather cushions and fell asleep, with his "Corona" for a pillow, and slept very well until awakened once or twice by the conductor, wishing to see his ticket.

The transit visa which he had received from the *Kommissar* at Eydtkuhnen gave Flambeau just two days to get out of Germany, and he had to cross the entire country in that time. He did not linger in Berlin, where he arrived the next morning so early that he found most of the hotels still closed. But his porter took him to the "Ostsee," near the station, from which he would leave for his next journey, and he engaged a room there for the day. He seemed to have lost his taste for further sightseeing, however, and failing to find his friends again, he wandered about Berlin rather aimlessly. He bought some photographs and pictures, and found a good restaurant just off Unter den Linden.

Then he wished to buy a little dog, a *Dachshund* or a German police puppy, to smuggle home to

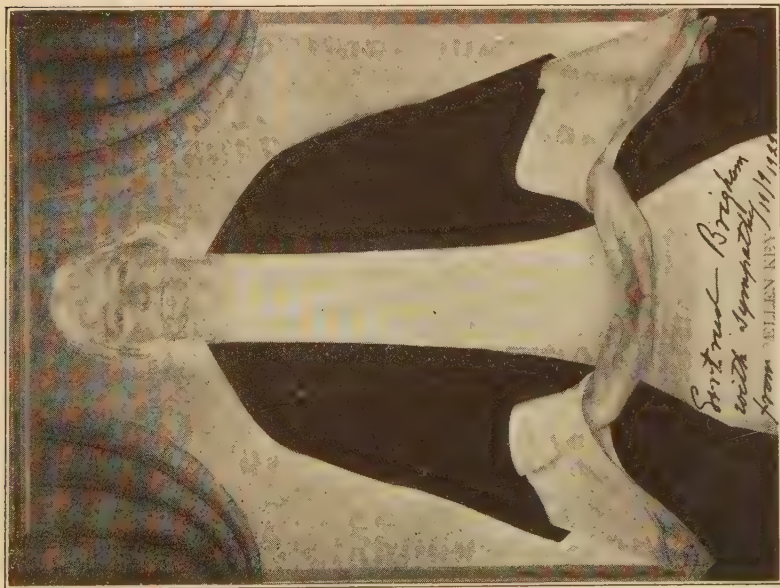
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America as a souvenir. But alas! no dogs were to be had in Berlin. There were positively no dog stores, or, so far as he could learn, shops for any other kind of pets, birds, kittens, mice or guinea pigs. Few people seemed to have any such pets since the war, because they could not afford them. A woman who sold postcards on Unter den Linden told him that men with little dogs to sell sometimes came in the afternoons to a street near there, and Flambeau lingered about for hours, but he had no luck.

So he gave it up, returned to his hotel, and packed for a second night of travel in a day coach en route to Copenhagen. It proved an expensive trip, because he did not know that he might have saved a third or more by traveling third class in Denmark, which is what all experienced travelers do, as in England.

Flambeau observed that Berlin appeared now more prosperous than when he was there earlier in the summer. The shops seemed busier, the people more cheerful, and there was a hint of better business than before, but that, of course, was natural with the season. The German Mark had steadily dropped, so that the Germans were in no better position.

To go from Berlin to Copenhagen by night train means several changes on the way, unless one travels first class and takes a through sleeper. In that case, one's car is rolled onto the steamship, and one knows nothing about the transfers from train to boat, and *vice versa*. Flambeau was second class, with a number of nice people, and two very pretty girls in his compartment. One of them was Danish, but was



MISS ELLEN KEY, the Sibyl of Sweden.  
Portrait by a Swedish artist.  
[Page 404]



INTERIOR, "STRAND," HOME OF MISS ELLEN KEY,  
who is seated at left.  
(Copyright)  
[Page 408]



INTERIOR, A CORNER OF THE STUDY, HOME OF MISS ELLEN KEY, "STRAND,"  
Alvastra, Sweden.  
[Page 408]



"STRAND," THE HOME OF MISS ELLEN KEY, Alvastra, Sweden.  
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studying voice in Berlin to become an opera star, and she was just now returning for a flying visit home. She made the trip very pleasant for Flambeau, and they had a midnight feast together in the first-class restaurant on board the little steamship that ferries the passengers and the sleeping coaches across the sound between Denmark and Germany.

It was here that he met also Norman Allyn, an American from Norfolk, Va., representing the Norfolk Port Commission, which is making great progress in European connections, as Mr. Allyn had already visited thirty cities. This young business man and Flambeau hailed each other literally like ships that pass in the night, but they promised to meet some day in Washington, and then Mr. Allyn vanished into his first-class berth on the sleeper, and Flambeau remained standing on the ferry steamer until it docked, when he and the young prima donna found their way to the third class Danish cars.

With the morning light they were in Copenhagen, one of the stateliest of European capitals, famous for its splendid architecture and extraordinary museums of sculpture, for in that the Danes excel.



## CHAPTER XXXII

### SCANDINAVIA: A VISIT WITH MISS ELLEN KEY AND PRINCE EUGEN

*Skoal to the Northland! Skoal!*

*—Longfellow.*

NO land could be cleaner nor greener than Sweden. And the maidens could never be neater nor sweeter than those fair Swedish girls, prettiest in all Europe. In Stockholm, to-day the smartest of capitals, Fortune smiled on Flambeau.

A Royal Prince of Sweden, the artist, Prince Eugen, brother of King Gustaf, received the humble traveler, at the villa of Miss Ellen Key, "Strand," Alvastra. There his Royal Highness came for five o'clock tea, to talk of America and the possibility of a Swedish art exposition. Miss Ellen Key is a dear friend of the Prince.

"You are a sturdy fellow to find me by yourself," was Miss Ellen Key's greeting, when Flambeau arrived at her cottage that bright morning, after a long night ride down from Stockholm to Alvastra, involving several railway changes. "But you said 'Kay,' and not 'Kee,' as too many Americans do, and so our conductors understood. Now you shall have same tea and a rest."

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Then she learned that Flambeau had already breakfasted at the "Turist-Hotel" and had rested there a bit, so Miss Ellen Key said they would walk to the "Kloster-ruin," the picturesque old walls of a twelfth century Monastery founded by St. Bridget of Sweden, or her husband, and rivaling in beauty the classic charm of Scotland's Melrose Abbey. Archæological excavations there now are bringing to light many antiquities, under the direction of the Swedish antiquarian, Dr. Otto Frödin.

Miss Ellen Key was gowned in a gray gingham frock, with a brown woolen cloak which she soon threw off, and she carried a stout stick for climbing. Her white lace collar was caught at the throat with a silver clasp, and she wore on her feet tan stockings and heavy walking shoes.

"These were made for the American soldiers," she said, pointing to the shoes, "but the war ended too soon, and so I have a pair of them." The party was attended by Miss Ellen Key's large thoroughbred St. Bernard, "Gull" (pronounced, Gool), golden one, a Swedish name, so she explained, like the English Dorrit, from the French. Children of the neighborhood also accompanied them, Hans Grinndal and little Olle Nilsson, and a part of the way Erik Oskarson, who is Miss Ellen Key's postboy, for she has every day a large mail. They were all devoted to her.

"I always shake hands with all the people I meet," she said. "I address them as 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.,' not by their first names. Many of my friends say I am silly. But that is why our people like America. They

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come back here and say, "There in America I am somebody, just as good as other people.'"

In the ascent of Mount Omberg, the neighboring mountain, from which an enchanting view is obtained, "Gull," the golden one, became involved with the cows.

"Dog and cat may agree," explained Miss Ellen Key, "but dog and cows never. It is always a high dramatic moment when we meet the cows. You will understand I must give my attention to Gulla." The dramatic moment being safely past, observation was directed to the scenery, which includes lake and forest, country and town. Not far from here is the beautiful château and estate of Prince Eugen, who has personally ordered the cutting off of a part of the heavy woodland, so as to afford a better view of the lovely scenery, which may be studied in a complete tour of the horizon. All too soon came the time to return.

"'Too beautiful to paint,' that is what the artists say," commented Miss Ellen Key. On the way home, the sportive Gull splashed in joy in ice-cold mountain pools, but quickly dried herself again by shaking her long fur. The little boys gathered sticks for early autumn fires at home (the fallen wood is free in this forest), and Miss Ellen Key brought along a large edible mushroom. American literature was the theme of conversation.

"I have loved all your writers," she said, "from Longfellow and Emerson. My copies of the stories

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of Louisa Alcott are borrowed every Sunday by the children here."

It was time for the mid-day dinner on the return. The table was laid in a sunny alcove of the large living room at "Strand." The dishes were Swedish, "kickling" with fine white rice from the Carolinas (chicken and rice), and grated cheese; Swedish bread, or hard "kneckerboy" and black bread; "lingondricka," a beverage made from cranberry like an American shrub, and a delicious wild raspberry dessert, with "Soskerkaka," a light sponge cake.

Dining with Miss Ellen Key were her house guest, young Dr. Axel Forsstrom, at present completing his thesis for a Doctorate degree in Philosophy from Upsala University, and Miss Malin Blomsterberg, who had been for eight years companion and housekeeper to Ellen Key; besides the itinerant Flambeau, for whose benefit they were all speaking English to-day.

Miss Blomsterberg was just then reading Walter Pater's "Marcus the Epicurean," in a *de luxe* English edition. She said, when Flambeau asked her what he should send her from the States, that she would rather have a copy of Thoreau's "Walden" than any other book. Dr. Forsstrom was writing his thesis on Robinsson, an eighteenth century literary light of Sweden, quite too little known to the outside world.

Miss Ellen Key said that she had recently given her vote in favor of the Temperance movement in Sweden, although here again many of her friends had opposed her stand, as the women of Sweden are divided on the question. She laughed merrily when

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Flambeau told her of his brave effort in Riga at speaking for the Anti-alcohol Convention, where he had first confessed to the leaders, in private, his high opinion of the country's beer.

"Now let us drink to the success of Prohibition in America," she said, and they all drank long and deeply from their glasses of non-alcoholic cranberry "lingondricka." Afterward she led the American visitor on a tour of her house, the walls of which are hung with pictures, many of them gifts of the artists to their beloved friend; others are portraits of her favorites, the Brownings, Shelley, Goethe, Rahel Varnhagen (the German literary woman whose life she wrote); her own parents, her father Emil Key, who was a counselor, and her mother Sophie Key, who was a Countess by birth.

Above the couch in Ellen Key's sleeping room hangs a fine engraving of Böcklin's mystical painting, "The Island of the Dead." Personal mementoes were everywhere. Outside, surrounding the house, are tall protecting trees, pines and shade trees; and the waves of Lake Vetter wash the shores with a swish almost like the sea.

Flambeau was lucky in a day of brilliant sun, for it had rained the preceding days, and the following day was also marked by heavy storm. In her kind, motherly way, Ellen Key made her guest take a little nap after dinner, because he had traveled all night, and she tucked him in herself on the couch of the living room. Meanwhile she went to help Dr. Forsstrom with his thesis.



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All was in readiness for the Prince when he arrived for tea a little after five o'clock. Flambeau thought Miss Ellen Key kissed the Prince, since he is such an old and dear friend, and Miss Blomsterberg curtsied as only the Swedish girls know how, in all Europe, an early custom happily continued. Two old ladies, meeting in Sweden, will curtsy to each other with all the grace of youth, and in the hotel the chambermaid always curtsies as she leaves the room.

Prince Eugen is not merely a delightful, democratic Prince, deeply loved by his people, but he is a great and true artist, one of the best of Swedish painters, ranking with Anders Zorn and Carl Larsson. His Royal Highness looked with interest at American magazines and newspapers, featuring art matters, for he speaks and reads English fluently. The invitation to Swedish artists to exhibit in America interested him.

"I once thought of coming to America, when I was younger," said his Royal Highness. "An Exposition would be a good thing for many of our artists. But the works must be carefully arranged in a well-lighted hall. Perhaps Mr. Charles Peterson of Chicago, who has done much for some of our artists, would interest himself in the plans." Flambeau thanked the Prince, and urged his Royal Highness to delay no longer, but visit America the coming season, reminding him that Americans, who have no Royalties of their own, adore those of other countries.

"Have you seen Milles?" asked the Prince. Yes, Flambeau had been entertained at the lovely château

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of Carl Milles, Sweden's noted sculptor, perhaps the greatest of European sculptors since Rodin. Milles, too, had said that an American Exposition would be an excellent thing, but for himself he wished to send to America only one of his gigantic masterpieces, rather than to be known by his smaller works, charming as they are, however.

"Stockholm seems to me really as beautiful as Venice and more vigorous," asserted the enthusiastic Flambeau to the Prince.

"Of course, I think so," replied Prince Eugen. "I love Stockholm." One of the paintings by his Royal Highness, "Summer Night," is a dreamy interpretation of a harbor scene, Stockholm no doubt, with fairy boats and lights as mystic as some enchanted land.

Then they talked of other matters, of politics in Greece, and less complicated subjects, sometimes in Swedish with Miss Ellen Key and her family; they discussed the cakes and tea, and asked Flambeau if at home they had also the ginger cakes.

"Yes, indeed, we call them ginger snaps," answered the truthful Flambeau, at which they all laughed, because "*Schnaps*" in Europe is something quite different. They spoke of the hunting, which is so fine at the lake near the Prince's château, only the mud and the shallowness of the water make it dangerous. They looked at Milles' sculpture in pictures which he had given Flambeau, and at photographs of the Royal Family, and Prince Eugen autographed his portrait for Flambeau. The Prince speaks English like an American, in fact he speaks all languages, and



THE PALACE AND GARDEN OF PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN, WITH FOUNTAIN  
(center) designed by Carl Milles.  
(Copyright by the Artist)  
[Pages 409-10]



"THE ARCHER," sculptured column by Carl Milles, leading  
sculptor of Sweden. (Copyright by the Artist)  
[Pages 414-5]



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if he decides to visit America, he will undoubtedly receive a royal welcome.

As the delightful afternoon drew to a close, and darkness was falling at seven o'clock, Flambeau reluctantly bade farewell to Miss Ellen Key, and he asked her for a parting message to his countrymen, many of whom already know her name so well.

"I say to America," the Sibyl of Sweden told him, "that Americans must come and help the hungry people in Europe, for they can do it best. We have so great difficulties in Europe now, owing to the bad harvest. So I say to good Americans, Open your purses, open your sacks of corn, of wheat, of whatever you have, and send it to Europe. All the Americans I see are very nice people, but I fear that there are persons in America who are not so nice.

"Tell them this: That politically they are out of the affair, they have put themselves on record. I cannot judge about how wise they are to do so, but I feel sure that they are human and that they are feeling that they must try to help now in a much more effective way than they have yet done. Conditions are hard now here in Europe. But at present in America they are great and rich, and being in the war they have suffered least of all the peoples in the war. And so I say to them, that at least they may have the happiness now to be able to help."

Miss Malin Blomsterberg guided Flambeau back to his Turist Hotel at Alvastra, after he had said Good-bye to his hostess. It was the end of a perfect day. In parting he urged Miss Blomsterberg to come



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to America, and best of all, to bring Miss Ellen Key, which she promised soon to do. They had once before planned such a visit, but the war came, and they could not go.

It was in Stockholm that Flambeau met Madame Andreassen-Lindborg, a Danish artist from Chicago now married to a Swedish scholar. It was she who took him for an afternoon at the Milles villa, built on high cliffs overlooking the harbor of Stockholm, with an atmosphere as rare and exotic on that Indian summer day as though it had belonged to Italy.

Carl Milles, who lives like a hermit in his castle there, sees few people, and it was great good luck that the modest American should arrive so well introduced. The favor of a half-day's visit with him may be appreciated when one reads in the Telephone Directory that all are begged not to disturb him with calls between nine and five daily.

"Let me work while the day is burning," so reads the legend on his gate.

Milles had rather recently accepted a professorship in the Art Academy of Stockholm, so that properly one now addressed him as "Herr Professor Milles." He gave Flambeau several photographs of his best works, with permission to write about him, and he took the opportunity to send a picture to Miss Ellen Key with a message, which Flambeau delivered later.

The sculptor was favorable to visiting America, only he had on hand so many commissions for France, Germany, and other countries. He had thought to

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postpone his visit until he completed these orders, some of them delayed by the war. The winter climate of Stockholm is not conducive to his health, and he might be induced to spend February and March in the United States.

In fact, Milles was on his way to America in 1914 in the big German liner, "Vaterland," now renamed the "Leviathan," when war was declared, and he was returned to his country by way of England when his steamship was stopped in her course. He told Flambeau all about it at their meeting.

Milles was just now alone, as his lovely wife, who is an Austrian, was then in Vienna.

"But next time, when you come," said the sculptor, "you must meet my little wife, and come to dinner with us here." Madame Milles is a portrait painter, and several of her excellent works the visitor saw, æsthetic portraits of her husband and members of the family.

Fifteen years Milles has occupied in evolving his beautiful villa, its gardens, pools, sculpture, flowers, trees, walls, rooms, studios, shrines, all with an atmosphere rarely found except as the effect of age. Nothing appears new here. And in the midst of all this splendor lives the dreamy mystic, Milles. It seems as though he should speak to one in some old and unknown tongue, instead of in English, French, German, or Swedish, all of which he knows, with no doubt Italian as well.

Like a poet Milles seemed wrapt in a vision. Yet there must be in his make-up much of the practical

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executive as well, for he has achieved marvelous works, and but for the war, which hindered many of his commissions for other countries and cancelled some, he would have been far more widely known. He is well represented in the National Gallery of Sweden, in the Thorwaldsen Museum of Copenhagen, and in many other galleries of Scandinavia and Europe. The æsthete in his temperament has been portrayed in Madame Milles' picture of him, a gentle, poetic face, suggesting the metaphysician.

Carl Milles is young to have achieved so much, born in 1875, and with a brilliant future still before him. Because they have no children of their own, Milles explained that he planned to devote his château to a home for artists and musicians.

The studio, to which he admits few visitors, contained heroic works. Three men were employed there at the moment. The "Nymph Riding a Dolphin," named by the sculptor "Sun Glint on the Waves," is the artist's favorite among his compositions. It is a fountain design in green bronze. He has reproduced his bronze "Nymph" in the swimming pool just outside the villa. On the porch above is the breakfast room, and leaning from the wall is a sculptured Egyptian dancing girl. Milles has studied and adapted to his needs all styles and periods, yet his work is decidedly Swedish, and his own character unmistakably so. It is the metaphysical temperament that belongs to Sweden, exemplified religiously by Swedenborg.

"The Archer," a figure that crowns a tall column

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in Stockholm, near the Northern Museum at the Djurgarden, is Milles' most striking work. The archer stands, a beautiful nude, upon an eagle, both symbolic, its meaning thus explained by the artist.

"There is nothing that can hinder thought," said Milles. "It can fly as high as on wings, and shoot still higher." The eagle is of polished dark Swedish granite. Milles was the first sculptor in Europe to use granite. He had an exhibition of granite in 1904 in the Salon at Paris. It created a sensation, and the next year others followed his example, and they were known as the "School of Milles." He was also the innovator of character studies, and of the archaic in modern sculpture, which has been so widely copied.

"Two years ago I broke everything in my studio," so this Swedish idealist told Flambeau. He spoke of the late Auguste Rodin with affection, as his best and earliest friend in Paris.

At one end of his garden Milles has created a little shrine, with a true "Pietà," his own composition, for Madame Milles, who is a Catholic. In his castle he has also an oratory so grand, though simple, in its setting that it gives one the impression of a church, with its organ and altar. The organ, which is of the fifteenth century, from a Cloister at Salzburg, was once played by the father of Mozart. For his American guest, Milles struck a few chords on the organ, which has an exceptionally fine tone. To this room many of the friends of Milles come for religious ceremonies, the christening of their babies, or possibly a wedding.

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Milles has an orchard which produces fine Astrakan apples, some of which he offered his visitors. When they had tasted them, and must say adieu, the sculptor accompanied them through his estate, pointing the way to the ferry back to Stockholm. Their last glimpse of the dreamer was on the heights, typical of his mental realm.

Then Madame Andreassen-Lindborg and Flambeau returned to the city, and she said that they must stop at the "Branda Tomten," a popular resort known as "Art and Tea," opened by the Brothers Stahl. Popular picture exhibitions are always in progress here, where one sips tea and chats with friends.

Stockholm was unusually gay during Flambeau's visit, owing to the annual celebration of "Barnens Dag," or Children's Day, when half the population appear in fancy costume. The thoroughness with which they made their canvass for money must have netted thousands, if not millions, of Kronen. Swedish money is still one of the best in Europe, the crown at that time being worth 27 cents, more than the American quarter or the English shilling. While Swedish paper money also maintained this rate, the Danish money had dropped to something over four crowns to the American dollar, and the Norwegian crown to more than five to the dollar. But in silver and copper coin the three countries, by a mutual agreement, accept each other's money at the same rate, and it passes current everywhere.

At the studio of Madame Andreassen-Lindborg,



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Flambeau met her husband, Edwin Lindborg, who is a noted Swedish "Konservator," or restorer of old works, as well as a charming painter himself. The two had been art students in Paris. Madame Lindborg, who is a member of the Chicago Etchers, was born in Omaha, and studied at the Art Institute in Chicago, before returning for study to Copenhagen and Paris. She is highly successful in several branches of art, including miniatures. Her pretty little daughters, who often pose for their mother, were also introduced to Flambeau, for whom Madame held a high tea. Swedish ladies actually smoke small cigars gracefully.

In the National Museum of Stockholm Flambeau found much to divert, including splendid canvases by Anders Zorn, and sculptures of Milles, besides other famous artists. He noted works by David Edstrom, a Swedish contemporary of Milles, widely known in America. These were his "Athlete" and "Hercules as a Child." The Museum had unfortunately no catalogue of its paintings.

Another American-born Swedish artist is Mrs. Ferdinand Boberg, who is a member of the Pittsburgh Artists. Carl Ericsson, noted for the production of industrial arts, and other artists, were Flambeau's callers.

In Copenhagen, the splendid capital of Denmark, Flambeau found a city of impressive architecture. A bewildering number of museums offer sculptures among the most remarkable in Europe, particularly the Glyptothek, where many works were given by

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the late Mr. Jacobsen, a rich brewer of Copenhagen.

Strolling across the "Rathausplatz," or city square, which in its architectural outlines leaves an unforgettable impression, Flambeau paused to visit the ancient "*Schloss*," or royal castle, where by good fortune he found the Royal Academy of Art to be housed.

Mr. Sigurd Schultz, a well-known writer and member of the Academy staff, gave Flambeau much assistance in his quest and promised to present to his constituents the invitation for Danish artists to exhibit in America. He begged that the affair not be made a government matter, as Denmark is a formal country and should the invitation be offered through the government and then through the Royal Academy, only the older and more fully established artists would be included, and the younger school might not be given the opportunity.

At the private gallery of Georg Kleis, near the city square, many charming smaller sculptures were shown.

The "Magazin du Nord," the leading shop of Copenhagen, is a department store not unlike the famous "Bon Marché" of Paris.

Although Flambeau found himself very comfortable at his fashionable hotel in the city square, he sometimes stole over to the less pretentious Hotel Oresund across the Platz for real Danish cooking and the native "atmosphere" and conversation. Hidden in a corner here, Flambeau could listen to Danes talking in a rhythmic, cadenced flow of language such



THE NORTHERN OR NATIONAL MUSEUM, Stockholm, Sweden.  
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"THE ATHLETES," modern sculptured bronze group, by  
Carlsberg, in garden of Glptothek Museum, Copenhagen.  
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## SCANDINAVIA: A VISIT

as Shakespeare must have heard and loved, perhaps in the England of his day.

One of these lively discussions, to which Flambeau was listening without understanding a word, ended abruptly with the very American-sounding words, "Ring the bell, August!" And the bell rang and the waitress promptly appeared.

Fresh fish they cooked here in a thoroughly tempting manner, served hot with butter sauce, and they gave one such a big order of hot boiled potatoes that it would be enough for a whole family in America. The Danes are a very sturdy people, and always eat and drink well. Their black and bitter Danish ale Flambeau never learned to like, but they have a beer that is not so bad.

The view from the harbor of Copenhagen by night, with its flashing lights, winking reds and greens and the long, sweeping searchlight that goes round and round the horizon, is an unforgettable memory, which often returns to Flambeau and reminds him of that fair evening on which he set out by steamer for Stockholm, via Malmö. He proceeded by rail next day, after stopping the night at Malmö, and thus gained a view of the country of southern Sweden, all of which is lovely. Even the hayricks are more picturesque here than elsewhere in Europe. On his arrival in Stockholm he had some difficulty in finding accommodations, as the hotels were crowded with a visiting convention, for which this capital is becoming a popular center. But once settled, he found



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conditions unusually interesting in Sweden, and enjoyed many events there.

To the capital of Norway, Oslo, or Christiania, as we then called it, is a straight journey by rail from Stockholm. But it was in the middle of Sweden, after his visit with Miss Ellen Key in Alvastra, that Flambeau set out for Norway, with just time enough and none to spare in catching his return sailing. At 2 A.M., changing somewhere in central Sweden, the train officials accidentally put him on the wrong express, going south to Göteborg, instead of due west to Oslo.

Had he not been hard-pressed for time, Flambeau would have loved to visit this quaint old Swedish city, but unluckily he must transfer, as best he could, to another train for Christiania, and for once he thought Swedish train conductors "*dumm*," though he had been told they were all college graduates. However, he arrived in the grand old city of Oslo barely in time for his boat, but had a glimpse of the rare views of town and harbor here, besides seeing the National Art Gallery, of which Dr. Jens Thuis is director. In the city square, he paused almost reverently beside the monument to Henrik Ibsen, with its full-length statue of the great Dano-Norwegian author.

And then it was time to board the Danish S.S. *Hellig Olav*, for New York. His passage had been secured by cable from London, and he was forced to take what he could get, as the boats were full at that season. Still, he was well content, for he had made a grand tour, and in spite of difficulties, had arrived at his destination safely and on time.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### COMING HOME STEERAGE: AMERICA IN THE MAKING

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
—*John Howard Payne*: "Home, Sweet Home."

WHY didn't you come first or second class instead of *Steerage*?" demanded the Customs' Officer in New York, looking at Flambeau's big pieces of luggage and several hand parcels, besides his "Corona."

"Couldn't get it," answered Flambeau truthfully.

The Inspector murmured something about "People who go to Europe!" and passed Flambeau, now almost an immigrant, without going through his bags. Of course he had nothing dutiable, only a few paltry pictures, paintings and prints, from every capital in Europe, a stack of little gifts from kind hosts in those same great capitals, and the trifling souvenirs that one always brings home for dear friends.

When Flambeau cabled from London, early in August, to the Scandinavian Line at Copenhagen, for passage home first class, the reply was "Full up!" so he had cabled back, "Take me steerage. Must catch that boat, the *Hellig Olav*."

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"Very good! Third class at 460 Kronen," a little over a hundred dollars American. All through the rest of his long journey, Flambeau wondered what it would be like, third class, steerage, on a Danish steamship. Now he knows. And he recommends every real American to go third class. Try it once. See your countrymen in the making. If they don't teach you lessons of patriotism, you indifferent Americans!

Flambeau was not the only one who would have had first class on this "one class" ship, but everything was full; there was nothing left but steerage, and that was full, too. Still, it is a lark to go steerage, and Flambeau gladly embraced the opportunity. If a few American millionaires and their families would occasionally travel that way, incognito, the labor problem would be solved. In 1914 it was quite the vogue for American tourists to return steerage, fleeing from war-ridden Europe. Now, once again, the fashion is growing, because so many American students wish to see the new Europe, and to aid in the reconstruction of her arts and industries.

The Scandinavians aboard at once adopted their strange American companion, whom they took to be one of themselves. "How long you been home?" they asked him. "Since June," promptly returned Flambeau. "And you?"

The Company had put him in a nice little two-berth room, the smallest and cleanest imaginable. His partner was a prosperous Swede named Olesen, too thrifty to waste his money first class, though he was

## COMING HOME STEERAGE

well fixed in New York, near the Bronx, and owned a motor launch with which he sometimes coasted nearly to Boston.

"You were hoping you would have this room alone?" laughed Flambeau, as they shook hands at Christiania or Oslo, for the others had embarked at Copenhagen, where the boat sails.

"Nay," answered Mr. Oleson, "but I was hoping that I would not have a Norway man, for Swedes and Norway men never do agree." So they were content.

Third class on the *Hellig Olav* was not so different from first. There were almost as many flowers. They filled the staterooms, and overflowed to the dining room tables. Moving pictures were shown every other evening, and the ship's orchestra played every other day. One had the ship's newspaper like the rest, and the stewards were quite as kind and courteous.

In third class there seemed to be no petty jealousies or silly scandal, as often in the first class. The steerage passengers were not envious of first class. They were glad, they said, that they did not have to change for dinner.

One might grow tired of Swedish black bread and "*kneckerboy*," but the variety of Danish soups would tempt one, sometimes a rice pudding for soup, with Danish ale, more sour and bitter than British stout, or a fruit compote to begin the dinner. Raw pickled herrings with onions for breakfast, or a bit of tasty Bologna or liverwurst, oh! it was a daily toss-up what

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

was coming next. The Scandinavian apples were excellent, and one could also buy oranges, and light Danish beer, if one wished. And one might make friends on board, who stood in with the chef, who would bring one unexpected tidbits.

Probably few might meet with the terrific storm in which Flambeau chanced to cross, for the captain of the *Aquitania*, which came at the same time, called it the worst in forty years. But there might have been another, quite as bad. Never mind! If one comes or goes by the Danish steamer, one is as safe as here at home. The more the *Hellig Olav* rolled and tossed, the louder they laughed, those Scandinavian sailors and third-class passengers. While Flambeau lay miserably in his berth, trying to remember his prayers, he could hear the shouts and laughter from his fellow travelers in the corridors and dining rooms near by.

For there were no salons or smoking room, third class. Only the steerage dining rooms, where one might sit a few moments, until it was time to lay the table again for the next meal. For certainly, these people ate enough, they were always preparing some meal, and between times the passengers often had a "snack" of this or that, a "*Kaffee Klatsch*," or some such mild hilarity, with Danish beer of the best quality, eleven cents a glass American, or fifty ore Scandinavian.

There were smoking rooms, it is true, one at each end, just off the deck, crowded often with men and boys playing cards, and with Polish women wearing



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kerchiefs, more or less clean, over their heads. By a hidden underground route, which became more and more fascinating for its varied sights and smells, it was possible to wander from one end of the *Hellig Olav* to the other.

"Probably the first-class passengers are all seasick!" was the third-class comment, with a hint of glee, as the voyage became more and more rough. "I don't believe many of them are in the dining room!" they said.

The third class never missed a meal. Except the poor American. For three days he ate mostly Swedish "*kneckerboy*," or hard tack, with beer, which proved a wonderful bracer. The food was excellent. The third class told him so. More than that. They asked him to typewrite for them on his "Corona" a letter to the Captain, telling him how very much they had enjoyed one particular dinner, toward the last, called the "Captain's Dinner." Hamlet left out, of course! For the Captain never appeared at the dinner. Flambeau wrote the letter at their dictation. It read like this:

"To the Captain:

"Several of the Third Class passengers wish to express their thanks for the Captain's dinner to-day, which was so delicious and was enjoyed by all.

(And the American added this on his own:) "The voyage has been a pleasant one in spite of rough weather.

"The Passengers, Third Class."

This was the menu, which they had enjoyed so much:

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Cherry soup with "Zwieback"

Roast Pork with Apple Compote and Red Cabbage

Potatoes                      Gravy

Ice Cream and Wafers

Doubtless there were many entrées besides, like pickles, Bologna, liverwurst, black bread, "*knecker-boy*," white bread; and some had beer on their own.

They never heard from the letter. They had half-hoped it might possibly appear in the ship's daily newspaper, but there were too many important international matters just then, such as Greece, Smyrna, wedding of the ex-Kaiser, will Hearst run for Governor of New York?, Stillman case settled in her favor, Carpentier and Cingalese, and American Bankers' forty-eighth annual convention.

Sunday church is very nice on shipboard, especially third class. The first Sunday they didn't have any, because, so one of the passengers ventured, the Scandinavians are so likely to laugh at it, some of the men; though as a whole, she hastened to add, are very religious. But that was not the reason. It was because they had not discovered they had a clergyman on board. The second Sunday he officiated, very correct in black with his Roman collar, for the Lutherans in Scandinavia have good taste in those matters. He was a Swedish gentleman, who had spent many years in America, but he spoke in his native tongue, though he knew English faultlessly. "The Reverend Mr. Westlund," that was his name. He came from the first class, and many of his own fellow passengers leaned over their side of the ship's



"THE MERMAID," popular modern work by Langelinie, in the Harbor of  
Copenhagen, Denmark.  
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THE HARBOR OF OSLO (Christiania), Norway.  
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COMPANIONS OF THE VOYAGE, returning Steerage, S.S. "Hellig Olav." Miss  
Dolly Larson is second from the right, and Flambeau's other  
lady friend is at the left.  
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deck, first class, to hear him preach. None of them seemed to come down to join the steerage group, which was large, though of course they had the privilege of doing so, because if you are "first class," you can go anywhere in the ship, but if you are "steerage," you can't. That is the difference.

At church that Sunday morning they began with Luther's hymn, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott!*" "A mighty fortress is our God." And Mr. Westlund asked each one to sing in his own language and words, though the small "Hymnals" were printed in Danish. Then he preached in Swedish. He began by saying that he had spent many years in America, then he had longed for the old country again, and he had gone back to Sweden. But there he found that he longed even more for America, so he was returning to remain in his adopted land.

Then he recited "*Du Gamla,*" the Scandinavian hymn, which is the national song of both Sweden and Denmark, about the marvelous mountains and green fields, and the heroes of history. It ends with the lines,

"I'll live and I'll die in my own native land!"

But here, Pastor Westlund paused. He could not recite those last lines, he said, he never did so now any more, because he did not wish to die in Sweden, but in America, beautiful America.

Afterwards, he prayed. Prayer on shipboard is affecting, as you sit with bowed head, while the ocean



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slips by, and you are far away from everything but God.

Flambeau was glad it was just "Church," and not a burial at sea, for a charming friend, whom he had met on board, had seen, and graphically described, a service she had witnessed for the dead, in steerage, of course, on another voyage.

"They must always bury them as soon as possible," she told Flambeau, quite solemnly, "because sharks follow the ship, if it carries the dead, and they come in such droves (or schools), that they can overturn quite large schooners, even, though probably not big ships."

It was a man who had died at sea, she said, and he was very ill; he was trying to get home to his old mother in Denmark. But three days out from New York, the ship was very quiet, in the morning, and somebody said the man was dead, and he was, and that very day they had the funeral. His body was in a pine box, weighted with stones and lead, and he was wrapped in the Danish flag, and the Captain read the service, and then! they slipped the box over the edge, just like that!

And when they docked at Copenhagen, an old, old woman came out to the ship, dressed very plainly and wearing her apron, and she said, "Mr. Captain, did you see my son Jan?"

And the Captain didn't seem to pay any attention, so she asked him again, and then he said, "Were you expecting some one? I didn't see any one."

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"My Jan," she said. "He was so tall and handsome."

"Had he been sick?" asked the Captain. "Wasn't he very sick?"

Yes, he had been sick, she admitted. And now the Captain did his duty. He told her. "Your son is dead. We buried him at sea."

Then tears rained down the old face, and the figure became more bent. But kind hands reached out, and filled her apron with money, and when she left them she could scarcely carry the large amount that had been contributed. By steerage passengers, not first class, though perhaps they gave, too.

The point of view becomes so different when you get the other side of that rail. The side you can't cross, not the side you can. Flambeau didn't ask any favors. He took just what was given to him, as to the other steerage passengers, and said "Thank you" for it.

In order to be landed in the United States, whether an American citizen or not, it was necessary not to have any lice, or other "vermin," so the third-class passengers were informed by a bulletin posted at convenient intervals. And this became a daily anxiety, no doubt, to most of the seven or eight hundred in the steerage.

There was one old woman on board, a "Polack," for whom everyone felt sorry.

"She was just walking with lice!" so his state-room companion told Flambeau, for they shared a snug little two-berth room, as clean and as tiny as

## RED LETTER DAYS IN EUROPE

it could be made. They took the poor old Polish woman to the hospital. She was going over to join some relatives, a son, perhaps, in the middle West. And all her clothing they threw overboard. It became a problem now how to provide her properly for landing in the United States. The nurse went among the third-class passengers for contributions of things to wear. It was touching that she came to them, instead of first class, though very likely she asked the others, also.

One gave a skirt, another a chemise, somebody else a kerchief for the head. Still she had no blouse, so one of Flambeau's new friends went down into her trunk for a shirt-waist. Flambeau gave an old pair of gloves that had seen a good deal of Europe, but the next day he felt rather contrite at his shabby offering, so he asked his friend, in contributing her shirt-waist, to hand the lady a dollar. And she reported that the poor creature had kissed both her hands, tears streaming down her face.

The last two days of the voyage the sea was like glass.

"Just as if the sky had fell down," said little Dolly Larsen, one of Flambeau's neighbors, and an American citizen by birth, both her parents being so by naturalization.

It seemed incredible that a sea which had been so frightfully stormy could get calm like that so quickly. They passed Nantucket light ship on a balmy afternoon, only a few rods away from the dangerous shoals. And next morning his Danish

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friend, the generous girl, called Flambeau at three o'clock A.M. because they had arrived in New York. That is, they were at quarantine. And when Flambeau went up on deck, it was quite dark, and Staten Island lay on one side, and Brooklyn on the other. The Danish friend was very curious to know what Flambeau would say to the Statue of Liberty, when he saw it once more.

"Hello, old girl!" joked Flambeau, and his friend was properly shocked, though impressed by such temerity.

She was lovely, standing there in the morning mist, holding aloft her torch, the Goddess of Liberty.

"Hail, Columbia!" that was really Flambeau's salute.

One touching incident marked those last hours together. It was when the American flag was raised on the ship, and all the steerage clapped their hands. The American did not hear any first-class hands clapping. But when they really docked, and the orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner," hats came off, and all were standing, first-class and steerage both.

Ah, but they love America. They adore it, and us. Who says we have been getting the "scum" of Europe! We have had the cream! And that is why America is what she is to-day, the grandest and most powerful nation, not only of our own time, but of all history. Too grand and proud!

The ship, which should have arrived on Sunday night, was two days late, because of the heavy seas,



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though the Danish sailors had sailed her as fast as they could in such fearful weather. Flambeau watched his fellow travelers, arrived at last at the gates of a realm as fascinating to them as the thought of getting into forbidden Russia had been to him. And far more serious the matter was, for each one still feared he might be barred out, and have to return to the land he had left. Two Polish girls were sent back, "for lice and boils in their head," some one told Flambeau, and he felt a real pang. Those poor Poles had saved and starved, to get on the ship at all. And somebody in America had saved and starved in order to get them there. They came by way of Danzig, the Polish port, and then by mail steamer to Copenhagen, and then had crossed by the Scandinavian Line.

Nobody who wasn't an American citizen, in the steerage, could land until Thursday. Two more days they kept them aboard, because three other ships were ahead of them at Ellis Island. And that was the only unfavorable word that Flambeau heard in the entire voyage from his fellow passengers, steerage: The obvious discrimination that is practised just because some people have fifty or a hundred dollars more than the others. If one comes second or first class, one is let into the States without humiliating examinations, and without going to Ellis Island.

So Flambeau got by, after several inspections, and he walked down the gang-plank, with the first class, while his fellow passengers, the steerage, watched him over the rail on their side, for he was an Ameri-



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can citizen, and a few others came out with him. But the majority of those splendid people, the new Americans just in the making, he had to leave behind him.

"Immigrant's Landing Card. Keep this in sight to avoid detention at pier or railway station." That was what it said on the card they gave this free-born American when he finally landed in New York. Flambeau wanted so much to keep that card, to frame it for his study, and he pleaded with the man at the gate, as he came away, but the official was inflexible in his duty, like all of them, and he took the card very forcibly from the American, who of course made no fuss. He was now only an "immigrant," though an American citizen with ten straight generations of American ancestors behind him, dating from the "Mayflower." Noble old ship! Did she have a voyage like this one, storm and sun?

As Flambeau slipped into his express train for home, he sat in a dream. Who were all these rich and prosperous people about him, bent on pleasure journeys? Why, they were just plain American citizens, for it was an ordinary coach. But the women were so pretty, and the men so strong and successful looking!

And then Flambeau seemed to see, as he looked out of the window at the changing landscape, other scenes, one after one, in lands far away beyond that stormy sea. He saw old, old women asleep at night, huddled in corners of a railway station at Cracow in Poland, not one night, but every night, colder and colder it gets as winter comes on. And pale faces of children

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in Germany, where they dare not have large families any more, because they cannot feed the babies, though the mothers nurse them as long as they can. And a man harnessed to a cart like a dog in Vienna. And mothers and widows in black, on the gay streets of Paris.

Old peasants he saw, asking for pennies for a fountain in a ruined village near Château-Thierry. And white crosses, row on row, marked "Unknown American Soldier."

And he thought, too, of the suspicion of each and every nation in Europe toward others: of one night when he was arrested at the Polish border of Germany, because of a mere technical defect in his pass, and of the kindness of the chief inspector, who had helped him out of his difficulty, instead of sending him back a half day's journey for rectification, as the official had every right to do. And of the courtesy of all the people of Europe, the sympathy of poverty-stricken French artists when the American had told them that he, too, was poor; the hospitality of the people of Riga, the charm of Warsaw, where he had lost his passport and a Polish Boy Scout had found it; of Count Pironti in Rome, who was giving a memorial fountain to America from Italy; of the graciousness of Prince Eugen of Sweden, who had come at the invitation of Miss Ellen Key.

He remembered the Passion Play, and its purpose of peace on earth, and he thought of the Desert, the Garden of Allah, with its wide silence; of the Arabs, and medieval Spain. But the message of all that

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came to his thought was the parting word of Miss Ellen Key: "I say to America, that Americans must come and help the hungering people in Europe, for they can do it best."











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